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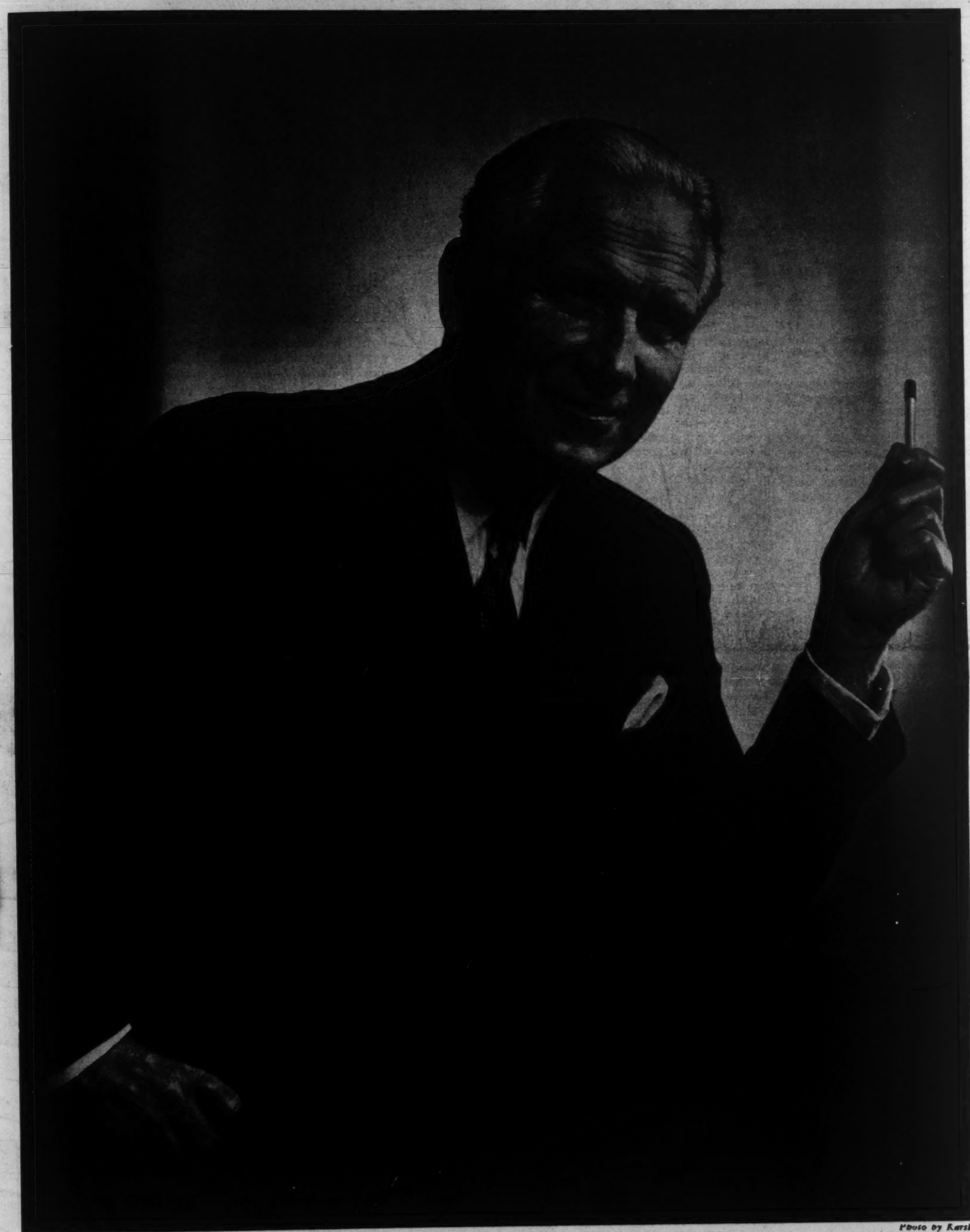

Photo by Karsh

Appointment of Edward Johnson, General Manager of New York's famed Metropolitan Opera, as head of the Toronto Conservatory of Music is assurance that musical education at the University, in Ontario and the whole of Canada will reach new and higher standards of public service. See page three.

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THE FRONT PAGE

Another Job For Senate

WE regret that the Senate, up to the time of this writing, has shown no sign of desiring to take up the task which we suggested for it a few weeks ago, of inquiring into the problems of labor relations in this country. But we thoroughly approve of the proposal of Senator Roebuck, that it should take up what is an almost equally important and only slightly less contentious task, of enquiring into our immigration policy.

Few Canadians, we fancy, realize how extremely restrictive that policy is, how little it befits the duties and destinies of a nation occupying a half-continent immensely rich in natural resources, and how much it is founded on the economic fears and errors of the Great Depression and the era of exaggerated nationalism. The whole problem needs to be reviewed in the light of the entirely new kind of world in which we live, a world containing the atomic bomb, the United Nations Organization, and many other factors of supreme importance which did not exist before the Second War.

Among these, incidentally, is the fact that the British Isles can no longer be regarded as a source of supply for population on a large scale.

We need a bringing together and a harmonization of the views of scientists, economists and statesmen, and an inquiry by a Senate Committee should be a very effective way of procuring it. Our immigration policy today is the result of years of drift and of yielding to the pressures of special interests, and the future of the Canadian nation should be determined by much better methods than that, and should be the result of an enlightened public opinion expressing itself through Parliament. The Senate can do a lot of enlightening.

End of the Big 3

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S press conference last week produced an historical moment when he calmly announced that there would be no need for further Big 3 meetings if the United Nations Organization operated as it should. The decision to abandon these exclusive meetings, if it has been agreed upon mutually, is to be welcomed as handing over to the new United Nations Organization full responsibility for international peace arrangements, and spurring it on with a great opportunity.

Yet there is also a hint of deteriorating relations between the Big 3 in the President's announcement that their heads were unlikely to meet any more. After the complete failure of the London Conference of Foreign Ministers, the old cry was raised that the Big 3 leaders would now come together again and settle everything "at the highest level" as, according to popular legend, they had always settled things before. Both the unanimity and the endurance of the agreements reached at Big 3 conferences have been greatly exaggerated. And not nearly enough allowance has been made for the fact that these were mainly agreements on high strategy, reached under the compulsion of mutual danger. It was always obvious that the Big 3 would find greater difficulty in agreeing on political and ideological questions, after the removal of the danger.

Nevertheless there was a good deal of force to the argument that at least one more meeting of the Big 3 was necessary to tidy up the questions standing between them in Europe, the Middle East and Asia, and agreeing on the main lines of the peace treaties, before handing over this unsettled world to the newborn U.N.O. For some measure of agreement amongst the Big Three, whether achieved inside or outside of the Security Council, before or after the launching of the U.N.O., is still obviously the main hope of a secure peace. Why has the effort to arrange another such meeting been suddenly abandoned? Because

(Continued on Page Three)

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Send Food To Friends In Europe; Canada Needs Balance Sheet

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

BY all reports hunger, with all it entails of bitterness, disease and loss of morale, is going to be widespread in Europe this winter. As a nation Canada directly and through UNRRA is doing much to help. But there must be many individuals who wish to do more than as a nation we are doing. I suggest that a good many of us could very easily save 50c to $1 a week from our food money until we had accumulated enough to make up a parcel for Europe.

Postal service is now available for individuals only, not organizations, to send parcels to individuals in Belgium, the Scandinavian countries, France, Greece, Italy and the Vatican City State, Luxembourg, the Netherlands and Switzerland. Some of us know people in these countries, "repats" might know of others, and I understand from the Netherlands legation that their Consul-General at 1410 Stanley St., Montreal would supply names. I presume consuls of other countries would do likewise.

This method would not be as economical as bulk sending but the fuss over meat rationing, etc., makes it, I imagine, unlikely that as a nation we will do much more than fulfil present commitments. Any additional food received in Europe is bound to be of great benefit; any good will generated is likewise bound to be of great benefit.

Aylmer, Ont. Mrs. G. C. ANDREW

A Rising Tide

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN A recent issue Mr. Chapman Pincher gave us an interesting article on reasons for "moderate drinking". The argument is based for the most part on unassailable scientific data. If drinking of beverage alcohol could be practised in a vacuum, apart from normal living, his case would be an excellent one. Mr. Pincher however, leaves out all consideration of the scientifically established habit-forming nature of alcohol, and so misses the connection between moderate drinking and alcoholism. This is a point to which modern psychiatry is giving strong emphasis. In acknowledging the tragedies which result from alcoholism Mr. Pincher adds a parenthesis, "these casualties (now fast decreasing)", which is entirely misleading, as the following will show:

Statistics covering first admissions with alcoholic psychoses to the New York State Hospitals for Mental Disease are regarded as the most reliable on record. Dr. Benjamin Malzburg, Director, Statistical Bureau, New York State Department of Mental Hygiene, says that since 1920, the rate of first admissions has, with a few minor fluctuations risen steadily, until today the rate exceeds that of 1909 and is at the highest level in the recorded history of the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene.

In view of the enormous increase in consumption of alcoholic beverages recently reported for Ontario, this report from New York may well be regarded as a better guide to actual conditions than the wishful thinking of Mr. Pincher's parenthesis.

Toronto, Ont. G. A. SHEWFELT,

Marriage Annulments

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

ANNULMENTS in Quebec are based on established law and it is a law that all may know and should obey. It is absurd to expect that it will be set aside for those who neglect it. It is not expected in respect to any other law and the laxity of which your correspondent complains is not in the application of the law; it is rather in the flouting of it.

Moreover, your correspondent fails to take into consideration that the Catholic Church does not recognize civil annulments granted "on the merest pretext or technicality." Many holding such annulment papers are refused the right to marry in the Catholic Church. In fact the Church, claiming jurisdiction over the Sacrament of Marriage, has her own Tribunal which studies each case in detail, with automatic appeal to a second Tribunal and to Rome. Therefore, before a marriage can be declared null and void in the Catholic Church, indubitable proof must be brought that the marriage has in fact never existed, because a true marriage consent has never been given, or because a diriment impediment, such as a previous marriage, existed at the time of the marriage.

If there is any doubt in the mind of your readers concerning the seriousness with which the Church studies each case, and the reasons she exacts before declaring a marriage null and void, I would suggest that they read some of the decisions given by the Sacred Roman Rota, the highest court of appeal in the Church. They will learn, many of them with surprise, just how exacting the Church is before she declares a marriage null and void.

As to the question of intention, people who marry outside the law do so with full pre-knowledge and their intentions are, therefore, open to serious doubt if not suspicion.

Montreal, Que. T. TAGGART SMYTH

Warning from Washington

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

CANADIAN taxpayers have been told by the Dominion Government that, because of Canada's huge wartime and post-wartime commitments, they will have to continue to pay high taxes indefinitely. At the same time more "social security" programs are being talked about. The majority of people simply do not realize that the money which is paid out at—Ottawa for "social security" benefits goes in one pocket but ultimately is taxed away from another pocket.

A good illustration of this is to be found in the news that a special Congressional Committee in Washington has discovered that the old age pensions scheme in the United States is now headed for serious trouble. When the U. S. A. Social Security Law was passed it was agreed that the tax would amount to one per cent by the employee and one per cent by the employer on all incomes of less than three thousand dollars a year. This was to have been increased to two per cent each by 1945 and three per cent at some later date. The politicians, *afraid of the electorate*, froze the social security tax at one per cent. But now that a half million older wartime workmen are leaving their jobs and applying for benefits, 1945 will set an all-time high in benefit payments.

The net result is that an actuarial deficit exists today in this fund of $16,500,000,000. The board officials say there is not enough to meet claims after 1950 unless the tax rate is increased or the old age benefit payments are radically reduced. The fund is facing a serious time, its officials believe. The tax requirements, they say, are four to seven per cent of wage earnings. Now they receive but two per cent.

But the newspaper report which discloses this state of affairs callously and cynically concludes that they (the officials) admit "there is little danger of the fund running dry as long as it has the United States to back it." In Canada we incurred huge commitments to our boys who are returning from the wars, both those who are unharmed and those who will have to be hospitalized for years to come. We have handed over to Britain one billion or more dollars without charge for war supplies and we are still pouring millions of dollars' worth of food and medical supplies into a starved Europe, with the end not yet in sight. On top of this, the Department of Finance at Ottawa and its bond salesmen have just stopped shouting at the Canadian public that they should buy bonds to stop inflation, but another Department, that of Health and Welfare, has just commenced feeding the fires of inflation at the rate of over two hundred and fifty million dollars per year in baby bonuses. This, by the way, is the equivalent of taxing the public at the rate of three per cent on a debt of eight billion dollars.

So here we are blissfully talking about more "social security" commitments at a time that Bernard Baruch is telling the Congress of the United States that it's time for the Republic to take off a national balance sheet and profit and loss account to see where the U.S.A. stands.

Canada is on the edge of a morass of debt that the people should know about. Canadian taxpayers should be promptly acquainted with the facts about our astronomical financing and what the actual truth is about the possibilities of tax reduction. The Senate might well do this useful task.

Toronto, Ont. DON STAIRS

Prose Poem

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

NO DOUBT you have met with "I Heard" and "They Say", for one or the other is seen every day. But when they're together it's always foul weather, so try to keep out of their way. For should you pass by, their comments will fly—they decide that your hat is "too wide" or "too high," note the style of your clothes from your neck to your hose, and if your shoes buckle or tie.

Now such silly chatter is no grievous matter, so long as it's shoes, clothes or hats; but alas, they begin to dig their claws in much like a couple of cats. It's "My dear, did you hear about last Sunday night?" "My Stars! You don't say! But what started the fight? . . . Well that strikes me funny, they say he has money . . . Oh No! Not a word—honor bright!" Then these busybodies each goes her own way, till they meet with a friend and the broadcast relay—which adds to their pleasure and so, for good measure, a more vivid picture portray.

Now the facts here related are not overstated; should they only amuse, good! our aim is to please; but we ask ere we end it (now don't be offended)—*Are You Quite Sure You Are Not One Of These?*

MRS. JAMES GAUVREAU

Ottawa, Ontario.

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Let Your "Merry Christmas" Bring Health and Happiness

Two hundred million Christmas Seals will help to finance a relentless war this coming year against one of Canada's most insidious enemies—tuberculosis. Behind these tiny pieces of paper, bought by hundreds of thousands of citizens to put on letters, parcels and gift packages during the Yuletide season, lies a dramatic story. Christmas Seals were born at Christmastide, 1903, in a post office in Copenhagen, Denmark. As Einar Holboell, a postal clerk, sorted his mail, he thought of all the little Danish children who were ill and unable to enjoy the festivities as other children did. Wouldn't it be a wonderful thing, he mused, if all the mail going through the post offices at Christmas carried a message of health and goodwill, at a penny apiece, and if the money that bought these messages could be used to build hospitals and otherwise take care of sick children? Holboell set to work on his plan, and before the following Christmas more than 4 million seals were sold in Copenhagen. So successful was the idea, that it spread to other countries. In Canada, the hundreds of thousands of dollars raised through sale of Christmas Seals goes to fight the "tubercle bacillus." In all cases the money remains where it is raised and is used locally to finance preventive and educational work. Thus Christmas Seal money pays for the mass TB survey underway in Toronto.

It buys modern diagnostic equipment such as this 35mm x-ray machine purchased for the people of Ottawa. Dr. D. A. Carmichael (rt.) explains its operation to Mayor Stanley Lewis and E. A. Stevens. In Alberta, it financed purchase of the mobile x-ray clinic (below), which makes it possible to discover tuberculous people in communities where no diagnostic facilities exist. Every time you say "Merry Christmas" with Seals you help fight a foe that even last year claimed 6,000 Canadian lives.

The Front Page

(Continued from Page One)

no progress whatever has been made in loosening the London deadlock, and therefore there was little hope of another Big 3 conference producing agreement? Because Mr. Truman would not leave Washington for the conference, and Mr. Stalin would not go that far? Or merely because, as we can hope, Mr. Truman believes that it is time to start using the U.N.O. machinery.

A World Assembly

PUTTING out of mind some of the more disturbing implications of "practical" politics between the Big 3 nations, one may welcome many fine suggestions and advances in the theoretical field of U.N.O. cooperation. The most important and inspiring has been championed by Ernest Bevin, who has come down strongly for an Assembly elected by the peoples of the world, a true parliament of man. Another suggestion which is finding much support is that control of the atomic bomb should be given to the Assembly of the U.N.O., instead of to the Security Council, dominated by the big powers with their veto rule.

A suggestion that this veto be done away has been made in the Commons by Mr. Eden, and will be seconded enthusiastically by all those middle and smaller nation-members for whose rights Dr. Evatt has kept up an unremitting fight. A further most valuable suggestion in regard to the world police force has been made by the editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*, who proposes that it be given practice and prestige by handing it over to the occupation job in Germany and Japan. On all sides there is a healthy eagerness to strengthen and impove the machinery of the U.N.O. But how Russia will view these "improvements," particularly the elimination of the veto, is another question.

Dr. Johnson's Task

THE appointment of Dr. Edward Johnson, Canadian-born head of the Metropolitan Opera Co. of New York, to the post of chairman of the Board of Directors of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, taken in conjunction with his membership in the Board of Governors of Toronto University, seems to promise a new era in musical education in Canada, and possibly to lead the way to a closer association between musical and academic education in the English-speaking world at large. In the present highly commercialized state of our society this seems to offer the only prospect of rescuing musical education from the exaggerated commercialism that prevails in it at present at almost every level. It is possible to hope that after a generation or two of this more disinterested education musicians might even come to revolt against their slavery to such individuals as Mr. Petrillo.

It is somewhat surprising that both in England and on this continent the great endowed and non-commercial schools of musical education have grown up in almost complete dissociation from the university world. The same has been true in the visual arts, except for architecture, in which a measure of scientific training is imperative. This separation has undoubtedly been bad for the prestige of the arts in general and also for the cultural life of the universities themselves. There is now a strong and welcome movement for bringing music and the universities closer together, a movement which was perhaps initiated for Canada many years ago by the founding of the McGill Conservatorium in Montreal. Under Dr. Johnson Toronto should be able to carry it a long step further.

Muddle Makers

NOT all the Ford workers on strike voted, even though the compromise program submitted had a personal as well as a public aspect; pay-or-no-pay on the one side, "union security" on the other. Devotees of the union idea, or the "class struggle" were unyielding, cherishing their anger, suppressing their personal interest and voting as a phalanx.

The moderates, not disloyal to the principle of united action, doubted the sense of claiming too much and probably getting nothing. Their resentment was diverted from the Company to the irreconcilable element among their comrades. Two weeks before the compromise plan was submitted the split was clearly apparent to observers on the spot.

Then why did many of the moderates refuse to vote? They had the opportunity for rebuke. But consider their dilemma. They were union men. A vote for the compromise might have the appearance of putting personal interests above union interest. A vote against it would be a straight endorsement of the extremists. Faced by two undesirable choices they took neither, not realizing, perhaps, that they were damaging their own interest even more than if they had made a choice. So the consequence is a muddle.

In a similar way the non-voter in the political field is a muddle maker. A minority-group, closely organized, too often can control a Party or a Government to the disadvantage of the majority. The rise of the Nazis is a case in point.

How often one hears this statement of futility: "I can't vote for the Other Party. I never did and never shall. But our Party leaders are no good and I won't support them." It sounds conscientious and noble, but it's really stupid. If such an attitude were to become general the success of either Fascism or Communism would be immediate. There is deep wisdom for a democracy in the slogan, "Vote as you like, but vote."

"AS IF I HADN'T ENOUGH TROUBLES OF MY OWN ---"

Copyright in All Countries

The England Broadcast

THE broadcast of Mr. Roy England on the Ford strike was supposed to be necessitated by certain alleged misrepresentations of the union position in the broadcast of Mr. Blackwell. It consisted almost entirely of a series of outrageous misrepresentations of the position of other people.

Mr. England said that the famous barricade of seized motor-cars was intended to prevent bloodshed. There was no possible reason for bloodshed except the design of the more militant strikers to prevent lawful access to the Ford property by any means, including bloodshed if necessary. The intent was not to prevent bloodshed but to make sure that more of it would occur on the side of law and order and less on the side of the strikers.

Mr. England went on to describe the legal profession as a union maintaining a perfect closed shop. This is a favorite item of soap-box oratory, but life is going to be hard if we have to listen to it in our homes in discussions of vital national problems. The "union" of lawyers is simply the whole body of persons qualified to advise on legal matters; any person who can become qualified can enter the union, and the prohibition against unqualified persons giving legal advice and acting for clients is simply to protect the public. It is exactly the same with the medical profession. In neither case is there the slightest attempt to prevent members from supplying their services at less than the customary price or even for no charge at all, and plenty of Mr. England's union members must have benefitted by this fact in both law and medicine.

We still think that there is much to be said for the retaliatory picketing of union offices by the shareholders, officials and friends of a picketed company. That such picketing should not go to the length of resisting the police is obvious; but the moral value of compelling the union to resort to the aid of the police would be enormous. Unions have property and documentary records now, and should have more respect for law than some of them show.

Verily Ye Are The People

ANOTHER war, we know it, would destroy
Civilization, and perhaps Mankind.
But if we analyse the phrase, we find
All those high-sounding titles we employ
Mean simply Us, and maybe people like Us.
Doubtless the warriors at the seige of Troy
Said, "Progress stops, if like disaster strike Us."

Well, it did strike them, as it struck before
In Babylon, in Egypt, and the Isles.
And struck again. The confident strength that smiles
On Grecian statues, helpless war on war
Ground it to powder. Where's the noble Roman
Striding the narrow earth from shore to shore
Like a Colossus? Who regards him? No man.

And here We are; and yet, not only We.
On Afric mountains, and on Asian plains,
A remnant of some billion folk remains
Who, differ as they may, would yet agree
That much of what We think is truth, is error.
And if We sink each other in the sea.
They might retort that nothing could be fairer.

The world, we know, is shrinking fast. And yet,
Supposing an atomic bomb should fall
On London, or New York, or Montreal,
Would it be felt in Yemen, or Tibet,
Or in Uganda, or the heights of Chile?
— Had Moses offered Pharoh's court a bet
That we'd be cultured, they'd have thought him silly.

On a few wrinkles of earth's troubled crust
We and our fathers, in the last few years,
Have made a world, through thought, and toil, and tears,
More clean, more comfortable; yes, more just,
For all its faults, than any had before us.
And yet, we only hold the thing in trust,
And if we fail the trust, our fault will floor us.

Too bad; because we're fairly decent chaps.
But can we honestly believe that none,
No man, of all that breathe and see the sun,
Could carry on, if this our lease should lapse?
Another war, if we persist to make it,
Will hit Us quite a wallop; but perhaps
Civilization, and Mankind, can take it.

L. A. MacKay

The Passing Show

SPEAKING on the menace of the atomic bomb, Dr. R. W. Boyle has asserted that man hasn't the guts to destroy himself. As he won't have any if he has, it's an empty prospect whichever way you look at it.

•

Chicago is planning a series of the world's greatest operas to be given in English. We suggest that a note to this effect be printed on the programme for the information of the audience.

•

Stastistics released by Ottawa Royal Mint inform us that the average value of coins minted last year was 6.6 cents per coin. We've long suspected this every time we spend a quarter.

•

Headline from *Christian Science Monitor*:

HIGH COSTS HAS
WHITE COLLAR
WORKERS WORRIED

Give 'em their due, they do put up a bold dickey front.

•

Setting the Pattern

I look for the day, the beautiful day
When all the nationals everywhere
Will live in a placid neighborly way
And the palm of peace will constantly bear.

That is to say, when the Mussulman
The Shintoist and the Buddhist lama
Will be built on the Presbyterian plan
And be as pleasant and wise as I am—ah!

I look for a time when the fairer sex
Will be as devoted, sweet and staid,
As kind, as little disposed to vex
As the President of our Ladies' Aid.

And it must be so; for, if not, I fear
That all practitioners in Divinity,
In Art, in Science, will disappear
Having blown themselves to infinity.

J. E. M.

•

The war crimes trial strikes us as differing from ordinary trials in at least one respect. We do feel that the prisoners are guilty until they prove themselves innocent.

•

When you listen to C.B.C. newscasts and find something left out of them, it should be a great consolation to know that they are edited for the penitentiaries.

•

In a recent address a New York Zoological official stated that the kangaroo can travel for ten miles at 60 miles an hour. During the journey, however, the poor beast suffers many ups and downs.

•

From the columns of a financial magazine: "Work is wealth, not wages." Income tax authorities seem to have mistaken ideas about where the deductions should come from.

•

The Court of the Sessions of the Peace in Montreal has ruled that women's hats are not manufactured articles as there is no transformation of raw materials into a finished article. So that's what's wrong with 'em!

•

Anodyne

What do you do when you get the creeps
Reading of atom-bombs and jeeps,

Hearing the threats of the big tycoons
Or the warnings of soap-box loons,

Walking the future paths with Wells
Through a series of darksome hells,

Reading the modern poets dreamy
Picturing Death in iambics creamy?

As for us, we just live our life,
Greet good friends and salute the wife,

Talk with the children more and more,
Shake the furnace and wax the floor,

Look at the starlight overhead,
Say our prayers and go off to bed.

J. E. M.

•

From an advertisement:
"A Lipstick that Wards off Chaps"
Our niece Ettie says she's not interested.

•

CHILDREN'S UNDIES
STILL SHORT
—Headline in Montreal *Star*.

And Grandma doubts if the good old days will ever come back when these things came down to the ankles.

•

A list of special physical exercises for the modern businessman has just been published. By some error the most important was omitted; the series preliminary to undressing and dressing in an upper berth.

PUBLIC LIBRARY DEC 10 1945 TORONTO

These European Tapestries Reflect the Art,

"Scene from the Trojan War." Another Tournai tapestry, woven in late 15th century, it shows King Priam receiving the Greek ambassadors at an altar inside the walls of Troy. It is notable for rich coloring and some beautful weaving, especially in the modeling of the faces.

"The Surrender of Rome to Brennus, King of Gaul." This is an interesting example of the historic scenes, which were favorite subjects of Gothic period tapestries. It was woven at Tournai about 1480.

By Betty Maw

AN INTERESTING loan exhibition from New York of European tapestries dating from the 15th to the 18th century is being featured at the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology in Toronto, from Dec. 5-16. It provides an excellent opportunity to study the history of tapestry weaving in Europe; the influence in design of the great periods of art from the Mediaeval to the Rococo, and the varied taste in subjects from the historical and hunting scenes of the 15th and 16th centuries to the mythological, allegorical, chinoiserie and floral decorations of the 17th and 18th centuries. The exhibition contains excellent examples of tapestries from all these periods and phases of design.

Tapestries have been used as wall hangings since biblical times serving both practical and decorative purposes. While covering bare stone walls and providing insulation against the cold, they were gorgeous backgrounds for the glittering pageantry so characteristic of court life up to the time of the French Revolution. Usually in sets, and often embellished with gold and silver threads, they have always been costly to produce; like jewels and plate they were the treasured possessions of the wealthy. Unfortunately, dampness, moths and the ravages of war have taken their toll, therefore few remain compared with the large numbers recorded in Mediaeval and Renaissance inventories.

France and Flanders have always been the great centres of tapestry weaving in Europe. Paris and the small town of Arras were the two earliest centres, flourishing from the 13th to the early 15th century. As few pieces from this period have come down to us we are fortunate in having an interesting example of Arras tapestry in this exhibition, typical in its bold and somewhat two-dimensional treatment of personages and *mille fleurs*.

WHEN Arras was destroyed in 1435, Tournai became the great centre. Brussels, Bruges and the district of Touraine in France were also producing important tapestries during the 15th and early 16th centuries. This was the great Gothic period of tapestries so beautifully illustrated in the Credo, Brennus and the Lord of the Manor in this exhibition. The designs were bold though detailed, with high horizons and little heed to scale and perspective; the themes were biblical, historical and hunting scenes, often with several incidents of the story appearing in one design and woven in limited tones through rich colors, by weavers who were masters at rendering form and texture in wool, silk and metal threads.

Some great periods of art wane through decadence, others through change in style or taste. Such was the case with Gothic tapestries. In 1515 Pope Leo X commissioned Peter van Aelst, a weaver in Antwerp, to weave a set of tapestries called the "Acts of the Apostles" from cartoons by Raphael. More in the nature of large paintings than designs for tapestries, they contained heavy shadows, brilliant highlights and much use of perspective. When they were completed four or five years later their

"An Allegory of Honor" was woven even earlier at Arras between 1420 and 1430. Typical of the period, conversation is indicated by streamers.

"Blind Man's Buff" was woven at the Aubusson factory in France in the 18th century. Such landscapes with figures illustrate the use of paintings as subject matter for tapestries. This one is after Lancret.

Interests, Modes and History of Their Times

"The Lord of the Manor" (French, early 16th century) is a hunting scene and supplies interesting studies of contemporary costume.

This decorative floral tapestry, so typical of the 18th century, was woven about 1725 by Joshua Morris, a leading London tapisser during the reigns of George I and George II.

influence spread rapidly and the taste for Renaissance design soon superseded the Gothic style.

With the formation of the Gobelin and Beauvais factories in the 17th century the supremacy in tapestry weaving and design turned from Flanders to France. The Gobelin factory was established under the powerful patronage of Henri IV. Its function was to execute designs solely for the purposes of its royal patron. The Beauvais factory, founded in 1664, was subsidized by the state to fulfil private orders but later enjoyed royal patronage, particularly from Louis XV in the 18th century when Boucher, the favorite artist of Madame de Pompadour, became its foremost designer.

TAPESTRY design of the 17th century was strongly influenced by the flamboyant work of Rubens. A lighter touch prevailed in the 18th century. Frequently the pictorial parts of designs were enclosed amid floral festoons and trellises. Sometimes the design consisted only of flowers and ornament. There were also chinoiseries. What had been merely curiosity in things oriental in the 17th, became the fashion in the 18th century and many tapestries were produced depicting quaint mis-interpretations of Chinese and Indian designs.

Of other European factories Mortlake in England and Santa Barbara in Spain are of interest. Mortlake was established in 1620 by Flemish weavers under the patronage of James I. The most important set produced there was the Acts of the Apostles from Raphael's cartoons which Charles I purchased for the purpose. In Spain Philip V imported Flemish weavers and established the Santa Barbara Factory in 1720 which has been working almost continuously up to the present day. Its most notable achievement has been tapestries from designs by Goya. Goya thoroughly understood the medium for which he was working, making these tapestries among the finest produced in the 18th century.

AT the end of the 18th century tapestry designing degenerated into decadent interpretations of all periods. Weavers were even copying paintings with little thought for their adaptability to the technique of tapestry weaving. Though many tapestries were woven after this date the great period of tapestry weaving was over. Perhaps with the recent successful experiments of the Gobelin factory in executing designs by Picasso, Derain and others, tapestries may again play an important part in art and decoration.

It was due to the vicissitudes of the war that these tapestries reached the New World. This is the first time that a collection of this magnitude has been shown in Canada, and it offers a wonderful opportunity to artists and designers to study a type of object little known here. The tapestries are loaned by French & Co. and Duveen Bros. of New York and their exhibition has been made possible by Dr. Sigmund Samuel, a Vice-President of the Board of Trustees of the Royal Ontario Museum.

Tapestries Reproduced by Courtesy of French & Co. and Duveen Bros., New York.

"A Prince en Voyage" is a Beauvais tapestry of the early 18th century and shows the taste for chinoiserie so prevalent at that time. It is one of a series representing the life of a Chinese potentate.

"Neptune and Cupid" is one of a set of tapestries called "Vulcan and Venus," produced by Flemish weavers at the Mortlake factory in England.

Labor-Management Crisis Has Wide Implications

By CHARLOTTE WHITTON

While nearly three-quarters of the strikes in the United States and Canada apparently arise from wage adjustment claims, Dr. Whitton points out that there are also other and deeper issues. War substantially changed owner-manager-labor relations, with production everywhere seeking manpower and with government practically controlling and directing policy and action. Now the various parties are attempting to protect or regain their relative positions, or, at worst, to avoid encroachment.

Some disputes are inter-jurisdictional between different labor organizations; others are among and between officials and rank and file within the labor movements themselves; more centre about owner and management determination not to accept any conditions which recognize labor's implied participation in management unless there is corresponding assumption of responsibility.

An article by Dr. Whitton titled "Solving Labor Impasse in U.S. Needs New Methods" appeared in last week's issue.

WAR created certain purely temporary and artificial conditions in owner-manager-labor relations, everywhere. Jobs sought workers with demand far outstripping supply, and government practically took over, controlling the nature and direction of production, providing credit against the future, regardless of cost and practically reducing owners and employers to the status of delegates or, at best, managing agents. Now the gears are shifting, manpower is easing, already the worker is seeking the job, especially as the forces reconvert, and, in the evident slackening, the respective parties to production are seeking to consolidate gains, to recover lost position or power, or to resist further concessions.

In so far as ownership is concerned one gathers the general impression, in both the United States and Canada, that production is probably prepared to accept moderate wage realignments but that it will not accept direct or indirect coercion in respect to management and production costs. There will be stout resistance to union demands or agreements of such a nature as to involve union control, without definite and legally enforceable responsibility in management.

In the case of organized labor there is an equally apparent, though undeclared, drive on the part of the rank and file, within many a union, to obtain or recover a greater measure of control in the management of union affairs themselves. A large number of the strikes are certainly tied up with disputes of such a jurisdictional nature, involving principally the claims of conflicting authority of a craft union of the A.F. of L. or the industrial community of interest of the C.I.O.

"Active Rampage"

Yet others, such as the New York longshoremen's strike, seem undoubtedly entangled with the resistance of established officials, within various unions, to the alleged well-organized penetration and thrust for control of Communist elements. These, it is being widely claimed by labor and press alike, are "on the active rampage again", now that Hitler and Germany no longer imperil the U.S.S.R., and enjoin careful collaboration with workers in the democratic states and unions.

Within production and labor alike there is certainly sharp discussion of whether "union security", as defined by certain powerful U.S.A. labor interests, is to supplant the free play of union organization without such closed union and compulsory check-off features. Free and voluntary, yet practically inclusive unions, characterize the British movement, and in Canada the highly organized, disciplined and respected railway unions.

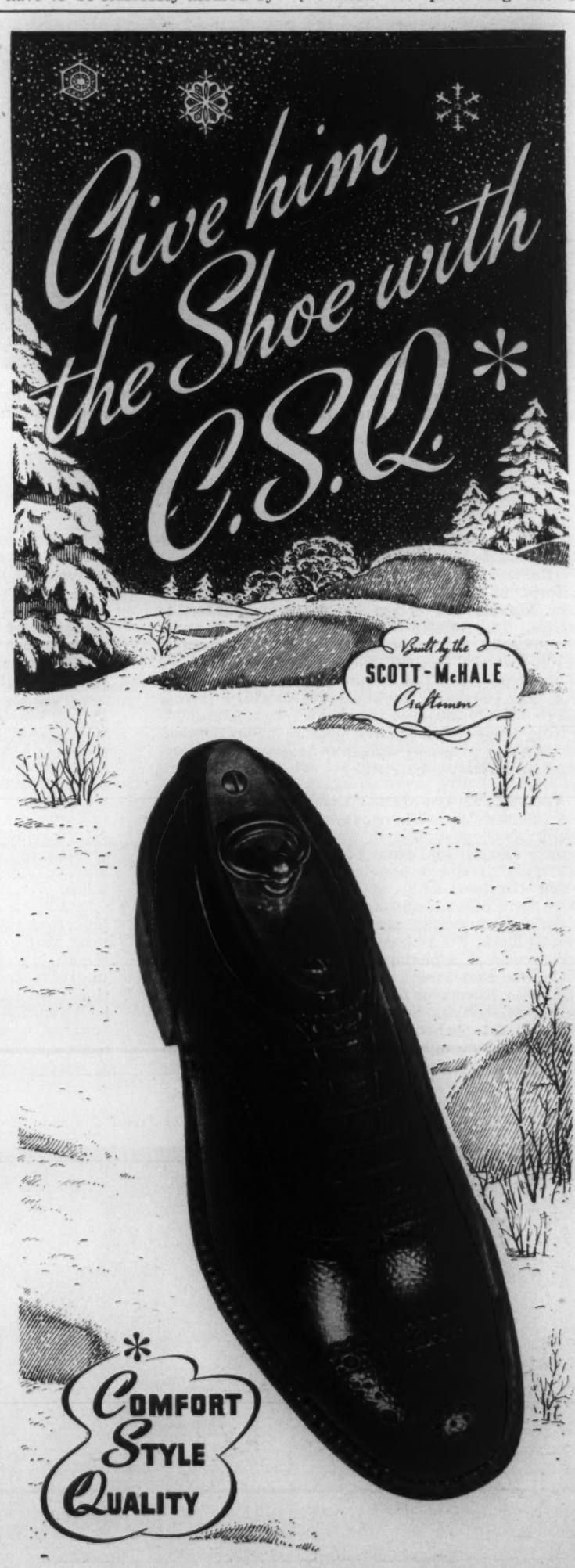
Just at the moment when the interest of the worker most demands well-administered, highly respected, labor organization, public confidence has been widely shaken, and undoubtedly alienated, by "wildcat" strikes, breach-of-agreements and callous disregard of co-operating employers and the interest and safety of the public through irresponsible or politically involved leaders. This was evident in Detroit and prophesied, as early as October, as likely to affect the mayoralty contest; it was patent within an hour of the ill-advised, perfectly organized seizure of citizen's cars for the Windsor barricades. Public appreciation was equally spontaneous when D. N. Secord of the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway Employees advised the Windsor Labor Council against pulling the public utilities. "The government", he said, "cannot have its hand forced. If it does it can't call itself a government. No democratic organization can be forced by any one section of the people. That is not the rule of the majority. . . We must take responsible action, not irresponsible."

Claim to Seniority

There is danger of the Veteran, as an organized entity, being drawn into the vortex in the difficulty now centering in the claim of the union member in the closed plant to seniority over the returned Service man or woman protected by civil legislation, presumed to have secured his or her work while on service, even through non-union. The Carboloy Company has taken a test case before the courts and upon the verdict rests the possibility of another inflammable in an already seething retort.

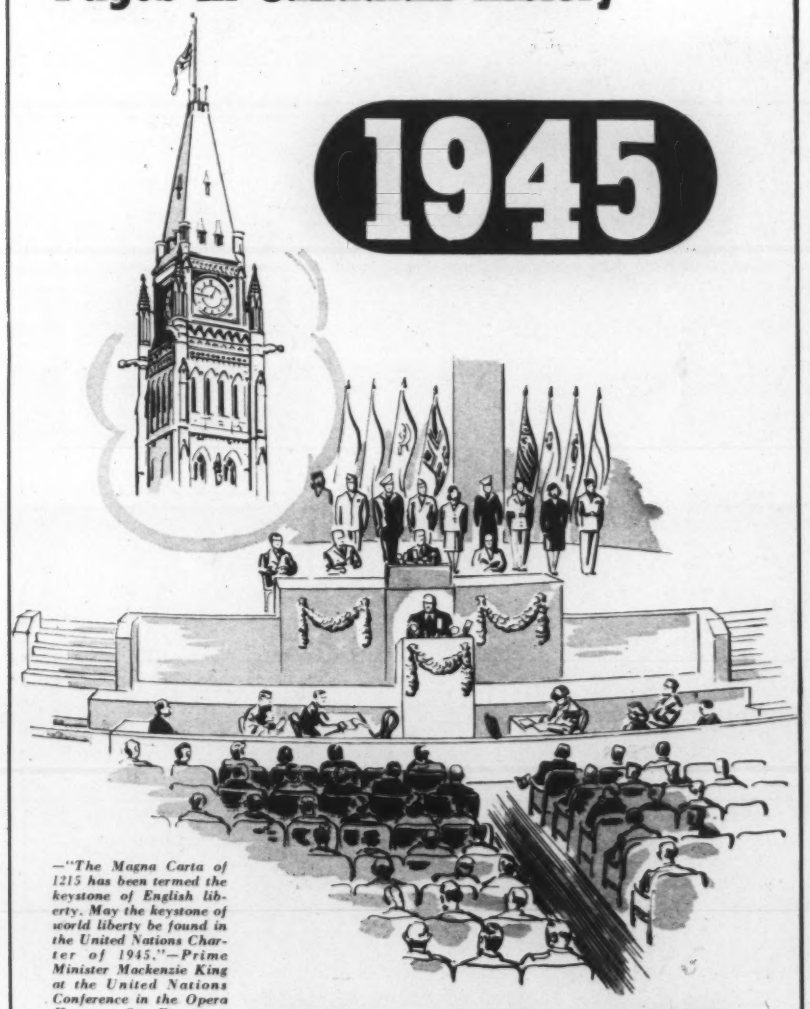
Among thoughtful people everywhere there is a sense of growing crisis, of something now involving more than capital and labor, management and union security, other and broader issues, even than the principle of collective bargaining. There is need of a new sense and basis of partnership, a partnership in the operation, the responsibilities and the proceeds of production, be these proceeds profit or loss. These things must come of wise and responsible leadership and self-discipline, or they will have to be fearlessly assured by governmental action, placing the interest of the public, as a whole, paramount to the rival claims of conflicting interests.

Powerful, public-spirited journals like the New York *Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, the responsible press generally throughout the United States, are frankly recalling to labor, no less than to capital, that freedoms carry responsibility. "No union today," says the *Herald Tribune*, "can be handled as the private enterprise of one man or even of a small, tightly knit clique of officials". The American Civil Liberties Union has made provision for protecting the basic



Pages in Canadian History

1945



—"The Magna Carta of 1215 has been termed the keystone of English liberty. May the keystone of world liberty be found in the United Nations Charter of 1945."—Prime Minister Mackenzie King at the United Nations Conference in the Opera House at San Francisco.

UNITED WE STAND

ON April 25th, 1945, the United Nations met at San Francisco to write a charter for enduring world peace. This may prove to be the most important meeting of nations in all time. Canada's contribution to this historic gathering brought high praise. The Canadian Delegation exercised great influence in shaping the results of the conference.

In the same month of the same year (April 12th, 1945) the New York Life Insurance Company became 100 years old; having successfully completed 77 years of service in Canada. Through these years the New York Life has grown with the Dominion, safeguarding and protecting thousands of Canadian families, assuring steady incomes in old age and financial security to dependents. As in the past, so today, the New York Life is ready to counsel and guide Canadians in solving their personal and business insurance matters. Consult the New York Life representative in your district for low cost, mutual life insurance protection.

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civil rights of workers who run foul of the full-time officials within their unions, and has set up machinery for inquiring into unions found undemocratic in operation or principle.

The Military Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives is recommending that loss of all bargaining rights for a year be imposed upon unions violating no-strike contracts, and rendering offending unions liable for civil damages. Amendments to the Wagner Act are in the Order Paper, making unions, as well as employers, liable for unfair labor practices and defining what may be considered to be action "in restraint of trade".

Avert Disruption

Very definitely, major issues are joining on a wide front and only the sanest and most disinterested of leadership can avert serious disruption of the life of the state, with grave loss, not only to labor but to the whole structure of our badly shaken economy. For the world progresses but slowly to stability: it cannot be otherwise while Europe, particularly, lies impoverished and impotent. And Europe's recovery must be rooted in a stable North America; in fact North America's own solvency is shaken until Europe's is secure again.

Near chaos and inertia lie upon us: production is not coming back. United States automobile production is not within 75 per cent of its first 6 months' target; nearly a million unemployed piled upon the preceding month's 800,000 in the last recorded thirty days. In the Detroit area alone 130,000 were drawing unemployment benefit. This was the immediate short-range threat, while William Green of the A.F. of L. predicted that the six-hour day and the thirty-hour week would become an "economic necessity" as "less and less workers could produce more and more goods".

The powerful National Association of Manufacturers, gravely concerned, is urging three proposals in the House Expenditures Committee to forestall depression and mass unemployment. First, the N.A.M. urges, "legislation to correct management of money and credits and to guide banking authorities in formulating policies"; second "prompt elimination of all monopolistic conspiracies whether by management, labor, or any other element of our economy" through the application of the same anti-trust laws to labor as to management, "eliminating special privileges but protecting labor's rights"; third "free flow of capital into job-making enterprises, stimulated through a taxation program that would reduce and hold income taxes at a level that will not discourage individual initiative".

Poignant Warning

Luola Dunn, Commissioner of Welfare for Alabama and President of the American Public Welfare Association, laid before the Senate Committee on the Murray bill most disturbing statistics and a poignant warning: "Unemployment is less dramatic and less violent than war but it is an equally effective destroyer of human values. . . (It) too attacks the flesh through hunger and poverty and its damage to the human spirit is irreparable". Then she emphasized that there was really no solution for unemployment, *after* it developed: you had to forestall it by adequate preparation among all parties to its prevention and control, because no "creation of work by artificial mechanisms" giving idle people something to do would do other than continue the basic evil, of honest, decent, dignified human labor or skill finding itself without use or place in the economy.

No, definitely, the months ahead are not likely to be quiet or steady at home or abroad, nor even in the wealthiest and most powerful of modern states. And, of course, as restlessness and questioning spread, resentment wells up at the powers that be, prognostication as to those that will be. A "sitting" President is almost certain to be the candidate for re-election, so major surmise centres about the Republican challenger to Mr. Truman. There is no doubt the Democrats have chosen Bricker and will do everything to further him in Ohio, as likely to prove their weakest opponent. San Francisco added stature to Senator Vandenberg's already great prestige but the years are against him. Any Canadians who are ill-informed on one Commander Harold Stassen, former governor of Minnesota, might well begin to read up on him.

• •

A Princess Dies In Buchenwald

By FAUSTO PECORARI

This is the official account of the death in Buchenwald concentration camp of Princess Mafalda, daughter of the King of Italy—Hitler's ally.

She became a German citizen when she married Prince Philip of Hesse in 1925. Dr. Pecorari was interned at the same camp.

Trieste.

PRINCESS MAFALDA was arrested by the Germans on September 22, 1943, in Rome, where she went to spend a few days on returning from the funeral of her brother-in-law, King Boris of Bulgaria.

She was taken to Berlin and from there was sent to the Buchenwald Camp and placed in barrack No. 15, reserved for prisoners of high rank.

The princess's quarters were on a small hill and exposed to aerial attacks. She and another prisoner, Maria Ruhman, occupied one half of the barracks; the German Social Democrat ex-Minister Breitscheid and his wife had the other.

The princess slept on an iron bed on a mattress of wood shavings; she was given the same food as the S.S. guards. The food was adequate, but she could not digest most of it, and became very thin.

The S.S. called her Mrs. Abeba, and she was forbidden to disclose her real identity. The princess never had a change of clothes and received no mail.

The only contact she had with the outside world was through an Italian internee, a Sardinian named Leonardo Boninu, who was sent with a squad of workers to dig a trench in the yard of the barracks in April 1944.

The princess saw that Boninu had an "I" on his arm, meaning he was Italian.

Revealed Identity

On the pretext of having some logs transported she called him and revealed her identity.

After that Boninu visited the princess regularly. She gave him food for himself and for other prisoners who were almost starving, but the commandant learned of these visits and they were stopped.

On August 24, 1944, Buchenwald was bombed, and barrack No. 15 was severely damaged. Screams were heard coming from the ruins. An S.S. guard found the princess buried in earth up to her neck.

Princess Mafalda was badly burned and her left arm was injured. As the hospital was full she was taken to a brothel. Two days later gangrene developed in the arm.

Dr. Vitézlav Horn, an internee from Prague, who was in the camp, suggested to the S.S. surgeon that the arm should be amputated immediately, but this the S.S. surgeon refused to do. Dr. Horn had the impression that superior orders were awaited.

On the 28th the princess was taken to a hospital, and at 7 p.m. she was operated on by Dr. Schidlawsky. The operation was slow; it lasted three-quarters of an hour and caused great loss of blood. The patient was taken back to the brothel unconscious. She died at 5.30 a.m. the next day.

A prostitute, Dusedan Irmengard, attests that the princess showed great courage. Before the operation she asked about her children and her husband. She was not allowed to write to them.

She also asked to see a priest, but the request was not granted.

Her body was taken to the crematorium, where a monk, an internee, Joseph Tyl, having learned that the body was that of an Italian princess, obtained permission that burial should be authorized.

The princess lies in a Weimar Cemetery. The tombstone says "An unknown woman" and is numbered 262.

3=5 in Dollars

Three dollars from exports make five at home, Gilbert Jackson, one of Canada's leading economists, recently stated that:

"In the crudest possible terms, three dollars' worth of exports add just about five dollars to the national income above the small basic minimum we could achieve if we traded with one another."

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THE OTTAWA LETTER

Provinces, Having Left Tax Field, Find It Impossible to Return

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

THE prospects of a satisfactory new relationship between the Dominion and provincial governments were brightened by last week's meetings of the coordinating committee.

We have moved a long way forward since the summer of 1937, when the Royal Commission was appointed. But we have still a long way to go, and the path is beset with grave obstacles.

There should be no public impatience if the rate of progress appears unspectacular. The Dominion Government placed before the provincial governments—and the people of Canada—last August a series of propositions which, though explicitly disavowed on the final page as being "revolutionary", are certainly as momentous as anything since the original plans in 1864 to join the separate provinces into a confederation.

Under these circumstances the heads of the provincial governments can hardly be expected to make a "snap" decision. The Dominion is asking approval for joint action, on which, no matter what kind of temporary or trial basis may be inaugurated, a favorable decision will almost certainly remould the political and economic relationships of this country in irrevocable fashion.

Of course, events will not wait indefinitely for the slow maturing of unanimous opinion. There is a deadline. The Dominion Government has accepted, partly as a result of the war, and partly from the implications of nationhood in the modern world, very grave responsibilities. As the Minister of Justice made clear in a press interview before the conference in August, the Government proposes to live up to its new responsibilities. If it cannot move forward by joint agreement, it will have to take certain steps on its own, and some interests in its path—conceivably including some provincial interests—may thereby get hurt.

Among these Dominion policies for which there is no alternative, whether the provinces come into the scheme or not, is that of relying very heavily on steeply progressive direct taxation to finance its postwar obligations.

It is just here that the pressure of events is felt most keenly by the provincial governments. The developments of the past six or eight years have most certainly strengthened the bargaining position of the Dominion at the expense of the provinces. Had the relationships of the 1930's continued, without the complications of war finance, the Dominion would certainly have found it awkward, if not impossible, to persuade the provinces to vacate the personal and corporation income tax fields on either a temporary or permanent basis. So long as both provincial and Dominion rates were light, the tax-paying public would have tolerated dual taxes, especially if they were collected by a single agency.

But, as everyone remembers, this situation altered beyond recognition in 1941, when the Dominion Government found it necessary to step up its income tax rates to the point where dual taxes were utterly absurd in their application. And as the financing of the war effort was the paramount consideration, public opinion would have given the provincial governments no alternative—in the unlikely event of them resisting the change—but to get out of the field during the war.

Intolerable Loads

Once they were out, and a period as long as three or four years had passed, they were—and are—subjected to the overwhelming force of Dominion occupation of the field. It was easy for the provinces in 1941 to get out, in exchange for equivalent revenues; it has become virtually impossible to reassert their rights in that field and get back. Impossible politically, so far as their own taxpayers are concerned. Even for those provincial governments in the strongest position, it would be a nightmare to have to contemplate reimposing heavy direct taxes on citizens who are still carrying wellnigh intolerable loads already. And the tax agreements expire at the end of 1946.

Some of the provinces make a good talking-point out of the allocation of "direct taxation" to them in section 92 of the British North America Act, and the virtual confirmation of their right to occupy that field by the scrupulous care which the Dominion took, until 1917, to stay out of that field.

They make out the case that the provinces were understood all along by the Dominion to be entitled to income tax,—for example, that for 50 years the Dominion religiously left that field to them, and only invaded it, reluctantly, and hoping all the while it would be only a temporary measure, at the height of the last war, in 1917.

Quite apart from the fact that the B.N.A. Act clearly confirms the authority of the Dominion to collect revenues "by any Mode or System of Taxation" (Sec. 91;3), there is evidence that what kept the Dominion out of the direct tax field before 1917 was not primarily any sense of respecting a clearly defined area of exclusive provincial right.

Heavy Deficits

I hate to spoil a good story, but as far back as before 1878, when the Mackenzie administration had begun to run heavy deficits—partly as a result of the beginning of the "Great Depression of 1873-95" and partly as a reflex of the heavy railway commitments of the MacDonald administration—the Dominion Government considered very seriously the imposition of a personal income tax.

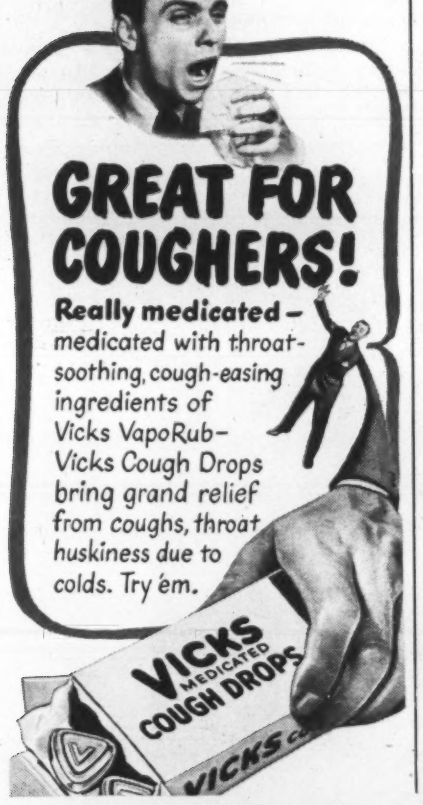
If the language used by Sir Richard Cartwright, then Minister of Finance, means what it says, it was not the prior right of the provinces but the lack of administrative machinery, which prevented the levy in that year of a Dominion income tax. You will find on page 17 of the Budget Speech of that year Cartwright's statement that "if we possessed in Canada any tax equivalent to the income tax now in use in England" he would have advised using it to meet the deficit.

To come back to 1945, the provincial premiers can take two different stands. They can reject the whole principle of the Dominion proposals and ask for a vacating of the tax fields occupied by the war. Or they can accept the broad principles of the Dominion proposals, object to specific points, and bargain for better terms.

I don't think it is a premature statement to conclude that the fact that two meetings have been held and a third arranged for January means that the provinces have decided upon the second strategy. The first would break up the conference and drive the Dominion to take unilateral action. I doubt whether any provincial premier would care to take the consequences—either of historic judgment upon his action, or the political comment of his own voters—which would be involved in a flat refusal to make some new arrangement possible.

It is not that the proposals themselves are so irresistible, or that the Dominion Cabinet is so persuasive. But events themselves, imponderable, inescapable, tremendously powerful, are driving the provinces and the Dominion together in a new set of alignments.

This was already true when the August conference was called; it became more true with the announcement of the use of the atomic bomb. The nation which is Canada must have adequate power to meet its new world responsibilities; the provincial and municipal governments must be guaranteed adequate revenues for the new conception of social welfare. The new agreement cannot be had without cost; there will be some loss of regional and local sovereignty. But in a day when even national sovereignty may have to begin almost immediately to make some concessions toward a peaceful world order, excessive nostalgia or concern over the local independence of the past is clearly obsolete.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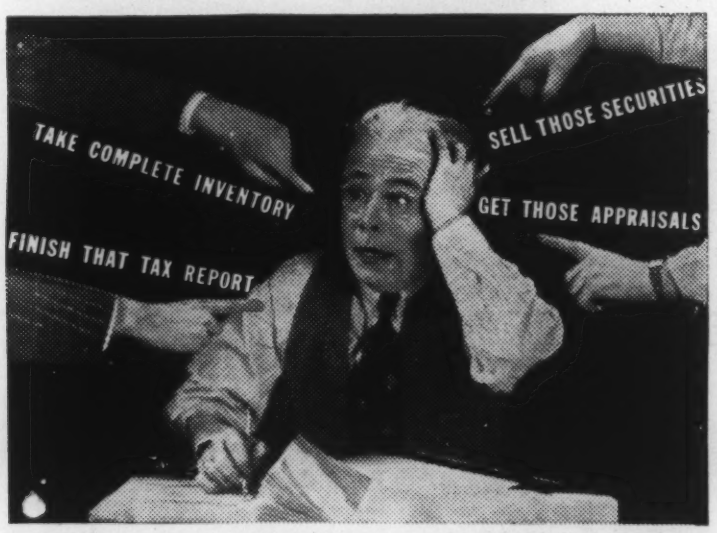

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Chinese Pirates Are Back in Business

By CHARLES HALL

Before the war a regular branch of the British Navy's work was an anti-piracy patrol to curb the activities of the Chinese pirates who were the terror of the China coast.

The sailings of coastal steamers in this area were necessarily curtailed during wartime and business was bad for the pirates, but they are now endeavoring to make a speedy come-back, their most recent outrage being to rob 300 steamer passengers and to carry ten off for ransom.

Hong Kong.

NOW that ordinary commercial shipping is starting again off the China coast, pirates, taking advantage of the pre-occupation of Britain's warships with so many important jobs, are getting back into business again. And so are the Royal Navy's anti-piracy patrols.

This job of running down Chinese pirates was one of the hundred-and-one odd jobs—including the chasing of gun-runners and slave dealers in the Red Sea and Persian Gulf—which Jack looked upon as a diversion from monotonous peacetime cruises. It was truly a catch-as-catch-can game, and these Chinese gentlemen must be given credit for their cool cheek.

The other day 300 passengers in a Chinese coastal steamer were robbed within sight and gun range of British warships lying in Hong Kong harbor. Pirates on board the vessel made the coxswain keep the boat on her course at the point of the pistol. Then others boarded from sampans, which were taken in tow while the loot was loaded into them. After the ship had been thoroughly ransacked, the pirates carried off ten passengers who will be held to ransom.

Bias Bay Danger Zone

Such organized piracy by the Chinese was for many years before the war a terror of the China coast, including Hong Kong territorial waters, the Canton delta, and the Bias Bay area. This last was a notorious hot-spot. Ships of all nationalities were their victims.

The Royal Navy's anti-piracy patrol was a regular branch of its activities before the war. Special fighting craft were built for the work, twin-screw vessels of great power but of shallow draught so that the pirates could be followed to their lairs. Some of the river gun-boats have a draught of only just over two feet.

Bias Bay lies about 50 miles east of Hong Kong, and it has been a pirate headquarters for centuries. Another famous—or infamous, perhaps—centre of river pirates is an island near Kumchuck, which covers the approaches to Canton with its immense river trade.

The question might be asked; why, if these rendezvous are known, have they not been rooted out long ago? These pirate communities number thousands, and the answer is that something has always been rotten in the State of China. The local authorities tax the fruits of their industry, and, undoubtedly, the officials have taken their rake-off. It has been profitable for them that they remain.

Master-Mariners

Things may improve in the "New China". Everything, of course, is in favor of the brigands. The coastline of China lends itself admirably to the depredations of pirates, whose leaders are generally master-mariners, and first-class seamen with a knowledge of suitable inlets and anchorages, of hidden rocks, and of prevailing currents.

Those who have seen them at work declare that their skill in handling their huge, unwieldy sailing craft, or junks, would do credit to the skipper of a British deep-sea trawler, and that is saying something.

Plans are carefully laid to the last detail; the pirates are aware of the sailing of every steamer. Some of their company are deputed to travel on the steamer, and from Chinese members of the crew full details are obtained as to who is travelling and of the most profitable "birds" to pluck. From these they can assess the likely cash value of the job. The pirate passengers buy their tickets, just like ordinary passengers, mingle freely with these, and become familiar with the movements of the armed guard.

Then, when the ship is off their headquarters, at a preconcerted signal a rush is made, and each pirate knows his exact job. The armed guard is overcome; officers are overpowered, disarmed and battened down; their own men are put at the wheel, or the seaman has to carry on the course set with a pistol at the back of his neck. Similarly down below Chinese "greasers" are forced to go on with their job in the engine-room. The radio is dismantled; or the operator put out of action temporarily.

Even if an S.O.S. has flashed out, the pirates are not overconcerned. Passengers selected for ransom are bundled into the waiting junks, or sampans, with other booty in the shape of cargo and valuables. Then the pirate craft abandon the prey and make with all speed to their base. This usually lies at the head of tortuous creeks, and the pirates worm their way through shoals and shallows where even gun-boats—much less destroyers and cruisers—cannot follow them.

This heading ashore for known swamps, or other favorable landing-ground, is usually a feature of Chinese piracy. If a gunboat can get anywhere near the scene in time its superior speed enables it to cut off some of the pirate boats. But so tremendously long is the Chinese coast that the brigands know exactly when to stage a raid, for it is impossible for the anti-pirate patrols to be everywhere.

On one occasion British sailors waded through waist-deep mud to wipe out a pirate lair, and bombing has been employed against them. But this only provided a temporary check.

Actually, considering the great coastline, the regularity and frequency of the sailings normally, and the immense tonnage carried, it is remarkable piracy is not more widespread than it is.

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

Yes, Virginia, There Is Such a Thing As a Psychiatrist

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

"NOW, dear, try to be reasonable about things," Mrs. Claus said, and Santa snorted angrily. "Now you're talking like a psychiatrist. You know perfectly well that if I started being reasonable about things I'd be out like a light."

He picked up his paintbrush again, and, after a moment, Mrs. Claus got up and looked over his shoulder. "You've got the mouth sideways again," she said, "and the left eyebrow is much too high."

It was quite true. The doll face that Santa had been painting now wore a disturbing and skeptical leer. He flung down his brush in despair. "You see. That's the second batch of Angel Dolls I've ruined this week. When you lose faith in yourself it's bound to show in your work."

Mrs. Claus sighed. "Well, I don't know what to do, I'm sure. Maybe you ought to see a good psychiatrist yourself. He might be able to straighten you out."

"Are you crazy or what?" Santa Claus said. "If I went to a psychiatrist the first thing he'd say to me would be, 'You've got to stop believing in the Santa Claus myth.' He'd straighten me out all right, just like a dead mackerel."

"I guess you're right," Mrs. Claus said, and added after a moment, "Anyway what's the matter with being a myth as long as you're a decent Christian myth. My goodness, when you think of the myths the psychiatrists hang around with — Narcissus and Elektra and Oedipus and all that nasty bunch."

Santa Claus shook his head. "Well, I don't know — of course what they claim to believe in is the rational human mind."

"That's the silliest myth of all," Mrs. Claus said contemptuously. She picked up the paintbrush. "Here, I'll fix this up," she said. "You're all tired out, that's all the matter with you. Goodness, when I think of how you've given the best centuries of your life to the human race I sometimes wonder if it has been worth it."

"Oh well, mustn't be too hard on them," Santa Claus said, "they seem to have quieted down a bit lately. At least they're not killing each other as much as they were last Christmas."

"IT'S when they're quiet you can be pretty sure they're up to some mischief," Mrs. Claus said. She went busily to work and soon produced the expression of sweetly vacant trust suitable to an Angel Doll at Christmas time. "There! That's better," she said, "Now how would you like me to read you something. You always enjoy 'The Night Before Christmas'."

Santa Claus shook his head. "No use crawling down chimneys before you come to them," he said.

"Well, then, how about that lovely letter the editor wrote to Virginia about you?" Mrs. Claus said, "It's a beautiful testimonial."

"It's old stuff," Santa said.

"Still they go on reprinting it every Christmas," Mrs. Claus said. "You know it's one of your favorites." And she went and got Santa Claus's pressbook down from the shelf and began to read softly aloud while Santa Claus lay back and shut his eyes.

"Virginia, your little friends are wrong," Mrs. Santa read, "they have been infected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They think that nothing can be thought that is not comprehensible to their little minds. . . . In this great universe of ours man is an insect compared to the boundless world about him as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. Not believe in Santa Claus! Alas, how dreary the world would be if there were no Santa Claus! Almost as dreary as if there were no Virginias. Not believe in Santa Claus? You might as well not believe in fairies. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that is no proof they are not there . . ."

She read the letter to Virginia right to the end. And when she had finished she looked up to see that Santa was fast asleep, his hands folded peacefully on his stomach.

ABOUT two hours later Santa Claus woke up. "Well, I seem to have had a little nap," he said, "Ha, ha, ha, ho, ho!"

"Now you sound more like yourself!" Mrs. Claus said delighted. "Well the mail's just come in, sacks and sacks of it. It looks as though the kiddies still believe in you." She slit open a letter and began to read, "Here's a letter from little Raymond Frobisher of Winnipeg. He sends his love and a list as long as your arm. What were you thinking of putting in Raymond's stocking?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, what with the danger of inflation and all I'd sort of stocked up on self-locking piggie-banks."

Mrs. Claus shook her head. "That's the mistake you made after the last war. You let Raymond down that way and he'll probably grow up to be a psychiatrist with a Santaphobe complex."

"Well, better send him a chemistry set," Santa said good-naturedly. He began running through his mail and paused presently with an open letter in his hand. "Here's one I'm going to answer personally right away," he said, "Just listen to this: 'Dear Santa: I am eight years old. My Papa told me that the psychiatrists say there isn't any Santa Claus. Do you believe in psychiatrists? Virginia Jones'."

Santa Claus unscrewed his fountain pen and went to work, chuckling as he wrote. He scribbled away happily for some time and then signed his name with a flourish. "Here, I'll read it to you," he said.

"'Dear Virginia—You ask me if I believe in psychiatrists. No, Virginia, I don't believe in psychiatrists. But this does not mean that psychiatrists do not exist. Just because I have never seen psychiatrists dancing on the lawn is not proof that there are no psychiatrists in the world. Indeed I am sure the world is lous. . .'"

"Claus!" said Mrs. Claus sharply.

Santa Claus paused and then rather reluctantly scratched out the word. "'that the world is full of them'," he continued. "'It's a very bad world, Virginia, and the worse it gets the more psychiatrists there are likely to be. They will go on explaining and explaining because they really believe that nothing exists that is not comprehensible to their little minds. It won't do you any harm to listen to a psychiatrist telling you about the human reason, Virginia, as long as you remember that everything he says is just a lot of da . . .'"

"Now Claus *really!*" Mrs. Claus protested again and Santa Claus paused and made another regretful erasure. "'Is just a psychiatric fairy-tale'," he continued. "'So a very merry Christmas, my dear little Virginia, and don't take any wooden explanations.

Your loving Santa Claus'."

"I'm sure you're perfectly right," Mrs. Claus said when he had finished. "Imagine that psychiatrist saying that if Santa Claus can happen anything can happen."

"Well, that's once he was right anyway," Santa said cheerfully. "Anything can."

• •

TO AN EMOTIONAL LADY

BEHOLD the humble snail
Who moves about in mail,
And though his shell is thin
Protects himself therein.

Since you are sensitive,
Yet in this world must live,
Learn from the snail how well
All softness needs a shell.

Then at a word unkind
Draw in your startled mind,
And, safe and calm and whole,
Keep sheathed your woundless soul!

ARTHUR STRINGER

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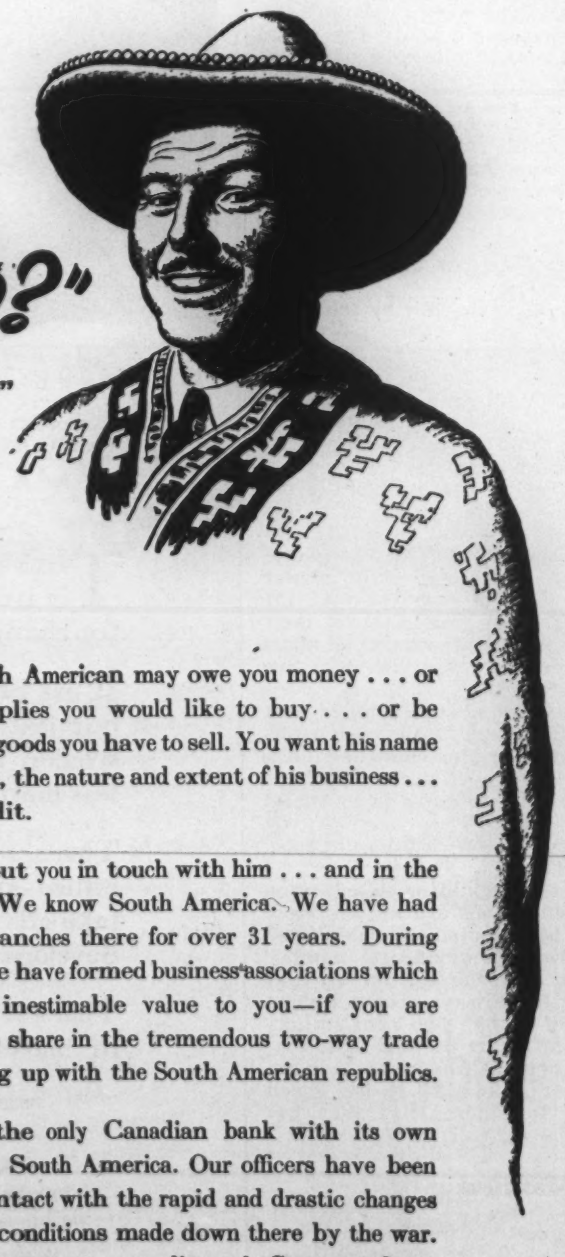

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Tel-Aviv: Most Jewish City in the World

By HUGH THORNTON

From a tiny fishing hamlet of about 60 Jewish families from Jaffa, Tel-Aviv has grown to a prosperous town of nearly 150,000 people. Jews everywhere are proud of the city of Tel-Aviv; it is the all-Jewish gateway to the country which they hope will be their National Home and is the only metropolis in the world entirely administered by Jews.

Jewish national characteristics have been preserved in whatever has been done and in no other city is the Sabbath so strictly observed.

Tel-Aviv.

THE present troubles in Tel-Aviv are regrettable in many ways. Not least because this great Palestinian city is the most remarkable example of Jewish genius and industry the twentieth century has seen. Where at the beginning of the century was a tiny fishing village with a few poor huts amid the barren sandhills, there now stands a rapidly expanding city of nearly 150,000 people. Moreover, it is the only metropolis on the face of the globe entirely administered by Jews.

But the most extraordinary feature of this Jewish community is that it was created by persecution. It was largely built by Jews from many lands, many of them compelled to flee from ruthless persecution. Hitler's pogroms against the Jews in Germany, in Czechoslovakia, and in other European countries, were responsible for a great influx, so that Tel-Aviv has grown—to use a hackneyed word almost literally true—astronomically.

Early this century, when the site was merely a fishing hamlet lost in the sandhills, about 60 Jewish families decided to migrate from Jaffa, the ancient port close by, because of the exorbitant rents, and the lack of sanitation. They settled in the area of Tel-Aviv, building themselves 60 cottages to form a suburb of Jaffa.

A quarter of a century back it was still little more than that. It had a population of only three thousand living in just over 400 houses.

Exodus from Jaffa

The change came when there was a large exodus of Jews from Jaffa. They decided to set up an independent city, and migrated, taking their industries with them. Tel-Aviv, "Hill of Spring", became a centre of trade and commerce for them, with its own police and the status of a separate municipality.

Fifteen years back the population had risen to 46,000, half that of Jaffa, and since then it has more than trebled.

Every Jew, in whatever land, is proud of Tel-Aviv. It has its own port, which is to be much enlarged. It is an all-Jewish gateway to the country which they hope will be their National Home. Its main street is named after the famous soldier who liberated Palestine from the Turks, General Allenby.

Tel-Aviv is a very modern town, rather shoddy-looking in some parts, it is true. This is due in large measure to the fact that the buildings went up with such speed, and consisted chiefly of concrete or stucco washed in pastel shades. On the other hand it possesses much that is attractive—spacious tree-lined avenues flanked with comfortable houses, fine streets of stores, up-to-date factories, first class transport, theatres, cinemas, and excellent libraries.

The people of Tel-Aviv are almost all highly educated, and there is a large intellectual class. This is accounted for by the fact that many have come from the capitals of Europe where they held good positions in many professions.

The time may come when Tel-Aviv will rank among the most important harbors in the Mediterranean. It was in 1938 that the then High Commissioner opened the port, which is now planning ambitious developments along the Yarkon River. For the lighter port £150,000 was contributed, one-sixth by Jewish public bodies, and the rest by subscription.

To establish the port two transit sheds, an export shed, and a lighter basin of four acres of water surface, were provided. There is room for 80 lighters, and for 10 modern tugs and launches.

Six years of war, and far longer than that of political troubles, have, inevitably, had depressing effect upon the fortunes of this all-Jewish city. Before 1939, however, it was prospering greatly, and factories were springing up almost overnight, in which the workers were producing a wide variety of goods—jam, china, candy, glass—for sale all over the Middle East.

At the same time the community life of the city was flourishing, for Tel-Aviv had established its own municipal buildings, and the inhabitants had paid for hospitals, sports ground and community centres.

In whatever they have done the people have made every endeavor to preserve the Jewish national characteristics, most notably of all in the maintenance of the ancient religion of the Hebrews and the observance of its rites.

In no other place in the world is the Sabbath so strictly observed. From one hour before sunset on Friday evening, stores, workshops, and offices close their doors, street cars and buses stop, and synagogues overflow into the street with worshippers. On the Friday evening the trumpeter is heard in the streets blowing his horn as a warning that the Sabbath is at hand, and none disobeys his behest that the time of worship approaches.

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Australia Would Like To Be Major Power

By D. G. JOHNSTON

During six years of war Australia has developed industrially to an extent which might normally have taken twenty-five years and now aspires to become a world power with a sphere of influence in the Pacific. But Australia, with a total population of only 7,300,000 has urgent need for a large increase in this respect, and how this will be arranged is one of her main problems at the moment.

Prosperity in the Pacific is very necessary to Australia for she will have a surplus of manufactured articles and will look for markets in the densely-populated areas around her.

Sydney, Australia.

DURING THE negotiations for Japanese surrender, there were several protests from Australia that she was not being allowed to play a sufficiently important part, but was being treated as a minor, instead of a major, participant in the Pacific War.

Since then Dr. Herbert Evatt, the Australian Minister for Foreign Affairs, has on several occasions indicated that Australia is "in revolt" against the domination of the settlements by the Big Three or even the Big Five.

The "revolt" is, of course, completely friendly and, as a matter of fact, Britain is in sympathy with Australian aspirations. Better than other countries she is able to realize how greatly Australia has grown in stature during the War and to understand that she is sensitive about the recognition of her position as a power in the Pacific.

The changes in Australia during the war have been not only physical, but psychological and the latter may prove in the end to be the most important, for a nation's aspirations decide its physical development.

Australia is no longer content to think of herself as a "younger brother" in the Empire family or, as one writer put it, as a baby cousin of the United States. She dreams of being a world power, of having a "sphere of influence" in the Pacific and perhaps eventually of developing a counterpart of the Monroe doctrine for it.

These are large aspirations for a nation which still has a total population less than that of London. And the Australians are realists enough to know that they cannot be realized without tremendous physical development of their continent. To win and maintain a place as a major nation means, in these days, to have great industries and to be able to maintain powerful forces for defence. Neither of these things can be done without population. Numbers do count and no one knows better than the Australians that 7,300,000 people are simply not enough to develop to the full territory of 3,000,000 square miles, much less to provide in addition defences against another power and have a surplus for administrating "colonies" or primitive territories within the "sphere of influence."

"Wide Open" to Invasion

One of the lessons Australia has learned in this war has been her almost complete dependence on other countries for her defence. Once Hong Kong, Singapore and the Philippines had been over-run, Australia was "wide open" to invasion and quite possibly would have been successfully invaded but for the activities of the British and U.S. fighting forces.

Australian soldiers, sailors and airmen need no testimonials to their quality — they are recognized as amongst the best in the world. But quality cannot wholly make up for lack of numbers and with her present population, Australia could hardly expect to be able to defend herself any more than Holland, Belgium or any other of the smaller nations. Indeed, her very long coast line means that even powerful defence forces would have to be thinly spread.

Industrial development also requires numbers. In Europe, industrial development during the 19th century saw populations doubling themselves every twenty-five years. New techniques in industry do not, perhaps, mean that such great numbers have now to be employed for the same production, but it is plain that you cannot have great coal, steel, chemical and other industries, a first class road and rail system and great production of food without large numbers.

Aims at 20,000,000

All this is well recognized, and in accordance with her aspirations Australia, even before the Mother country, began an enquiry into the means of increasing her population which, far from showing signs of expanding naturally like that of Europe during the period of industrial expansion, is in danger of falling. Australia aims at a population of at least 20,000,000 by the end of the century and hopes to secure it by stimulating the native birth rate and by a wide immigration policy, designed to bring to her the most adventurous and skilled young men and women.

One of the big questions is where they are to come from. Australia has so far maintained 98 per cent of British stock. It is doubtful whether Britain could afford to lose the number of immigrants Australia would like, yet any great immigration from other countries would fundamentally change the Australian character.

Industrially, Australia has made very great strides during the war. She began it as a country which relied primarily on the export of foodstuffs and "primary products" and the import of manufactured articles for her economy. She has ended it as a country which has a great number of mass-production factories of her own, backed by a rapidly-growing steel industry and adequate supplies of raw materials.

Her factories have made tanks, fighter and bomber planes, many types of ammunition and a great variety of general equipment. Her shipyards have repaired millions of tons of Allied shipping and built destroyers and corvettes. A significant fact is that at the beginning of the war Australia was importing about 90 per cent of the machine tools she needed, whereas at the end she was supplying a surplus of machine tools to the Allied forces in the Pacific.

The fact that this industrialization at great speed has been accomplished by unstinted aid in blueprints and skilled workers from Britain is important, but incidental. The skills and factories are now Australian and they will convert rapidly to the production of cars, civil planes and many types of domestic goods formerly imported.

Well on the Road

Australia is very conscious of her great achievement. "Made in Australia" is a slogan on many goods and advertisements, something to be proud of. In six years she has accomplished industrial development that might have taken twenty-five years in normal conditions. An American expert examining her economy stated that industrially Australia in 1939 was where the U.S. was in 1860 but that to-day she is where the U.S. was in 1900. In other words, she is still far from being a major industrial nation, but is well on the road to very rapid industrial expansion, given a prosperous world.

Australia will continue to import textiles from Manchester, cars from the United States and a host of other manufactured articles. But she is now making a host of things, from locomotives to precision tools, which were formerly imported. She will have a surplus of manufactured articles and will look for markets for them in the densely populated East Indies so conveniently near, with the millions of China, India, Burma and Siam to back them up.

Australia is thus intensely interested in prosperity coming to the Pacific. In the far future she sees her own "industrial empire" in the great territories that lie to the north and north-east. Meanwhile her chief worry is population. It is the problem that dominates all others. Australia is having "grown-up" dreams, but she knows that the realization of them depends upon her becoming big enough.

• •

MEMORY FOR ERRORS

IT IS particularly perilous to science when one of its outstanding champions falters, affording an opening to the unscrupulous enemy or to the emotional pseudo-scientist; for either one will pounce upon the least slip and make more of it than of a lifetime of sustained accomplishment. If anything whatever, no matter how insignificant, is capable of misrepresentation, it will be misrepresented. It is the spectacular error that is remembered, whether in baseball or in any other line. Even a little indiscreet phrase-making may eclipse a longstanding reputation for soundness of judgment. A famous scientist whom somebody was attempting to comfort by quoting: "Great is truth and it will prevail," countered with: "Great is misrepresentation and it will prevail."—A. G. Keller in The *Saturday Review of Literature*.

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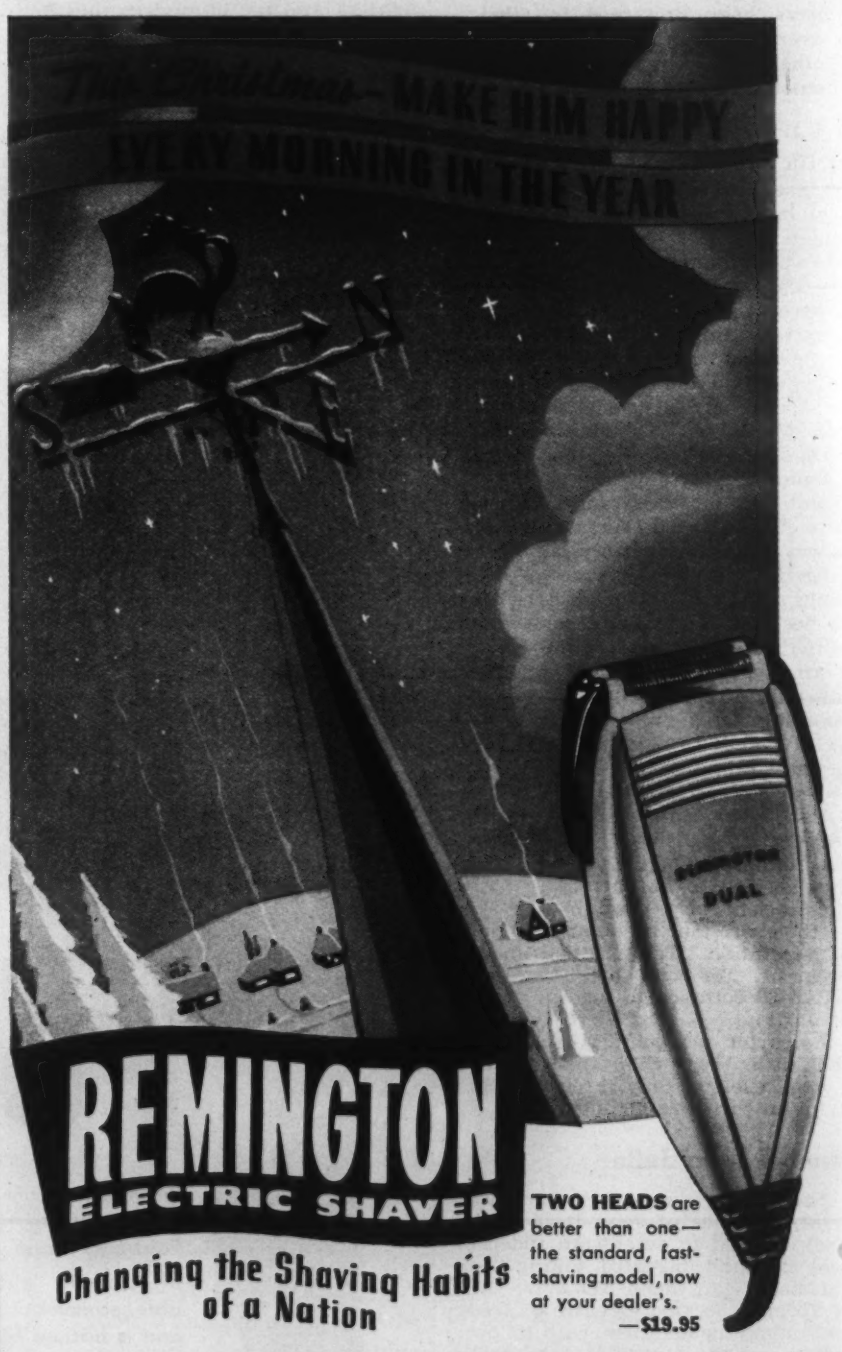

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THE SCIENCE FRONT

Water May Be New And Cheaper Source of Atomic Energy

By JOHN J. O'NEILL

New York

MORE powerful sources of atomic energy are now the goal of the scientists. If they succeed, they will obtain 1,000 times more energy from the new source than is obtained from uranium sources and the latter source provides 2,500,000 times as much energy as an equal weight of coal, oil or T.N.T.

Uranium, the element used to produce the atomic-energy substance plutonium, is among the rarer elements, although it is as plentiful as copper in the earth's crust. The cost of plutonium produced under military control can be estimated as $25,000 a pound, but this figure may be wrong by a very large factor. The unquestioned fact is that under any circumstances it would be many times, perhaps many thousands of times, as expensive as coal on a pound basis. It would be, nevertheless, very much cheaper than coal on an energy-production basis.

The new substance to which the scientists are looking as the new atomic-energy source is the cheapest substance on earth. It is hydrogen, one of the two elements composing water.

Hydrogen is the substance on which the sun and the stars feed to maintain their incandescent state by atomic-energy process. Hydrogen is the most plentiful substance in the universe. The sun, and every star, is either composed mainly of hydrogen or is surrounded by vast clouds of it, and the great open spaces between stars contain unmeasured quantities of it.

In using hydrogen as an atomic-energy source the sun employs a very slow, complicated process which converts about 1 per cent of the mass of the hydrogen atom into energy. This, however, is larger than the percentage of the mass of the uranium atom, one-tenth of 1 per cent, that is converted into energy by the more direct method recently developed by the scientists.

The hydrogen process in the sun is adequate, according to calculations, to keep the sun shining at its present rate for 40,000,000,000 years. Hydrogen has an atomic weight of 1.008. Carbon atoms act as a catalytic agent for putting four hydrogen atoms together to form a helium atom which has an atomic weight of exactly 4. The four hydrogen atoms had a mass of 4.032. The fraction 0.032 unit of mass disappeared and was transformed into high-temperature radiation.

How to Convert It?

It is the hope of the scientists that they will be able to find a way to convert the entire mass of the hydrogen atom into energy. A single hydrogen atom converted entirely into energy would not yield a very large amount of energy, only 0.0015 erg, and an erg is a very small unit. There are, however, 273,171,800,000,000,000,000,000,000 hydrogen atoms in a pound of that gas. If all of these atoms were converted into energy they would yield 11,350,000,000 kilowatt hours, or 15,250,000,000 horsepower hours which at five cents a kilowatt hour would be worth about $570,000,000.

The conversion of hydrogen into energy looks like a much more attractive project than the conversion of uranium which we have mastered to some extent. We do not know, yet, how to bring about the conversion of hydrogen.

Dr. John Wheeler, of Princeton University, who was actively engaged in the uranium project, discussed the hydrogen problem at the joint meeting of the American Philosophical Society and the National Academy of Sciences held in Philadelphia.

The particle which Dr. Wheeler considers the most likely to yield satisfactory results for complete matter-to-energy conversion is the proton. The proton however, is the heart, or nucleus, of the hydrogen atom, the latter consisting of a proton with a planetary electron revolving around it. The presence of the electron would not interfere with a conversion process, so ordinary hydrogen would be just as useful as the proton.

Cosmic Energy Rays

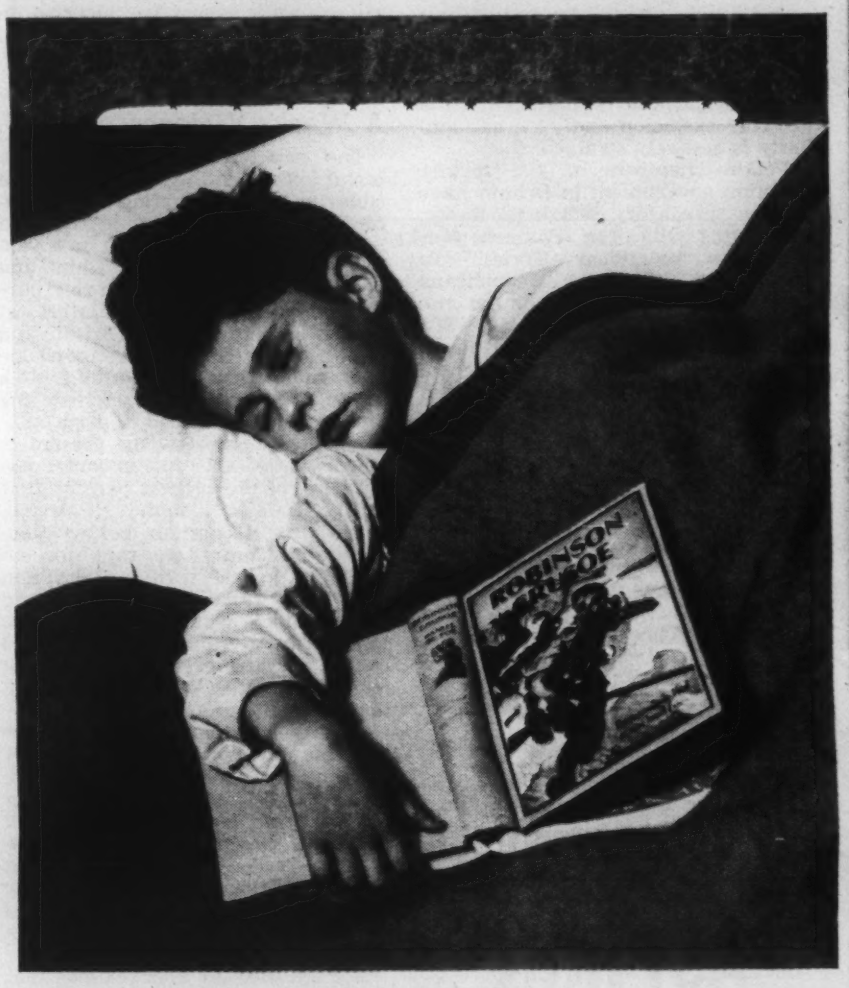
The neutron would be equally satisfactory. It has about the same mass as a proton and is believed by scientists to consist of a proton with an electron inside, the opposite electrical charges of the two particles neutralizing each other so that the neutron has no external electrical field. The scientists would like to know how to convert a proton to a neutron as neutrons are extremely valuable in the uranium atomic energy processes.

Dr. Wheeler is looking to cosmic energy rays for the clew as to how to smash the hydrogen nucleus. In the cosmic rays is a particle called a meson (formerly mesatron) which has about an eighth of the mass of a proton.

The meson, according to present theories, is produced in a shower, when a high-energy proton or cosmic-ray radiation atom, strikes a proton. The mesons travel through the atmosphere a short distance, usually disappearing before they reach the surface of the earth. Their disappearance is unexplained.

The primary cosmic rays that produce the meson showers have energies up to hundreds of billions of electron volts. Dr. Wheeler is of the opinion that energies as low as one billion electron volts may shatter a proton and produce a shower of mesons which by their transformation will result in the release of energy in matter.

It is possible that critical effects can be produced with 100,000,000-volt electrons, he believes. The General Electric Company demonstrated a few weeks ago a betatron that produces a stream of 100,000,000-volt electrons, and the new cyclotron built by Professor E. O. Lawrence at the University of California will produce 100,000,000-volt protons. The new process of atomic-energy release that Dr. Wheeler proposes therefore may reach the experimental stage earlier than he anticipates and without depending on the uncertain cosmic rays.



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At the British Admiralty Diving Unit at Tolworth, Surrey, "trying it out on the goat" is the usual method of testing the reactions of the human body to all forms of underwater pressure. Goats are used because their reactions are similar to those of human beings. "Lord Nelson," as this goat is called, is unconcerned as he enters the pressure chamber. After all, he has survived four-and-a-half years of such experiments.

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THE WORLD TODAY

"Peace" Featured So Far By Troubles, Disillusionment

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

IT WOULD be something of an understatement to say that, so far, "peace" has been found disillusioning by most people. Whether they were right in expecting that peace would just "break out" after six years of unprecedented violence, murder and destruction, is another thing.

What we have, at any rate, is a crime wave and a strike wave at home, ruin and starvation in Europe and chaos in Asia; while amongst the victorious coalition war-forged unity of purpose is dissolving in a growing suspicion and even national unity is severely strained.

Fellow members of the former coalition government in Britain have become "predatory Socialists" to Mr. Churchill, while the Conservatives are again "reactionary Tories." In the United States the Republicans have declared open season on the Democrats, hoping to blast Mr. Roosevelt's legacy with the Pearl Harbor investigation. The French, just out of the crucible of foreign occupation, have formed a new government only with the greatest difficulty.

Nor is it to be believed that Russia is immune to these stresses; it is just that no news of them is permitted to be printed there or to leak out. One can nevertheless sense deep differences amongst the Soviet hierarchy over foreign policy, and there is something peculiar about Stalin's long "rest", which has now lasted two full months, and according to the Moscow press will last through his birthday, December 25.

And Russia, too, has her crime wave. Following on innumerable reports of a breakdown in discipline among her occupation troops in Central Europe, with widespread loot and rapine, and numbers deserting to take to the hills as bandits, comes the news from Moscow that a full cavalry division has been brought into the capital to patrol the streets and put down a serious crime wave.

Thus have the ruin and cruelty of the war spread demoralization everywhere, in varying degrees. It will take years of steady, uphill work, to repair the strained fabric of civilization. How were we justified in thinking that even America could come out of such an orgy of destruction "enriched"?

A Week's Violence

The past week's news provides a broad cross-section of this world situation. While fighting in Java became more and more bitter, and even barbarous, civil war spread on a vast scale throughout Northern China and Manchuria. Ambassador Hurley publicly denounced the vacillation of U.S. policy in this region. Britain and the United States teetered on the edge of a trade war, as negotiations for a large American loan to unfreeze the Sterling bloc continued to drag on.

In Persia the Soviets pressed a move which looks like a covert annexation of the richest part of that highly-strategic country. Palestine boiled. Dr. Langmuir held a Congressional Committee rapt for an hour and a half with a description of atomic war. Mr. Truman said that the Big 3 would not be likely to meet any more. And Mr. Bevin called for an elected parliament of man, to function as the United Nations Assembly.

Of these events, Ambassador Hurley's blow-off concerning U.S. policy in China received the biggest spread, and caused great excitement in Washington, Chungking, Yenan, and doubtless Moscow. Hurley, known as a hot-headed man, possibly of not the soundest judgment, was a little incoherent in his denunciation of sabotage of his work by lesser State Department officials.

Briefly, what he charged was that the clear policy line which had been set for him by President Roosevelt and confirmed by Truman and Byrnes, of backing up Chiang's National Government solidly, was being sabotaged by subordinates in the Chungking Embassy and lesser officials in the State Department. These men, Hurley claimed, had been telling the Chinese Communists that they needn't make the concessions demanded of them to form a unified regime in China, as Hurley's policy wasn't the "real" U.S. policy.

Hurley and Anti-Hurley

But, as Walter Lippman points out, Hurley's opponents feel just as keenly that he has given Chiang and the Kuomintang group the impression that they don't need to make the concessions and reforms considered necessary even by many who recognize their rightful position as the national authority of China, to justify American support and the claim to be a "democratic" government.

To sift this dispute to the bottom, one would have to go back at least to the setting up of Chiang's National Government in Nanking in 1927, and the beginning of the civil war with the Communists immediately afterward. By far the best and fairest account of this rivalry I have seen is Nathaniel Peffer's article in the September *Harper's*.

After saying everything good that can be said about the Communist agrarian reforms and everything bad that can be said about Kuomintang corruption and landlordism (as well as presenting the opposite side of the picture), Peffer comes to the conclusion that since the Communists are a separatist movement which would divide China, and thus oppose the whole policy which brought the United States to fight the Pacific War, the United States has no choice but to back the National Government, while pressing Chiang to carry out the needed reforms.

This brings us right back to the beginning: how can the United States most effectively support Chiang in unifying China and bring most effective pressure on him to reform his regime? The Hurley school believe that incisive measures are best, a vigorous support *now* which will enable Chiang to take over control of the greater part of the country, including all of the main centres in North China, and Manchuria, whose industry and transport resources are equal to those of all the rest of the country and vitally necessary to Chinese reconstruction. One must hope and believe, they say, that *after this* the Kuomintang will reform.

Hurley's opponents, those of the Owen Lattimore school, believe that you cannot rush things like this in China, that a durable solution must come more slowly and through mutual compromise, and that Chiang no longer has sufficient national support to hold the country, as the appeal of the Communists is rooted in a very deep social discontent.

Two further factors complicate the situation — as if this were needed. There is still an army of some 375,000 Japs in Northern China, to be disarmed and shipped home. They still garrison the main centres of North China, even where American marines or Nationalist Chinese detachments have been flown in to take over nominal control. So far the Communists have not shown the strength to disarm many of these Japanese, and if they could, then they would have the arms and be that much stronger. This grab for Japanese arms is a very important feature of the post-armistice phase of the Chinese civil war.

If on the other hand, American troops were sent in to disarm these Japanese, and then withdrawn, the northern cities would fall to the Communists, since the Nationalists have not enough strength in the north yet to take over fully. Their rail lines from the south are cut or ripped up by the Communists and they are wholly dependent on sea transport up the coast by the U.S. Navy.

Should the U.S. Navy therefore intensify its effort to bring Nationalist

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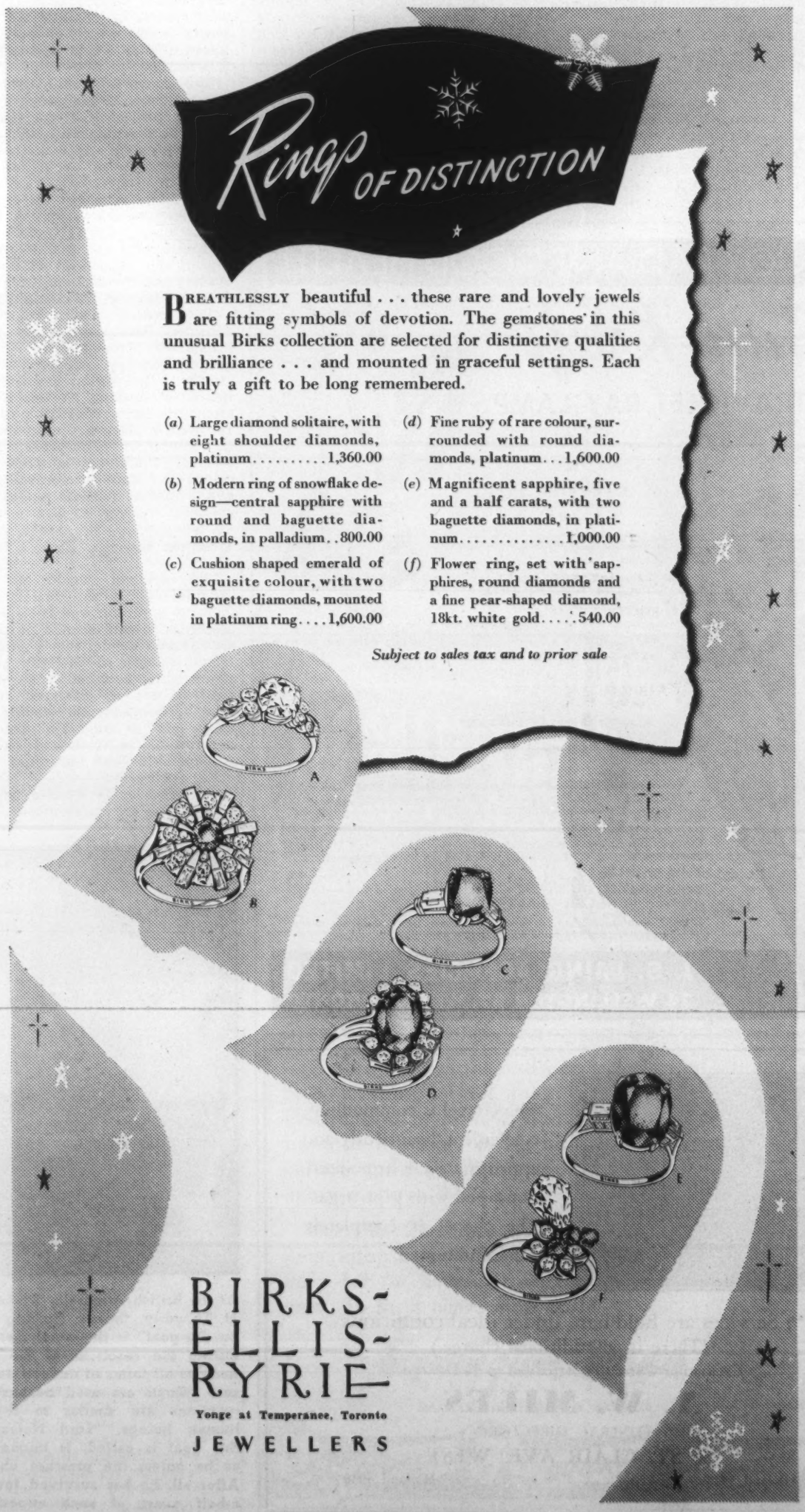
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troops into the north by sea? That is just the kind of "intervention" against which the Yenan Radio, the Moscow press and the American communist sympathizers are howling. And it is true, it does hold a serious danger of eventual clash with the Soviets, supporting the Chinese Communists. While the dispute rages in Washington, the situation in China and Manchuria seems to be improving. The vigorous movement of Nationalist troops already carried out by the U.S. Navy has enabled Chiang to put on such an effective drive for Mukden that the Soviets reversed their previous non-cooperation policy and agreed to new negotiations to facilitate Nationalist occupation of the main Manchurian centres.

This is a great gain for Chiang Kai-shek, even though the "second instalment" which the Soviets appear to be demanding on their deal of last August should be a steep one, and even though they have in the meantime permitted Chinese Communist forces to infiltrate a large part of the country, where they may prove troublesome for years. The Soviets, when pressed hard here, have yielded ground, as many have argued they would do in other areas, in the post-war readjustment.

But they take a long view, and they know that there is already a clamor to "bring the boys home" which will soon weaken American support for Chiang. With patient activity across the long open frontier of Manchuria, they may count on "New Democratic Party" here, as in North Persia, which will in due season raise a "spontaneous" demand for autonomy, and later separation from China.

The game being played in North Persia, with all the trappings once so familiar in Nazi policy, of maltreated minorities, popular demands, armed insurrectionists, and even the old dodge of sending in agents in the guise of "tourists", is now far advanced. At present it looks as though the Soviets will not only get the "autonomous" regime which they desire in North Persia (which will promptly grant them the oil concessions they are determined to have), but may also succeed in turning out the government in Teheran and securing a more "friendly" one.

From Big 3 to U.N.O.

Just at a time when the Big 3 are involved in such a keen dispute, at the very point in the world where their interests converge, President Truman announces at a press conference that the three powers will not need to hold any more meetings, if the U.N.O. functions as it should.

On the face of it, there is nothing disturbing about such a statement. Rather the contrary. Many people have disliked strongly seeing world affairs arranged through the virtual dictation of the Big 3. As Mr. Truman says, the continuance of such exclusive conferences would greatly hamper U.N.O.'s development.

But what about all the unfinished business which the Big 3 had on hand, which was to occupy the Foreign Ministers at a whole succession of London Conferences, and on which not even a start has been made as far as we know? It was certainly never the intention at Dumbarton Oaks or San Francisco that the U.N.O. should have the job of making the peace. This was to be made by the victorious coalition, principally by the Big 3, and the U.N.O. was then to have the job of maintaining this peace set-up.

But if the Big 3 cannot agree between themselves on the problems of Germany, of Eastern Europe, the Middle East and Asia, can they agree on these any better within the U.N.O.?

Here, we will soon find, the veto provision can block progress as effectively as does the unanimity rule in the Central Control Council in Berlin—though in the latter case it is the French who have been taking advantage of it. It was only natural that, along with the strongly expressed American desire to remove the unanimity rule in the Berlin Council, a similar demand should be raised that the veto in the U.N.O. be changed to a majority ruling. Mr. Eden came out for this in Commons last week. But *Pravda* was quick to negative his proposal and other British proposals that national sovereignty be abated to hand over real power to a universally-elected Assembly.

Russia Puts Clock Back

Britain is now well out in the lead in proposals for world government. But in Russia, as a man who has been to all the Big 3 conferences said to me recently, we are faced with a baffling reversion from the internationalism of Lenin, which was 150 years ahead of its time, to a nationalism and imperialism which are 75 years behind the times. And should Stalin pass from the scene, the odds are heavy that even the degree of international cooperation which he has accepted will be repudiated.

His likely successors are generally considered as anti-westerners, likely to pursue a policy of open and intensive imperialism.

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RONNY JAQUES

LOUIS JAQUES

Two Brothers and a Camera

Ronny Jaques' face was red. The fifteen or twenty other newsmen in the room had their pencils out, busy jotting down notes as the Duke and Duchess of Windsor answered questions. Meanwhile Ronny fidgeted, knowing that in a few minutes he would be photographing the Governor General of the Bahamas and his wife—and he lacked flashbulbs. This vital equipment, indispensable for indoor photos, had been left on the plane back at the airport.

The diminutive blond cameraman rose to the occasion and by dint of some fast talking and explaining persuaded his subjects to pose outdoors. Proof of Ronny Jaques' ability as a photographer—and his persuasive powers—is in the delightfully informal photograph of the Duke and Duchess he snapped, a photo which has been since used countless times in publications all over the world.

Back of this incident lies the story of the Jaques brothers, Louis and Ronny, a unique brother act in photography.

The cameras Ronny slings over his shoulder when he sets out on an assignment for The Standard — the elaborate technical equipment Louis Jaques handles so well in The Standard's new darkroom—are a far cry from Ronny's first camera, a modest Brownie Hawkeye.

The Brownie was a prize — first prize in a raffle—and Ronnie won it while working on Wall Street, New York. Eager young Ronny was fascinated by his prize and progressed steadily to more and better cameras. His brother Louis, working in the same brokerage firm, was not yet an enthusiast. Neither of the brothers fancied themselves as future Wall Street barons, and the minute they had accumulated some savings, they left New York for a holiday jaunt through Europe. Travelling by many and varied means of transportation, going where they pleased, they covered over twelve thousand miles in Europe during the course of the next two years, and Ronny's camera was always with him.

They went to England, and there Ronny enrolled in a photography course at the Regent Street Polytechnical School. Louis, although keenly interested in his brother's chosen career, took over the job of replenishing their finances by working as a "barker" at Selfridge's department store in London.

Ronnie's enthusiasm, and ability, were large factors in his studies, and he was given the opportunity of working under one of England's top-flight fashion photographers, Peter Clark of Savile Row.

With this experience behind them, the brothers returned to their native Canada and set up a photography studio in Toronto. As Louis Jaques says now, they had not much more than "hope and a bunch of pots and pans" to work with.

This was the turning point in Louis' career. He took over the business management of the studio, looked after finances, and began to learn gradually the secrets of darkroom technique in developing and printing of photos.

The studio was a success, and the brothers earned a reputation for their work in all types of photography. Assignments began to come in for "documentary" work on location—that is the shooting of a series of pictures to tell a story. The possibilities of this new technique of visual presentation, pioneered by Sunday rotogravure picture sections, and verified by the reader-interest studies of George Gallup, intrigued the brothers. When the opportunity came to work for Canada's National Film Board, they closed up shop and went to Ottawa.

There Louis continued his end of the act—perfecting new and better techniques for developing and printing.

Meanwhile, Ronny was establishing himself as one of the best "still" photographers on the continent. His photos of the Alcan highway, taken in 40 degrees below zero weather, his fine series of shots of the two Quebec conferences, were just three of the many outstanding jobs of "reportage" photography done by Ronny Jaques while at the Film Board.

"Reportage" photography, as the Jaques brothers name it, the technique of using a series of photos in sequence to tell a story graphically, has long been a feature of The Standard's rotogravure section. Consequently, both Louis and Ronny Jaques were happy to accept an offer to join The Standard's staff.

Since coming to The Standard, the team has produced much more evidence of their outstanding ability in this type of photography. Whether it is braving the suspicious nature and brawn of husky stevedores in a waterfront tavern, or the cold, penetrating dampness of the marshes of James Bay, Ronny's technical ability and ingenuity, have never failed to produce fine work.

And back in The Standard's new darkroom, which he designed, Louis Jaques backs up his brother's ability on location, with perfect developing and printing techniques.

The new darkroom itself is tangible evidence of the brothers' modern techniques. Designed by Louis Jaques, with the help of one of the best young architects in Canada, it is adjudged to be one of the most modern and best equipped in Canada. With this equipment, their ability, training and enthusiasm, the brothers Jaques are now intent on reaching new goals in documentary photography for The Standard.

• • •

The excellence of The Standard's rotogravure section, to which the skill of the Jaques brothers is contributing much, is another reason why The Standard is the favourite week-end newspaper in more than 200,000 homes. With its photo-story technique of reporting the news, this section is eagerly sought and read by every member of the family.

The Standard
Published at 231 St. James Street, Montreal

No Need To Emphasize Worker's Disability

By STANLEY CALDWELL

Efficiency at work is seldom determined by physical activity, but rather by such characteristics as enthusiasm, loyalty and concentration. That is why the competent factory doctor will watch for the applicant's positive contribution to a job and refuse to emphasize his disability as a negative factor.

Moreover, individual handling of disabled employees is essential. Two workers with the same disability on the same job will adjust quite differently, making one a success and the other a failure. A careful assessment of each man's qualifications is the only sound approach to job placement.

This is the third in a series of three articles by Mr. Caldwell.

IT is unfortunate that the term "handicapped" should be applied to men and women with obvious physical disabilities. Look, for example, at this definition drawn up by the U.S. Employment Service of the War Manpower Commission—for it places the disabled worker in a new perspective:

"Any applicant is considered handicapped when he has a physical, mental or emotional impairment or deficiency which:

(a) Requires the applicant to modify or change his occupation.

(b) Makes it difficult for the applicant to secure employer acceptance for suitable work.

(c) Requires special consideration to prevent the applicant from undertaking work likely to (1) aggravate the disability or (2) cause him to jeopardize the health or safety of others.

(d) Restricts the opportunities of an inexperienced handicapped applicant for entering industry, trade or profession.

(e) Requires referral to a cooperating agency for restorative or other adjustment services."

Segregation Harmful

Industrial physicians insist that the disabled worker likes to be considered normal. He should never be segregated from other employees for this emphasizes his disability and tends to make him self-conscious. Such a worker is anxious to have responsibilities determined by his qualifications. When it comes to promotion, his work record and the ability to meet new demands are standards which apply to the physically handicapped and non-handicapped alike.

Actually, of course, efficiency at work is seldom determined by physical activity, but rather by such characteristics as enthusiasm, loyalty and concentration.

"Basically," says Dr. P. S. DeQ. Cabot, personnel director of United Drug, Inc., Boston, "the principles underlying the placement of the physically handicapped also apply to the non-handicapped." Here are the principles outlined by Dr. Cabot:

(1) We must know the applicant. In appraising him we consider his general and specific qualification by considering his former experience, training, educational background, his aptitudes, personality and interests.

(2) We must know the job. We need to know the nature of the skills, knowledge, and abilities involved; the duties and responsibilities—general and specific, regular or occasional—and the qualifications required.

(3) We then proceed with selecting that applicant whose qualifications best fit him for the job.

It has been emphasized repeatedly by rehabilitation officials in Canada that *individual case work* is the secret of effective rehabilitation of the disabled. It is undesirable, insist the experts, to conduct placement in the factory by listing a series of jobs which can be done by workers with specific disabilities. Two one-armed workers, for example, may adjust quite differently. Their different work histories, educational backgrounds and temperamental traits may be responsible for one to be a failure and the other a success on the same job. Moreover, as Dr. Cabot points out, all jobs designated by the same title do not necessarily give as sufficient an indication of successful placement as the working conditions, social relationships between supervisor and employee, and the physical operations which may vary from one part of the country to another, from one organization to another, and even from one department or plant to another.

Individual Approach

What is needed, therefore, are two main areas of information:

1. The physical demands of the job (physical demands analysis);
2. The physical capacities of the individual (physical capacities appraisal).

Here, then, is the approach taken by the competent industrial physician in placing disabled persons in suitable work. He will act on the assumption that emotional stability, specialized abilities and educational standards should be demanded of all applicants — regardless of physical disability. He will watch for the applicant's positive contribution to a job rather than emphasize his disability as a negative factor.

This individual approach to the placement of disabled workers has been underscored by Dr. C. D. Selby of General Motors in Detroit.

"In all our efforts," he says, "it is essential that we keep the worker as a personality, be he veteran or civilian, as the base reference for our entire program. An approach which stresses mainly treatment for the handicapped falls short of meeting our complete needs. It is always the individual man or woman, not the disability, which should be the central object of our attention. Likewise, even though initiated as part of the veteran re-employment program, the application of sound innovations in personnel practice should certainly not be limited to only this special group of employees."

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IT WAS *tall* in the forest
This morning.
The trees were on tiptoe
With their shoulders hunched.
And every daisy lifted its frill
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Down the lane
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That crossed my path
"Out of the way . . . Small Fry,
The world is *tall* to-day
And walking on *long* legs!
"Ho!" I said to the small Flat One,
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MONA GOULD

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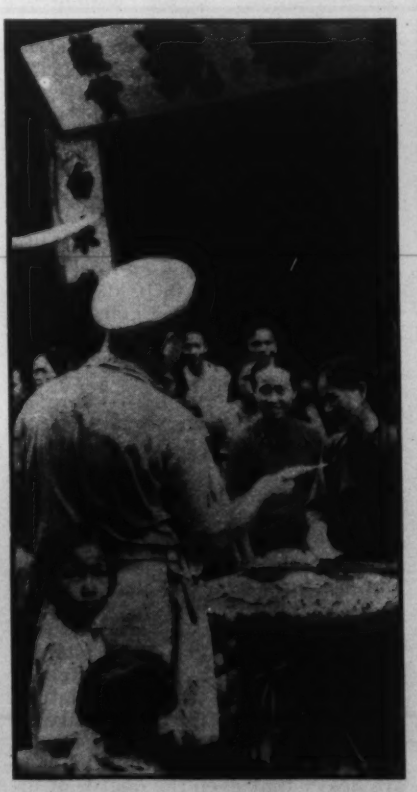

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Annam, Quaint Mixture Of Old and New Ideas

By DAVID ENGLAND

Annam, the eastern coastal belt of the peninsula of French Indo-China, is an astounding mixture of old and new civilizations. The educated element has of recent years turned from the culture of China and embraced Western ideas, developing in the process a strong desire for complete sovereignty. It is upon this feeling that Japanese propaganda has played, resulting in the present unhappy situation.

DUE mainly to Japanese machination, French Indo-China has become a country torn by dissension, and, according to reports filtering out, despite a Chinese occupation force, Annamese extremists are gaining the upper hand in the north part of Annam.

This is one of the most important of the protectorates, and covers a considerable area, 58,000 square miles. Annam occupies a long strip of country between the high mountains and the sea. Actually the Annamese are not confined to the area bearing their name. There are really three Annamese lands, Tongking, Cochin-China, and Annam proper. Although they cover less than half the entire country of Indo-China, they are more than half the size of France itself, and have a population of 20 millions.

One of the country's chief troubles is over-population. The Tongking delta, for instance, is one of the most closely populated areas in the world, thanks to French irrigation engineers. Here, on the alluvial plain, live more than eight million Annamese, mostly peasants.

Generally speaking, the Annamese are of better physique than the other peoples of French Indo-China. They are vastly prolific. Polygamy is usual among those who can afford it. Annam could not carry any more people. The population has increased so much in recent times, not only because of the natural multiplication of the people, but also, because under French rule, public health has improved.

The troubles which have arisen lately are in considerable measure due to the very fact that the French are there. The Annamese have a very long and proud history, and for this reason France has endeavored to preserve indigenous institutions, and has admitted natives to equality in administration.

Machine-minded

Although throughout their long history the Annamese have been almost inseparably linked with the Chinese, in recent years they have become machine-minded, and have turned away from Chinese culture to Western science. The educated among them have no doubt experienced a feeling of frustration that they were not absolutely independent, and it is upon this that Japanese propaganda cunningly played.

Early this year, according to Jap radio reports, the "Empire of Annam" declared its sovereignty. The free world knows what this "sovereignty" would have been worth had the Japanese won the war in the Pacific.

Despite the impact of Western civilization, in a large degree Annam is a living image of Imperial China. Much that is only now a memory in the motherland still lingers there. At Peking, the age-long ritual of the Forbidden City has ceased, but the Emperor of Annam's Court is itself a Forbidden City, where to this day a Son of Heaven still offers the immemorial sacrifice. At the great triennial festival the Emperor puts himself into communication with his ancestor Heaven.

Annam is, indeed, an astonishing mixture of old and new. The present Emperor is a young man of sporting tastes, who, not so many years back, broke his leg playing football. He also has the reputation of being the best bridge player in the empire. His wife takes keen interest in improving the social services, especially nursing. The royal couple were both educated in Paris and are very French in outlook.

Until the present troubles things appeared to be going well in Annam. The Emperor took a close interest in the Government, and appointed active and conscientious Ministers. The French themselves interfered little except that the Resident-Superior kept a paternal eye over things.

In all there are some 16,000,000 Annamese, the remainder of the population of the three Annamese lands consisting of tribes of diverse origin. The Annamese themselves are believed to be descended from a Mongol race called Giao-Chi, meaning "The Big-toed People." To this day they are conspicuous for their big toes, which many learn to manipulate just as other people do their fingers. They are a clever people, fond of jokes and, as recent events have shown, possess a strong pugnacious strain.

Annam's history is a long one and most of it has still to be dug up from jungle and mountain slope in the form of Sanskrit inscriptions, and much reliance has to be placed upon Chinese annals. According to Annamese legend the Giao-Chi were descended from the Chinese Imperial family of the earliest times. These ancestors invaded Indo-China, as we now know it, 300 years B.C. and founded an Empire which lasted till the tenth century A.D. This fell before a Hindu civilization, after which the Annamese recovered, only to become subject later to the Chinese.

A revolution in the latter part of the eighteenth century gave France the opportunity to begin to extend her influence over the region.

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MOLSON'S Brewery Limited

BANK EXECUTIVES DISCUSS NATONAL PROBLEMS

George W. Spinney, C.M.G., president, and B. C. Gardner, general manager, who addressed shareholders at the Bank of Montreal's 128th annual meeting.

BANK OF MONTREAL PRESIDENT LAUDS CREATIVE STIMULUS OF COMPETITION

George W. Spinney Says Certain Government Controls Still Necessary — Should Be Carefully Watched

GENERAL MANAGER B. C. GARDNER REVIEWS BANK'S STRONG FINANCIAL POSITION — STRESSES HUMAN RELATIONSHIPS — PRAISES HARD WORK OF STAFF

MONTREAL—George W. Spinney, president of the Bank of Montreal, told shareholders of the bank recently that on the one hand there was a definite need for retention of a number of government controls introduced during wartime, while on the other hand there should be constant, close scrutiny of such controls so that the widest opportunities might be provided for competitive and creative effort.

Speaking at the same meeting, General Manager B. C. Gardner reviewed the most active year in the 128-year history of the bank, and told of the B of M's contribution to the financing of the war effort and of "many human relationships" arising out of the financial dealings of customers "both of large and small means, but particularly the latter."

Creative Effort . . .

Mr. Spinney said that he knew of no better stimulus to production than healthy competitive effort, free from unnecessary restrictions, seeking to fulfil the myriad desires of consumers at home and abroad.

"Such creative effort is the peculiar genius of private enterprise and from it must come the impulse upon which Canadian income and employment depend," he said. "Let us not lose sight of the fact that just as expanded productive activity is the ultimate basis of material welfare, so is it also the ultimate safeguard against inflation. As never before, Canadian business and industry in the years immediately ahead will need men with new ideas and with the capacity to put these ideas into effect."

Some Controls Still Needed

At the same time, Mr. Spinney said, there must be a realization that for many months to come there still would be a need for some of the controls instituted during the war years.

"It is quite evident that inflationary pressures are now, if anything, more intense and more fraught with potential danger than at any time during the years of actual conflict. In consequence, the need for continuance of the wartime pattern of voluntary restraint and for intelligent acceptance of appropriate stabilization controls still remains as a challenge to the good sense of the Canadian people.

"The manner in which we meet that challenge will determine whether we tackle the tasks of reconstruction against a background of stable monetary conditions or in the turbulent atmosphere of inflationary boom and subsequent collapse."

Canadians, both those in the fighting forces and those at home, had a right to be proud of their mighty war effort, he said, adding that after six years of conflict a certain amount of war weariness was not unnatural.

Post-War Era Here

"But although many may feel war weary," Mr. Spinney continued, "the problems of reconstruction will not bide our time. That 'post-war era' about which so much has been written and said, is no longer a theoretical abstraction. The post-war is here and now; and with it comes the realization that, in its own way, peace will make its demands no less than war."

One of those demands of peace was the need for a clear-sighted revision of thinking from a wartime to a peacetime basis, although various shortages and inflationary pressures made necessary, for a time, a continuance of the wartime pattern of thinking in certain directions.

"One of the statements we hear so often today," Mr. Spinney went on, "is 'What we can do in war we can do in peace', the inference being of course that the full employment and high level of national income which characterized the war economy can be easily duplicated now that the war is over.

"To my mind such reasoning is dangerously oversimplified. To meet the insatiable demand for armaments is one thing; to build up and maintain consumer markets in a peacetime world is quite another, and the change-over cannot be effected by formula . . .

"Now that the war is over we are, I profoundly hope, through with prodigious waste of resources. We must now produce for useful consumption and, where we produce more than we can use ourselves, we must strive to exchange the surplus for the products of other nations. I do not think any of us would care to accept wartime restrictions and wartime financial burdens as a permanent addition to a peacetime way of life."

Social Security Requires Work

Speaking of social security projects and suggestions, Mr. Spinney said that "it might be very nice if we could all live on government cheques, but life on this planet being as it is, someone has to plough and reap, to plan and build, to exercise qualities of initiative, foresight and daring; and only this totality of productive effort can provide a real and enduring basis for material welfare and economic security."

"Nothing could be further from my intent than to argue that social security measures are without value to the community," Mr. Spinney emphasized. "But we deceive ourselves and others if we accept and promulgate the idea that security can emanate effortlessly from government, acting in the role of benevolent and bountiful provider. Government can distribute no benefits that individuals, through their labour, do not provide."

Bank Position Reviewed

Mr. Gardner outlined the more important features of the balance sheet as contained in the annual report recently released. He noted that total assets had risen to $1,715,934,000, quick assets to $1,464,326,000, deposits to $1,613,429,000 and holdings of Government and other high-grade securities to $1,117,937,000. All figures were records in the long history of the bank.

Mr. Gardner revealed that holdings of Canadian government securities, Dominion and Provincial, had risen until they represented 57.9 per cent of the bank's entire assets, and added that "this increase is, of course, a direct reflection of one of our wartime functions."

"Insofar as it has not been possible for government's total wartime financial requirements to be raised by taxation and borrowing from the public, the greater part of the resultant gap has been financed by the chartered banks in the form of short-term, low interest-bearing obligations, purchased direct from the Government."

Mr. Gardner said that, in the absence of an adequate demand for commercial loans, the bank had also made some purchases of securities in the open market, thus helping to maintain a ready market for Victory Bonds and other Government securities in the hands of the public.

He made it clear, however, that the function of the bank as a purchaser of Government securities had arisen from circumstances largely beyond the bank's control, in that the wartime expansion of industry had been accomlished largely through direct Government financial assistance and without the aid of bank credit in the form of loans.

"We are hopeful" the general manager said, "that as industry resumes a more normal pattern, and as civilian business replaces government contracts, the lending function of the Bank will take on increasing importance and scope."

Loans for Reconversion

He noted that already there was some demand for long-term loans for plant conversion and other capital expenditures; that loans to farmers and fishermen under special legislation introduced last year were "developing satisfactorily"; and that "we have had a welcome increase in personal loans, that is, loans to individuals for various purposes."

"It is not our policy to encourage people to incur unnecessary debts, but we believe that our personal loan facilities may play a useful part in a well-ordered financial programme and may be used by borrowers in a manner fully consistent with the principles of thrifty and sensible management of their affairs."

Of the Bank's relations with its customers, Mr. Gardner said, "We welcome all opportunities within our power to extend our services to the public."

"This bank does not deal in money alone," he said. "In our day-to-day dealings our managers and staff are concerned with many human relationships arising out of the financial problems of our customers, both of large and small means but particularly the latter, who seek assistance from a reliable and trustworthy source. The problems of returning war veterans are receiving our special and sympathetic consideration.

"We realize that the greatly increased volume of transactions has resulted in some delays and inconveniences to customers. The return of staff from the Armed Forces and the greater availability of equipment, as well as facilities for enlarging premises will, we hope, soon improve conditions in this respect. Meanwhile, we are making every effort to maintain our services at the highest possible level of efficiency."

Tribute to Staff

Mr. Gardner closed his address with a tribute to the members of the Bank's staff, both those who had entered the Services and those who had carried on the work of the bank through six years of war.

"With so many of our experienced young men in the Armed Forces," said Mr. Gardner, "the ever-increasing volume of routine, in part related to the unavoidable wartime growth of Government regulations and Government services, has presented many problems to our managers and other senior officers who have worked long hours willingly and cheerfully to maintain a high standard of service to the public.

"Our women employees have given a particularly good account of themselves. Those who were in our service before the war have been called upon to assume heavier responsibilities and they have discharged them well. I should also mention the excellent services given by a large number of temporary women employees who came into the Bank during the war years with little or no previous experience but responded quickly to training and very soon proved their worth."

Mr. Gardner said that members of the Bank's staff who had died in the service of their country would be remembered with lasting affection and thankfulness for their sacrifice. Other staff members were returning from the Armed Forces and he hoped the day was not too far distant when all would be back.

"Our experiences to date," he added, "clearly shows that the men who have been out of touch with active banking during their period of service in the Forces have gained qualities of character and leadership that will serve them well in the years ahead."

The First Piano Quartet, known and admired by radio listeners, makes its first appearance in Canada at Massey Hall, Toronto, December 10.

Wants Empire Foreign Policy for Britain

By GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

Four courses which British foreign policy could take are discussed here by Mr. Thomson, the well-known British writer. Should Britain associate herself in foreign affairs more closely with the United States or with Russia, should she seek to become a balancing factor between these two, or should she attempt to build up out of the Western European democracies a group of states capable of existing outside both an American and a Russian ambit?

The answer, in Mr. Thomson's opinion, lies not in any one of these but in a blending of all four with emphasis laid on the Commonwealth, a coordination of outlook by Britain and the Dominions, so that all may go forward together in strength and unity.

London.

"WHERE there are three diplomats," said Bismark, "you will find four opinions on foreign policy." He may have spoken with his customary cynicism, but there are, undeniably, four opinions to-day about the course which British foreign policy should take.

1.—There is the opinion that Britain should move in the direction of association with the United States, invest that nation with some of the responsibility and authority of a big brother.

2.—Another school of thought believes that British interests will be better served by looking, not west to the United States, but east to the Soviet Union. It would involve us in an acceptance of the Russian conception of a sphere of influence in the Eastern half of Europe, within which ideas of government congenial to Moscow would prevail.

Having conceded so much, we could then join with Russia in renewing the Concert of Europe—or, at least, in playing the dominant instruments in that diplomatic harmony.

3.—Others argue that the policy most closely according with our status in the world is one in which we shall seek to become a balancing power between the United States and Russia, deriving the benefits that accrue to the third party on the see-saw.

4.—But is not the role of balancing factor in world affairs altogether too simple in its cunning and altogether too plainly inspired by selfish motives? And is not the true role for Britain to build up out of the West European democracies a grouping of states capable of existing outside both an American and a Russian ambit?

When the four propositions are stated thus briefly and in all their crudity, the first comment that comes to the mind of the critic is that none is completely satisfactory. The second is that each has some element of good. And the third is that not one of the four, when given a moderate and sensible statement, is incapable of being reconciled with an equally moderate and balanced development of the other three.

Unnecessary Interference

In truth, a workable foreign policy is not to be proclaimed in the form of any exclusive doctrine. When Disraeli announced in 1866 that Britain being no longer a "mere European" Power but a metropolis of a great maritime empire, must abstain from "unnecessary interference in the affairs of Europe," he went on to make clear that Britain could never look with indifference upon what took place on the Continent.

The statement was neither meaningless nor deceitful. What Disraeli was saying was this: The emphasis of British policy would rest upon her imperial and not her European interests.

And, when we are faced with the four propositions above-mentioned, it is clear that we are asked to decide not which of the four we shall discard, but where we mean to put the emphasis of our policy.

The American policy has manifest advantages. It would bring us into relations with the most powerful foreign State which is also, by good fortune, the foreign State with which we feel the greatest kinship. Yet we would shrink from a degree of attachment to a single—especially a stronger — Power so close as to impair our capacity to keep the leadership of the Commonwealth.

Were we to choose an exclusive association with the United States, staking our all upon that single card, the event would have some of the atmosphere of a middle-aged bachelor's wedding: it would be a surrender to comfort and a retreat from adventure. And might there not be a tinge of pity, and even contempt, in the

warmth that greeted us in the new home?

The Russian policy would offer the patent advantage, or at least the reasonable hope, of providing a ready-made foundation for a European settlement. That is something by no means to be despised. Yet Britain cannot be content—to-day any more than in 1866—with a purely European policy. For that reason alone, a Russian policy would not give us a complete, and therefore an exclusive, answer to the riddle of world affairs.

The policy of the Balancing Factor proceeds from the assumption that Britain, somehow, occupies a middle position between two other Powers, Russia and the United States, who tend to tug in different directions.

The honest broker is a useful agent with an honorable part to play. Events may force the role upon us. But if we seek it for ourselves, we may expect to be denounced as a meddler.

As for the West European project, it could not be a purely European matter since practically all the states that might be concerned have important interests outside the Continent. Like us, they are maritime countries. Like us, some of them are colonial Powers.

Russia's Approval

It would be an association of those Powers which carry the heaviest burdens in proportion to their resources. Each would gain the strength, but also the commitments, of its neighbours. On balance, each might feel stronger than it did before—yet hardly strong enough to face a world which might contain some ominously disapproving faces.

Apart from anything else, we could not set about the task of building a West European grouping with any hope of success until we had reconciled Russia to the conception. For that reason the Group policy is simply a roundabout way of coming back to the grand priorities of policy.

Can it be doubted what these are? Or where the emphasis should be laid in British policy?

The first guiding principle is that our policy should be a Commonwealth policy. This does not mean that there can be any relaxation in the friendship with America, or in the building of confidence between ourselves and Russia. Of course not.

Nor does it mean that we could look with indifference or resignation upon the course of events in Western Europe. Obviously not. The emergence in that region of a major Power of hostile intent or threatening mien would be something that British policy must strive to prevent or neutralize by every available means.

Even so, the countries of the Commonwealth must occupy in policy as they do in sentiment, a relation to ourselves on an altogether different plane from others. British policy can no longer be determined in London alone. That we must recognize. And that we must act upon.

We must strive steadily and with every device to remove any difficulties that impede the fullest mutual understanding, and to co-ordinate our outlook with those of the Dominions, so that all may go forward together, in strength and unity.

Tossy Spivakovsky, notable Russian violinist, who appears as guest artist with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra at Massey Hall, January 8.

$350,000

Peller Brewing Company, Limited

(Incorporated Under the Laws of the Province of Ontario)

5½% CUMULATIVE REDEEMABLE PREFERENCE SHARES
(Par Value $25 Per Share)

The 5½% Cumulative Redeemable Preference Shares are to be preferred as to dividends which, pursuant to the Letters Patent, are to commence with the 1st January, A.D. 1946, and as to capital; the said Preference Shares carry the right to fixed cumulative cash preferential dividends on the amount paid up thereon as and when declared by the Board of Directors at the rate of 5½% per annum out of the surplus profits of the Company, payable quarterly on 1st January, April, July and October. The Company has the right to purchase for cancellation any of the Preference Shares at any price under Twenty-seven Dollars and Fifty Cents ($27.50) per share in the open market at the market price from holders willing to dispose of the same and has the right at any time on any dividend date to redeem the whole or any part of the Preference Shares without the consent of the holders upon payment of Twenty-seven Dollars and Fifty Cents ($27.50) per share and accumulated dividends thereon, redemption to be made subject to such provisions and regulations as the Directors from time to time determine, including the determination of the method of drawing by lot where a portion only of the Preference Shares of the Company is to be redeemed.

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(upon completion of present financing)

	Authorized	Issued
5½% Cumulative Redeemable Preference Shares, having a par value of $25 each	25,000	23,000
Common Shares (no par value)	250,000	236,689

Included in the above 236,689 Common Shares issued are the 28,000 Common Shares which, together with the 14,000 Preference Shares included in the 23,000 Preference Shares above mentioned, are being offered by this Prospectus for subscription in units of $100 each, comprising four Preference and eight Common Shares per unit as mentioned below.

The Peller Brewing Company, Limited, was incorporated under the laws of the Province of Ontario on the 9th day of March, 1945, to carry on, in all its branches, the business of brewers and maltsters and other businesses mentioned in the Letters Patent. The Company intends to erect a very modern brewery building on Burlington Street East, Hamilton, adjacent and to the east of Eastwood Park. Efficient brewery machinery, equipment and accessories have already been purchased and paid for by the Company which will be installed in the said building as soon as the same is erected. It is expected that the plant, when completed and operating to full capacity will produce approximately 100,000 barrels per annum and plans for the installation of the said equipment are such that, as the demands for the Company's product increase, the capacity of the plant can readily be expanded. The Company has been assured that it will receive a proper quota of malt

In recent years the breweries which were situated in Hamilton and in other localities throughout the Niagara Peninsula were purchased by certain interests and closed down. Therefore, the City of Hamilton and the whole of the Niagara Peninsula will be a most fertile market for the sale of the Company's products.

According to statistics, the sales of beer produced in Ontario in 1934 amounted to 560,000 barrels. In 1944 sales had been increased to 1,760,000, or more than three times the 1934 figure. The present annual consumption per capita in Ontario is less than 12 gals., whereas, in the bordering American States, it is in excess of 20 gals. per capita. This indicates the trend of beer consumption and therefore, to some extent, the possible growth of this industry

The net proceeds of this issue will be used to pay for the erection of the brewery building on Burlington Street East, Hamilton, and for the installation of brewery equipment in the said building, and any residue will be used for the corporate purposes of the Company.

MANAGEMENT

Mr. Andrew Peller, President of the Company, is widely known in the brewing industry, having served ten years as brewmaster and superintendent of one of Ontario's leading breweries. With his experience, the Directors feel that the Company's products will consistently enjoy a high standard of quality.

The majority of the Directors of the Peller Brewing Company, Limited, are business men of the City of Hamilton and it is intended to operate this Company as a wholly independent industry.

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Vice-Pres.: ORVILLE M. WALSH K.C., 180 Concession St., Hamilton, Ont.
Vice-Pres.: VICTOR A. HAGERMAN, 46 King's Lynn Rd., Toronto, Ont.
Sec.-Treas.: GERLACUS MOES, Aldershot, Ont.

Directors:
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Orville M. Walsh, one of His Majesty's Counsel, 180 Concession St., Hamilton, Ont.
Victor A. Hagerman, Gentleman, 46 King's Lynn Rd., Toronto, Ont.
Gerlacus Moes, Executive, Aldershot, Ont.
Gerald W. Wigle, Executive, 194 Park St. S., Hamilton, Ont.
Earl V. Breckon, Executive, Port Nelson, Ont.
Frank L. Appleford, Executive, Waterdown, Ont.
Walter Harold Hopper, Insurance Agent, 57 Victoria Ave. S., Hamilton, Ont
Charles E. Isard, Investment Dealer, 101 Cheapside Drive, London, Ont.

Auditors: S. G. Richardson & Company, 6 James St. S., Hamilton, Ont.

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Alberta's Tar Sands Are Still Unbeaten

By JOHN NESS

The many attemps to date to recover the oil from Alberta's amazing Tar Sands do not indicate that the product could successfully compete in the open market with the output of drilled wells. The most outstanding effort so far has been that of Abasand Oils, which from 1935 to 1941 progressed fairly rapidly, but unfortunately in 1941 the entire plant was destroyed by fire.

At this juncture, the war gave new significance to these sands and the Dominion Government decided to take a hand, but their new plant suffered the same fate as its predecessor, and, with the war ended, the Dominion lost interest. Provincial operations appear to be progressing favorably but it is not generally considered that the wresting of the oil from Tar Sands will really become economically feasible until the world is faced with the prospect of the final depletion of its oil supplies, although the present venture may eventually prove otherwise. Mr. Ness is chief geologist for Imperial Oil.

THE Athabaska Tar Sands, Canada's bid for the eighth wonder of the world and one of the most impressive and lavish surface manifestations of petroleum on the face of the globe, can be all things to all men.

To the optimist they represent untold mineral wealth. He visualizes their areal expanse of 10,000 square miles; he calculates their average thickness; he computes their oil-content and then goes into an orgy of multiplication, winding up with enough oil to meet the entire world demand, at the present rate of consumption, for a hundred years. If he is a higher mathematician, in addition to being an optimist, he shifts a few decimal points and makes it two hundred.

To the pessimist the Tar Sands are "Fool's Gold"; an olio flung together by Mother Nature, with her tongue in her cheek, as a "come-on" for the credulous. He admits the presence of oil but points to a long series of abortive attempts to persuade it to play ball as proof of its 'ornery' disposition.

In the 'where' and the 'how' of this phenomenon the Scientist finds a problem and a challenge. Is the oil indigenous to the McMurray sands or did it migrate from some as yet undiscovered reservoir? If it was migratory where was the parent pool and has its prodigality led to its exhaustion?

A like amount of oil, trapped in suitable structure, would have given Canada no inconsiderable status in the petroleum hierarchy but, denied this royal road to oil-independence, it is strictly up to Canadian science and achievement to make the most of a questionable bargain, and there is no doubt that, ultimately, science will win out.

Economist's Opinion

The economist, to borrow from one of the latest products of Tin Pan Alley, neither accentuates the positive nor eliminates the negative, but bases his opinion on dollars and cents. In the bright, new world of tomorrow, as suggested by the Atlantic Charter, there will be no 'Have-Not' nations and petroleum, along with other vital natural resources, will be International.

As long as men can bore holes and have oil come up of its own free will and accord, it is neither necessary nor economic to 'force a churlish soil for scanty bread', or subsidize an industry for the mere satisfaction of domestic self-sufficiency. The time will come, most assuredly, when oil will be at a premium and then will dawn the day of oil-shales, cannel coals and Tar Sands.

Till then experiment all you will; blue-print your processes for extraction and sit tight. The tide, "which, taken at the flood leads on to fortune" may not flow in your generation, but that is no reason why you should dissipate a resource, which the future years must inevitably enhance, in a foredoomed struggle with cheaper and more readily accessible supplies. So says the Economist!

Strangely enough there is a basis of agreement in all of these seemingly divergent views. There is oil in vast quantities imprisoned in the Tar Sands and, despite many failures, a portion of it at least will be ultimately recovered.

There is, meanwhile, little indication that any process will be evolved which will allow the product to compete, in an open market, with the output of drilled wells and if, as seems probable, the restoration of world peace should usher in an era of intensive exploration and development, particularly in the Near East, the flush production of new fields might at least stabilize, if it did not actually depress, existing prices. Such conditions would militate against Tar Sand development, handicapped by comparatively high costs of recovery and distance from markets.

Oil authorities, the world over, are agreed on the ultimate exhaustion of petroleum reserves, although they differ largely in their estimates of the industry's remaining span.

The oil business is perhaps more susceptible to alternating periods of over-production and scarcity than is industry in general. When prices are depressed by a glut of crude, there is little incentive to develop new fields and exploration is at a minimum, but any indication of an impending shortage, with its corollary of enhanced returns, stimulates the

Instead of car and trailer, postwar vacationists may be using planes like Britain's new "Aerovan," a small plane complete with berths and kitchen.

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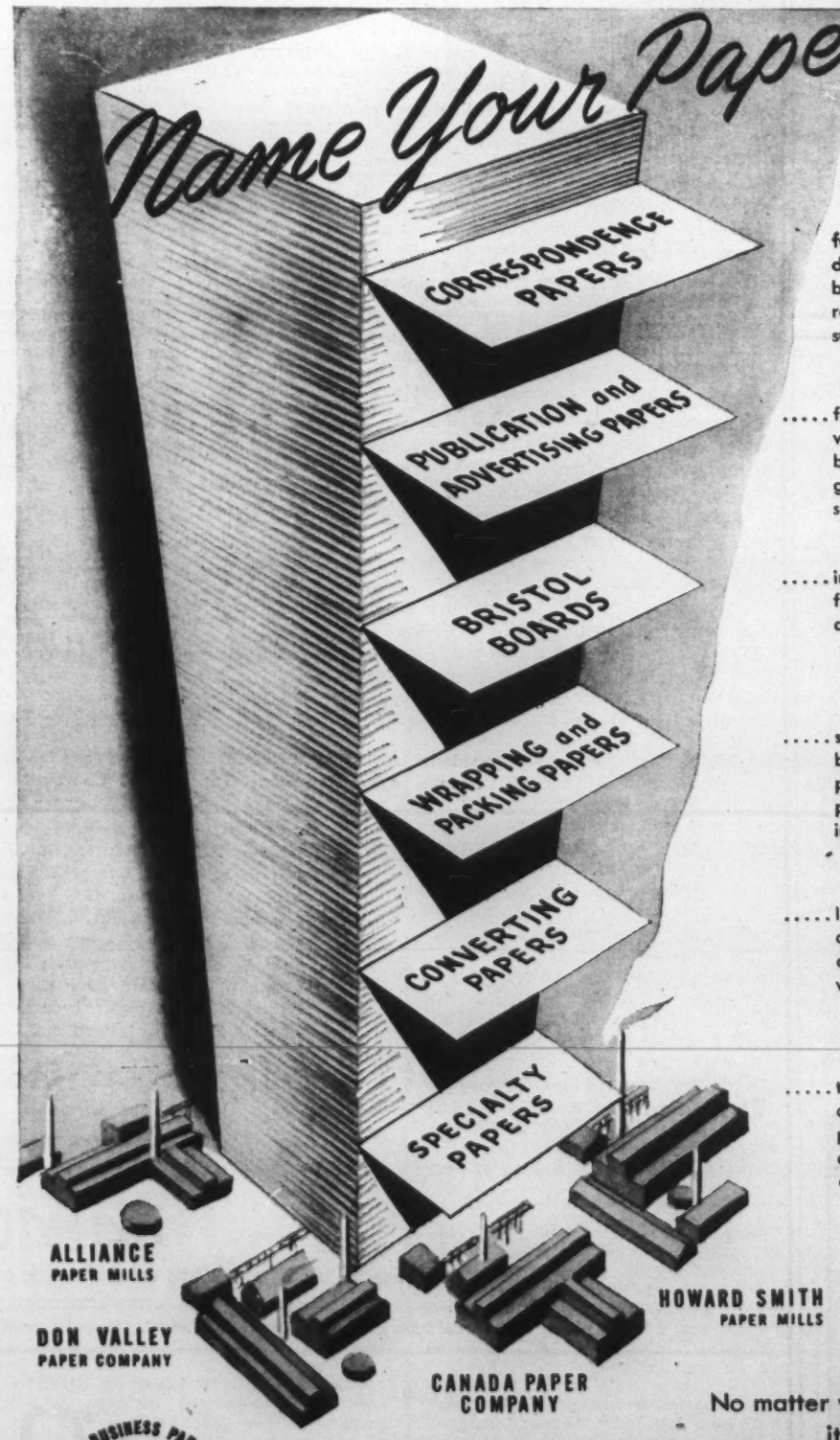

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In the past the discovery of new oil has been more than adequate, but if it once becomes apparent that the last reserves are being encroached upon and that increased prices are being predicted on final depletion rather than temporary shortage, the industry will inevitably turn to hydrogenation processes using coal, the liquifaction of gasses and other synthetic mediums. When that day dawns the oil-man's extremity should be the Tar Sands opportunity.

Those who wish to make a critical study of the origin, incidence and utility of the Tar Sands cannot do better than peruse the many published reports of Dr. S. C. Ells of the Dominion Geological Survey; he has made a life-work of this phenomenon and it owes much of its popular appeal to his enthusiasm.

Leaving geology aside we would like to glance back over the years and touch on some of the highlights of the many efforts which have been made to overcome the difficulties which have been encountered.

The natural reaction of oil men, when first viewing these copious surface indications of petroleum, was to seek a convenient location removed from the seepage area and drill. As far back as 1894 the Canadian Geological Survey had drilled at Athabaska Landing without success and subsequently many wells were put down in the general area. They all ran into the same difficulty; the oil encountered was too viscous to flow and, in many instances, was so 'tarry' that the bits were stalled in their tracks.

Early Methods

When it became recognized that there was apparently no parent pool from which free oil could be derived operators tackled the problems of separating the oil from the sand, the first recorded attempt, in 1910, being based on the application of steam, through drill holes, to the sand in situ. It was a foredoomed failure.

When, after a chequered experience, the railroad eventually found its way to the vicinity of Waterways, interest in the Tar Sand problems was revived by the prospect of improved transportation facilities.

A plant for the recovery of oil by retorting was erected on the Hangingstone River in 1920 but the process was not found workable. A scheme to distil the bitumen by high-pressure steam did not materialize.

The first definite step towards utilization came in 1921, when the McMurray Asphaltum and Oil Company commenced to mine and treat the sand for the production of paving material. Despite a genuine effort, the limited market and the high cost of mining, treating and transportation killed the venture.

To the International Bitumen Company went credit for inaugurating the first 'Water Flotation Process'. Obtaining a lease from the Alberta Provincial Government in 1925, this company first conducted drilling tests and eventually erected a small plant to recover the bitumen which was to be shipped to Edmonton for processing as roofing material.

This plant operated sporadically from 1930 to 1942, laboring under engineering handicaps and a lack of adequate financing. In the latter year the company changed hands and, as 'Oil Sands Limited' entered into an agreement with the Province for a block of acreage, undertaking to have a new plant, capable of treating 20,000 tons of sand annually, in operation by the close of 1945. Progress in this venture has been slow.

Perhaps the most pretentious effort to commercialize the Tar Sands, and one which has come nearest to success, owes its inception to the perseverance of Max Ball, an internationally famous petroleum engineer and the erudite author of "This Fascinating Oil Business", a book which translates the science and technology of petroleum into the language of the layman.

After extensive experimentation in various methods of Water Flotation, his "Abasand Oils" entered into an agreement with the Provincial Government in 1935 calling for the erection of a plant and the commencement of production within ten years.

By 1938 the sands were being successfully mined and extraction of the bitumen accomplished and, by 1940, the refining unit was completed and processing some 200 barrels daily. Its first industrial contract was concluded with the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company, for 23,000 barrels of diesel fuel for their operations in the N. W. Territories and, in spite of certain "bugs" which periodically cropped up to retard operations, most of this order was filled.

Unfortunately, in November 1941, the entire plant was destroyed by fire and before reconstruction could be embarked upon, the Tar Sands had acquired a new significance because of the exigencies of war.

Federal Action

This brought the Dominion Government into the picture, and, at their request the Provincial authorities cancelled leasing privileges in the Tar Sand area.

Acting for the Government, the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company conducted a drilling program to test the sand deposits at certain selected areas. Samples were procured with an auger type of drill and, during the seven months these operations continued, over 2,000 feet of core was recovered.

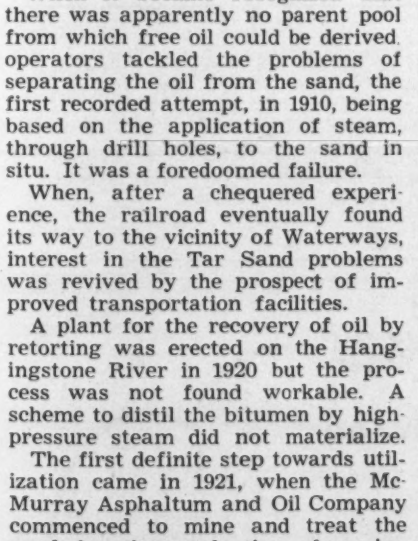
In April 1942, under an order-in-council, the Dominion entered into an agreement with Abasand Oils, which ultimately resulted in the Government appropriating a substantial sum for experimental purposes and building a new plant.

Not entirely satisfied that the ultimate was being accomplished, the Alberta Government also entered the field and, with the combined resources of technical skill and financial backing which were thus assured, the Tar Sands seemed in a fair way to have their possibilities and capabilities properly assessed.

Defying the belief that lightning never strikes twice in the same spot however, the Dominion sponsored experimental plant duplicated the performance of its Abasand predecessor and went up in smoke, adding another vexatious delay to the already long list of setbacks. The Dominion is apparently writing off the major portion of its investment as a contribution to the advance of science, for the project has now reverted to Abasand Limited.

Provincial operations appear to be progressing more favorably, for they report the recovery of over 11,000 barrels of bitumen from the 15,000 tons of sands processed in the first six months of this year.

Meanwhile, since 1943, Imperial Oil, Ltd., has conducted a systematic geological survey of these widespread deposits, accompanied by extensive core-drilling, in the belief that problems connected with recovery and utilization will benefit, in their solution, by a thorough knowledge of this most intriguing of natural phenomena from the ground up.



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Lenin's Ideas Lived On Through Stalin

By VINCENT JAMES

The whole structure of Russian life created by Lenin would have crumbled had he not had a successor big enough to continue the task, says Mr. James, and that man is, of course, Stalin.

Stalin, truly a "man of steel," whose thoughts and decisions are clear cut as the metal itself, who saw that Russia was large enough to test out Communism, knowing that the success of the venture was the only way to impress the world.

CHURCHILL wrote in 1929 that a thousand years would not forget the work of Lenin. If that is so (and the facts are beginning to shape this way), a vast part of that achievement must be credited to Stalin.

The huge transformation of the Russian State could not possibly have endured unless there had arisen successors of a stature adequate to sustain and develop the work.

Had they not been found, all that is now expressed by the words "the Soviet Union" would not exist. Such a subtraction from our affairs, either in the world of thought or in the world of material power, is like trying to envisage the globe less one of its continents. The man who has secured the continuity, the development, is Stalin.

Who is he? How does he bear himself? What does one see when Stalin enters the room?

I saw, to my great surprise, a man physically small — not only a small man, but a lightly framed man.

The burly giant, built up before the world by the cameramen, simply does not exist. Even the heavy shoulders are not there.

There was the thick, strong neck, and an auger-eyed face above, sallow, pouched. But even the face looked unfamiliar. One's mind suddenly flashed back to Stalin's beginnings.

Here was Joseph Djugashville, a Georgian, a student, a man from the back streets of Tiflis, the city under the Caucasus mountains, on the bridge between Europe and Asia.

Beside him sat the Great Russians, the heavily built, ponderous men from the plains and forests of the north.

Stalin is sardonic direct. He has a cutting edge, like the steel from which he takes his *nom de guerre*—for Stalin simply means "steel man." He sat among the others with that air of fanged benevolence with which a collie lies, panting and eyeing its sheep.

Stalin belongs to that great class of creators who come to their life-work from outside. They attack it along a line which is not at all that of those who are born and bred in its confines. Napoleon, the Corsican, saw France in a light which was by no means that of the ordinary Frenchman. Gandhi, with his background of South Africa, has an outlook on the problems of India, on the caste system, for instance, far removed from that of the average Hindu.

There is one more thing to remember about Stalin's upbringing. He was a divinity student. He sharpened his wits on the most mentally exacting of all sciences, theology.

Furthermore, his Church was the Eastern Church, the Greek Orthodox Church — deriving from no West European sources. When Stalin said "The Pope! Good! How many divisions has the Pope?" it was an echo of something much more ancient than Lenin's second-rate remark that religion is the opium of the people. It was the curl of the lip of the Orthodox Church at the suggestion of any spiritual supremacy by the Bishop of Rome.

A Literal Mind

Stalin's mind is a literal mind. He sees life in the clear lines of steel. Either a thing is so or it is not so. If so, then all the consequences which follow are also so.

Lenin and Marx were right or they were not right. They were right. The consequences are to be taken as part of this proposition.

The kulaks, the small farmers, to take one example, were granted premises, a bad thing. A bad thing ought to be got rid of. Therefore the kulaks must be uprooted and destroyed.

That they were fellow-countrymen, that they numbered millions, made the task more extensive, more trying, but did not obviate its necessity.

The undertaking had its dangers. Stalin himself issued the directive for caution, "Dizzy with success," when the liquidation was reaching its maximum velocity. The liquidation was slowed. But still it was driven through, without faltering, without relaxation.

"This man is too hard for me," said Lenin on his death-bed.

With this equipment, mental and physical, Stalin has carried through three tasks, each of them indispensable to the other, and to the survival of the Soviet Union.

He has reorientated the Russian Revolution on a nationalist basis.

He has changed agriculture from peasantry to estate farming.

He has moved heavy industry beyond the Urals.

The first achievement was perhaps the most important, as it was certainly the most difficult in spirit, the most iconoclastic. It was the work of a man who saw Russia from the outside and saw her strength.

The whole Socialist philosophy, the whole Bolshevist driving force, had come from Marx, who was, in practice and by passionate conviction, a preacher of international action. "Workers of the world, unite," was his slogan.

The whole cathedral of the Left rang with the recital of this litany. Its leader and cantor, in Stalin's day, was one of the most brilliant propagandists and organizers that the Left has ever seen — Trotsky.

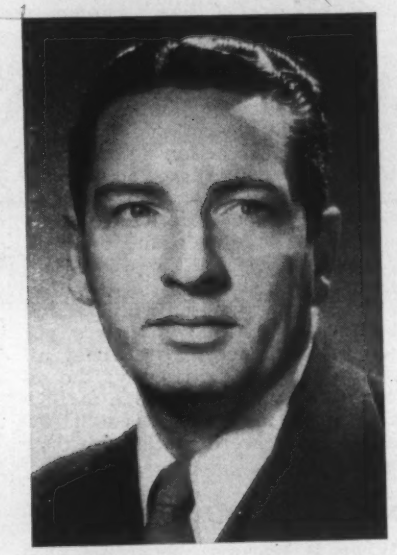
Stalin laconically discontinued this litany and stopped Trotsky's mouth with dust. He saw that the Soviet Union had a sixth of the world to play with. It was large enough to test out Communism.

If Communism succeeded the rest of the world would be suitably impressed. If it did not succeed, no resolutions of sympathy—in drawing-rooms or in trade union meetings, either in Europe, Asia, Africa or America — were going to make any difference.

The Old Bolsheviks had plumped for world sympathy, world revolution. Stalin has plumped for the revolution in one country. He has carried objective materialism to lengths which brought him out on the oldest of idealisms — the sacred soil, the Fatherland. "Death to the

C. B. COOPER

S. R. SKELTON



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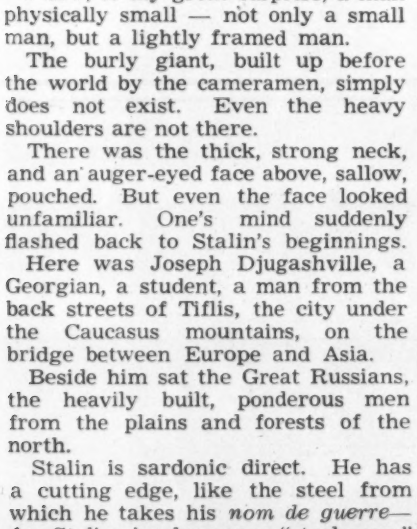
In addition, promotions in the field organization include F. P. Large, Assistant Division Manager, Alberta; J. Marlow, Assistant Division Manager, Saskatchewan; D. J. Lee, Assistant Division Manager, Manitoba; P. W. Mills, special representative, Western Ontario Sales Division; P. A. Luzi, special representative, Quebec Sales Division. *



Dennis King, Jr., has a leading role in "The Hasty Heart," to be seen at the Victoria Theatre, Toronto for the week beginning December 10.

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Stalin was not interested in sympathy. He was going to make steel. He was waiting for the crunch. He saw the terrible thing, the inspiration and the dragon of our time. He saw nationalism. He switched to that, and he banked on that. It stood. Russia emerged; the nationalist State that bestrides Europe and Asia today.

Conviction and orthodoxy pulled together on the road up to Stalin's next task. This was nothing less than the eradication of the peasantry.

Large-scale production would be more efficient. Besides, in a peasantry there would always be rich peasants and poor peasants.

The steel lines ran straight. The well-to-do peasants — the kulaks — that is to say, anyone who employed anyone — had to be liquidated. The whole way of life of a gigantic country had to be melted down and re-cast. This was done.

It is said that Stalin was asked whether the war or the collectivization of agriculture had been the harder. He said, without any hesitation, "Oh, the collectivization. That was against our own people." But it was done. It will remain done.

Spectacular Task

The last task has been the most spectacular. It was not, however, so great an effort of the spirit as either of the other two, though it was in some ways greater as a material achievement. But in this case, the development, industrial development, was along with, and not against, any of the currents of the time.

Yet, to move heavy industry for thousands of miles, on to virgin sites, among scanty and non-industrial populations, into fierce and inclement surroundings; and to do all this against the clock, with death as the stake, was an effort indeed. It manifested again the simplicity of mind which was the keynote of the man.

"Heavy industry is necessary for war. Soviet heavy industry is on its frontiers. Frontiers are overrun in wars. Therefore Soviet industry must be moved from the frontiers." And moved it was.

From these gigantic decisions — gigantic and, as far as he was concerned, correct decisions — Stalin's achievements have followed naturally.

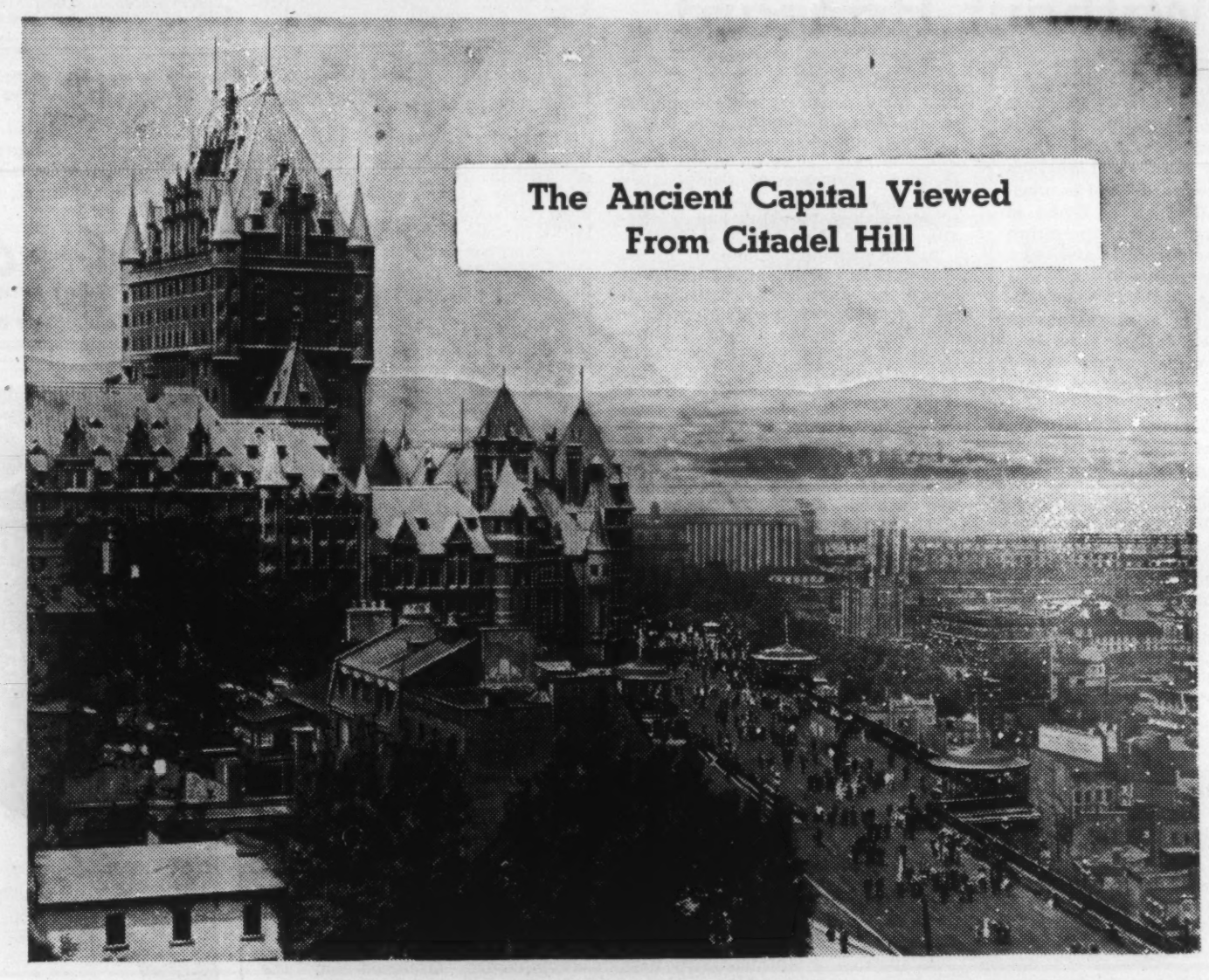
He has had a nationalist State behind him. He has fought on nationalist lines, evoking all that Russian power of self-immolation which has been a cardinal factor of war in Europe for many hundred years.

The reorganized, large-scale agriculture assured his armies bread. The development, in depth, of heavy industry assured them munitions.

Stalin fought in front of Moscow a battle of the utmost fury; yet with a line of retreat upon new and well-filled arsenals for thousands of miles, if he had to make use of it.

But this retreat was not necessary. The tide halted. It turned. Russia came back.

Evelynne Eaton, appearing in the comedy "Pick-up Girl" at the Royal Alexandra Theatre week of Dec. 10.



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Parliament Can't Get On Without Hansard

By E. C. YOUNG

Not all Canadians are aware that their Parliament maintains a staff of shorthand reporters who take down every word—well, anyhow nearly every word—that is uttered on the floor of the House of Commons and send the resulting record to the King's Printer, who immediately prints it and will supply it to anybody who subscribes, at the very reasonable rate of three dollars a session. The author of this article on the history and traditions of "Hansard" is Editor of the Official Report of Debates of the House of Commons, and a veteran of the Reporters' Table.

LONG before Mr. Hansard, the Norwich printer who came up to London about the end of the eighteenth century and gave a popular name—his own—to the reports of the debates of parliaments in British countries, the art and craft of shorthand had been used in the making of records of many and various kinds touching the affairs of the society of the time. Samuel Pepys, Esquire, who in his "lyghtnynge cyphers" took down from the dictation of Charles II an account of the battle of Worcester, and who wrote his famous diary in shorthand, no doubt was familiar with Plutarch, who relates that in 63 B.C. in the Roman senate the oration of Cato on the Catilinian conspiracy was reported in shorthand. Ovid, speaking of Julius Caesar, who wrote to his friends in shorthand, says, "By these marks secrets are borne by land and sea."

The scribes of those early days must have been men of no mean skill, because a Latin poet of the fourth century, doing honor in verse to the achievements of a contemporary shorthand writer, said: "I dictate volumes, and my pronunciation is as rapid as hail; yet your ear misses nothing, and the pages are not filled. . . Although my tongue runs over long phrases, you fix my ideas on your tablets long before they are worded." A prophet with honor in his own country, in spite of the suggestion of poetic licence.

Tradition has it, if not history, that forty reporters were employed in the Roman Senate, one taking the beginning of a sentence and another the end, and so on ad infinitum. If under the rule of Caesar they were recording the orations of 900 senators they probably had a sizeable task on their hands at that.

In the Canadian Commons of today, with 245 members, six reporters cover the day's proceedings, each man coming off the floor with a hieroglyphic record of two or three pages of notes covering one-fourth of a forty-minute speech. The pen or pencil with which he writes is a much more facile instrument than the stylus of the Roman days, and incidentally less varied in its uses; for it was with this kind of weapon, so we are told, that Caesar was stabbed to death.

But looking not so far back into the past, the shorthand man in the Commons is more fortunate than even his prototype of the latter part of the nineteenth century, before the typewriter came into general use. The reporters of that day were required to write out all their transcripts "in plain and legible hand," using a stylus of modern design to make copies.

Earliest Typewriters

It was one of the red letter days in the history of the Commons Hansard when in 1883 four "caligraph writing machines" were acquired. Primitive as compared with the indispensable typewriter of today, they were a vast improvement on the invention of Henry Mill in 1714, which he nevertheless described as "An Artificial Machine or Method for the Impressing or Transcribing Letters, Single or Progressively one after another as in Writing, whereby all Writing whatever may be engrossed in Paper or Parchment so Neat and Exact as not to be distinguished from Print."

Five or six hundred times in a session the Hansard man walks up the aisle of the Commons chamber to take his ten-minute turn. Doubtless at the moment he is more concerned with the purport of the remarks of the honorable member who has the floor than he is with the pages of history that lie open before him and around him. But inevitably they make their impress. On every hand—in the very stones of the building; in symbol and custom and tradition; in precedent and procedure which guide Mr. Speaker in the maintenance of decorum and orderly debate—there is a part of the long story of the development of free institutions and the building of a nation.

The modern lighting of the chamber is a reminder of those early years of British parliamentary history when after a sitting which may have begun at seven o'clock in the morning a motion "to bring in candles" was often contested in long and bitter debate. The presence of the public in the galleries recalls the hostility of the House of a former day to the admission of "strangers", and the period during which the press and the people knocked at the doors of Parliament before they were permitted to know what was being said and done by the nation's legislators.

Speaker's Chair

More than five centuries look down from the royal coat of arms above the Speaker's chair; for it was carved out of a piece of oak from the roof of Westminster Hall, built in the time of Richard II. The chair itself is a monument to the achievement of government free from the domination of early kings who ruled by divine right. Symbolic of the continuity of parliamentary institutions in the new world and the old, it is representative of the authority of the presiding officer to maintain order and ensure free expression of opinion. And when a member bows to the chair before he takes his seat on entering the chamber, we are back to the reign of Edward VI, when the Speaker's chair replaced the old altar in the ecclesiastical chapel of St. Stephen, then for the first time placed at the disposal of Parliament as a meeting place.

Prominently displayed on the table of the House of Commons a few feet from his desk the reporter sees the mace, curiously worked in silver coated with heavy gilt. Originally a weapon of offence, it was carried in battle by mediaeval bishops in conformity with the canonical rule which forbade priests to shed blood. In 1653 Oliver Cromwell called it "that bauble" when he ordered his musketeers to clear the house, mace and all, and put Parliament under lock and key.

It is probable that there was no mace at the meeting of Canada's first legislature in Nova Scotia in 1758, but it was regarded by Governor Simcoe as a necessary adjunct to the first parliament of Upper Canada which he called at Niagara in 1792. Made of wood and painted in red and gold, and in this respect in keeping with the rough and ready accommodations of the time, it was no less a symbol of tradition and authority. Parliament was then a sort of movable feast; it was not until 1867 that members enjoyed the ob-

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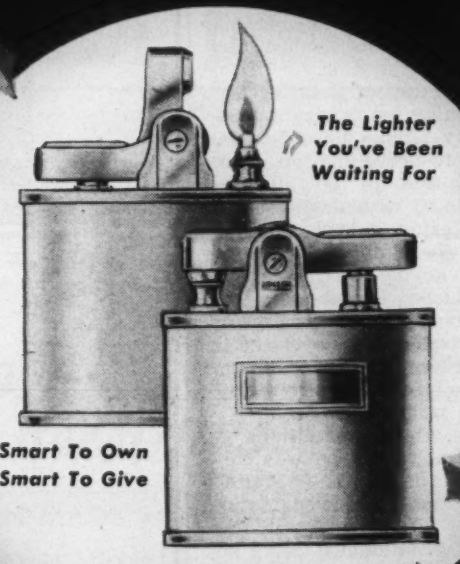

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vious convenience of always going to the same seat of government to attend the sessions.

By 1813 the house had moved to Toronto—a losing contender for selection as the permanent capital when the choice of Ottawa was made by Queen Victoria in 1857. During the war of 1812 Toronto was captured by United States troops and the Parliament Building was set on fire and destroyed. Someone picked up the mace and it was sent with other spoils of war to the United States Secretary of the Navy. For a hundred and twenty-one years it remained in the naval academy at Annapolis.

In 1934, when Toronto was celebrating the centenary of its incorporation, and the Daughters of 1812 were unveiling a tablet to the Americans killed in the battle of York, President Roosevelt and the United States Congress returned the old mace to Canada as a gesture of friendship and good will.

Shortly after the union of Upper and Lower Canada Parliament acquired a new mace similar to the one used in the British House. For seventy-one years it rested before the Speaker's chair during the sessions. Three times it survived the destruction by fire of its legislative home—once in 1849 in Montreal and twice in 1854 in Quebec. At Confederation it passed into the hands of the federal Parliament and was used until destroyed in the great fire of 1916.

Emblematic Mace

The mace which now appears on the table of the Commons and is borne by the Deputy Sergeant at Arms as he leads the procession of Speaker, Clerk and Assistant Clerk into the chamber at the opening of the sittings was the gift of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London. "Parliamentary government," said Sir Wilfrid Laurier when Sir Robert Borden as Prime Minister moved acceptance of the gift, "has come from England to Canada, and this gift to us is an emblem of those parliamentary institutions which are so highly prized, especially now that we are under fire in a world war."

The building occupied by Parliament from Confederation until 1916 was rich in historic memories. For fifty years it had been the home of Canada's legislators. Its end was sudden and dramatic. On a bitterly cold evening in February a Maritime member was speaking to a slim house on the transportation and marketing of fish. Suddenly the doors of the chamber were thrown open and an attendant shouted a warning of "Fire!" Some of the members were proceeding in leisurely fashion to put away their papers and lock their desks when a burst of thick smoke warned them of their danger. Half an hour after the alarm had been given the glass roof of the chamber fell in with a mighty crash. Seven persons lost their lives, including a Member of Parliament and the Assistant Clerk of the House. The library, with its hundreds of thousands of books, was saved, though damaged by water.

Reporters Stay

Only an "act of God or the King's enemies" could make the Hansard reporter leave his desk on the floor of the House, as he did on this occasion, before adjournment or the arrival of a colleague to take his turn. The late George Simpson, afterwards Editor of Debates of the Commons, was on the floor at the time. He waited until the Speaker had left the chair, whereupon he thrust his notebook under his coat and hurried to the Hansard room on the ground floor facing the main entrance. He then made his way through the gathering crowds on Parliament Hill and dictated his part of the copy in a nearby hotel. Another reporter found his notebook missing the next day and dictated his turn from memory.

Hansard in its later chapters of the long story of the development of political institutions records many a turbulent scene, even after the days of the autocracy of kings and the struggle between Parliament, the press and the people. There are but two or three now on the Commons reporting staff who witnessed the 1913 filibuster on the naval bill, when the House sat through two solid weeks without adjournment. Only on the Sunday, which came at about half-time in this gargantuan contest of words, did the House rise as a concession to the Lord's Day Act.

Two of the reporters who have since passed on, George Simpson and A. C. Campbell, could recall the only previous occurrence of the kind within the memory of the official staff, the sitting of a week in 1896 on the Manitoba school question, when members read Mark Twain, Canadian histories and other books and pamphlets in opposition to Sir Charles Tupper's Remedial Bill directing Manitoba to abandon the non-sectarian school system. Dissolution followed and in the election which ensued Tupper was defeated and Laurier became Prime Minister.

When the Commons again varied the customary calendar in 1913 Laurier was once more on the opposition side. From March 3rd to 15th the old chamber resounded to round-the-clock diatribes against Borden's proposal to appropriate $35,000,000 as Canada's contribution to the British grand fleet. The reporters were divided into two shifts, the younger men taking the period from 12 midnight until 10 a.m. Serious debate took place for the most part during the day.

Marathon Debate

At night a relatively small number of members were in their places, relieving each other in groups every few hours, the whips always watchful to maintain the required quorum of twenty. The debate went on without regard to time or subject matter. One member in a marathon speech read the whole of Norman Angell's "Great Illusion". Points of order and questions of privilege punctuated the proceedings. A member from Quebec undertook to speak for eleven consecutive hours but at seven hours was willing to call it a day. On the second Saturday at midnight the House rose amid scenes of confusion and disorder without having passed the main clause of the bill. Later it was passed under a new closure rule and was sent to the Senate and there defeated.

It is unlikely that differences of opinion on questions either domestic or international will again be the occasion for scenes of the kind described. The speech which was as long as the New Testament is a thing of the past. Now a member speaking in the ordinary course of debate must say what he has to say within forty minutes, and if he has not then concluded his remarks he is advised by the Chair that his time has expired, and that is that. Eleven o'clock p.m. has become the hour for automatic adjournment of the sitting. The time is rarely extended, and then only by consent of the house.

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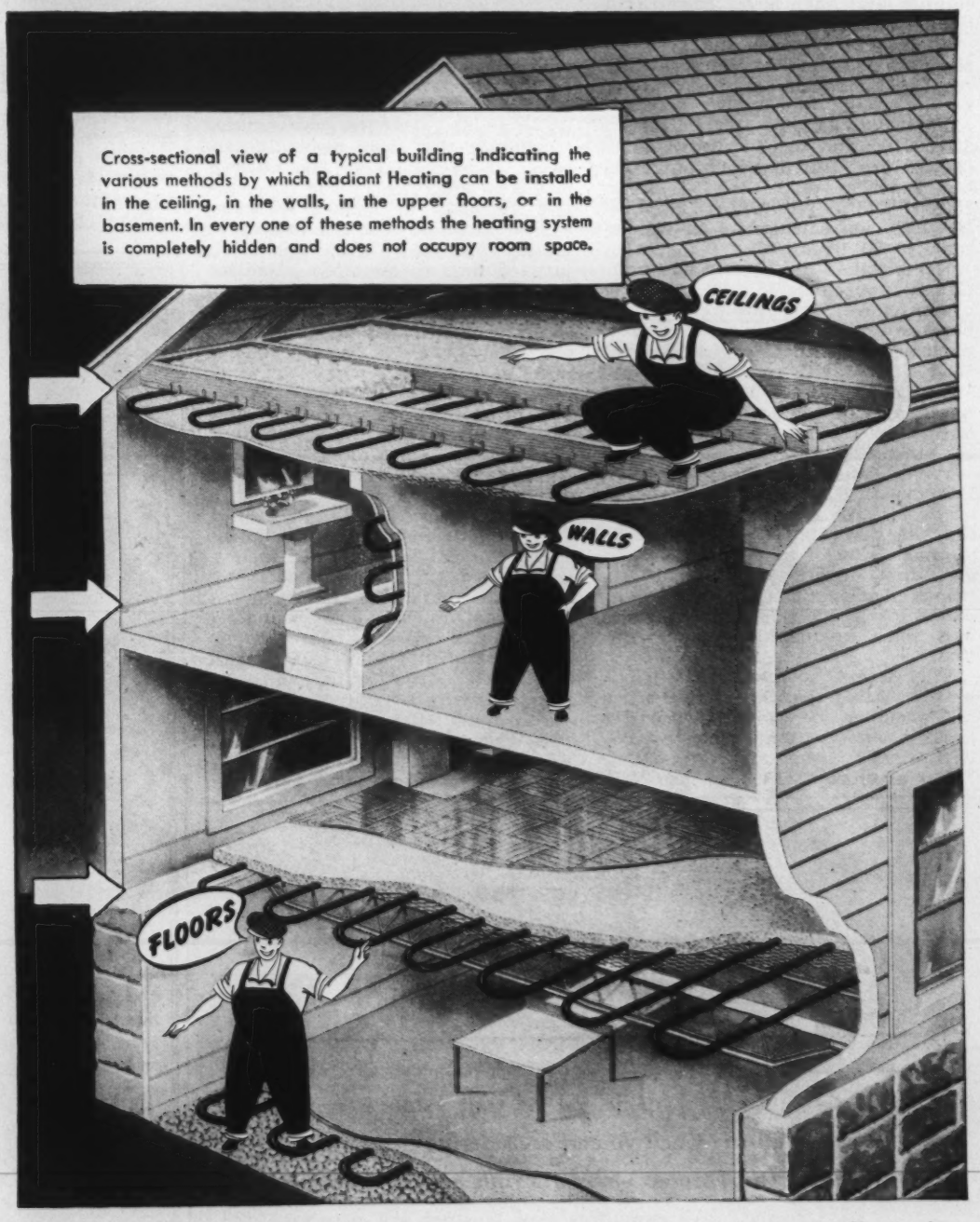
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In Chile You Know All About Earthquakes

By DALE TALBOT

One of the interesting things about living in Chile is the way your house is apt to fall on you any minute of the day or night. It's not Chilean architecture or building, either. It's earthquakes. Like Japan, Chile is one of the "earthquakiest" countries in the world.

Mr. Talbot is a young Canadian, working in and studying South America.

Valparaiso.

I'VE lived here nearly three years now, but my pulse still quickens when a tremor starts. In fact, the longer you live in Chile the paler you get. Those bright individuals who insist they "don't mind" earthquakes turn out to be fatalists or just plain dumb. They are usually new to the country and have never seen earthquake damage or talked to survivors.

A quake can come and go in 10 seconds. The terrible San Francisco earthquake of 1906 lasted a minute at its peak, killed 700, produced earthquake damage amounting to $20,000,000 and touched off a $380,000,000 fire. But that's nothing. The big Japanese quake in 1923 killed 150,000, and as recently as December 26, 1939, an earthquake in Turkey took 40,000 lives.

Earthquakes are utterly and completely unpredictable. In Chile it's against the law to forecast a quake because excitable thousands teem to parks and public places determined that no roof will fall on them. But such crowds cause trouble and empty homes may be robbed, so overworked authorities long ago took this means of minimizing mischief.

What causes earthquakes? Dr. Horacio J. Harrington, a professor of geology in Buenos Aires, Argentina, has some interesting comments to make. But it mightn't be a bad idea first of all to outline a few things that *don't* cause quakes because our friends in ancient times had some unique ideas along this line.

The Greeks covered it neatly by blaming Atlas. Holding the world on his shoulder he was supposed to have trembled from time to time with rather disastrous results. The Norse assumed that the serpent Midgard awoke in his underground cavern and moved his tail, while the Japanese accused a huge spider that slept in the middle of the earth.

We didn't do too badly ourselves when it came to getting queer ideas. As late as 1752 the Royal Society of London said: "Earthquakes generally happen to great cities and towns . . . the chastening rod is directed where there are inhabitants, the objects of its monition, not to bare cliffs and uninhabited beach." This idea that quakes were always the result of God's justly aroused wrath was long pressed from pulpits everywhere until science finally revealed that about 150 big quakes take place yearly, most of which are under the sea. In a bad year, maybe two or three are brought to our notice in local papers when unfortunate towns and cities are victims.

Few Volcanic Quakes

Another erroneous idea linked all earthquakes with volcanoes. The two went hand-in-hand until 1878 when a man called Hoernes ventured to suggest that there were different types of earthquakes. His observation was supported by the frequency and intensity of quakes occurring where volcanoes were non-existent or totally inactive, a fact apparently just coming to scientific attention. As a result, the Tectonic class of earthquake was born. Those world-shaking quakes that hit front pages are nearly always of this type, quakes that have nothing whatever to do with volcanoes. Volcanic earthquakes do exist, but they occur much less frequently and their effect is relatively local. Unless a heavily populated area is close at hand, little damage results.

Then, between 1928 and 1931, a third type of earthquake was discovered. Called the Plutonic type it takes place 300 to 750 kilometers beneath the surface of the earth and there's not much known about them yet. They're relatively scarce, apparently confined to certain Pacific Ocean neighborhoods and can be disastrous in effect.

The actual causes of earthquakes have been attributed to various sources and it is interesting to note that even now complete agreement has not been reached. To get slightly technical, authorities point out that the immediate cause of most recent major earthquakes was the sudden movement of "crustal blocks" in the earth. If you want to know what makes them move, the answer is that it's part of a mountain-building process, but from there on it's tough going. What brings about the building of mountains and why they confine themselves to certain parts of the earth hasn't even been decided. There are various explanations enjoying such titles as Wegener's Migration Theory and the geological theory of Isostasy but these are too complicated for popular condensation. Another theory crudely likens the world to a slow-moving vertical whirlpool, with the attendant misplacement of matter, while still another blames the wobbling of the earth's pole, this wobbling axis necessarily setting up strains within the earth.

While science struggles with complicated theories, simple people everywhere have their own ideas, dealing more frequently, perhaps, with earthquake prediction than cause. Stories of "earthquake sunsets" soon came to my ears after arrival in Chile. Older people particularly were quick to predict a quake when the sun went down in flaming red, a rather uncommon sight here. A little research soon revealed that the terrible Valparaiso quake of 1906 had been immediately preceded by a sunset of unusual brilliance. Many linked the two and to this day the superstition remains.

Other people predict earthquakes via corns, rheumatism or anything else that's handy while some are just plain psychic according to their own modest explanation. A few people guess, or calculate, and if they lived in Canada would probably devote their time to the horses, an equally unpredictable subject.

Animals exhibit a strange ability to foretell quakes by brief periods, usually several minutes. It may be that they detect minute preliminary tremors. As far as that goes, many humans seem to have a somewhat similar ability when a quake comes at night. No one can describe the feeling precisely but it takes the form of suddenly awakening and sensing something wrong. Several minutes later a strong shake comes. Many people have such faith in this feeling that they actually put something on and get out of the house. On several occasions I have awakened with a disturbed feeling and soon a good tremor has come.

Strange Effects

At times likes these it is usual to hear all the dogs in the neighborhood barking and all the roosters crowing. I haven't been able to round up any scientific explanation for this tendency of earthquakes to come in the middle of the night but geophysicists agree that this does seem to be the case. Of course it need scarcely be pointed out that such tremors can cause considerable embarrassment for those who insist on going to bed peculiarly garbed, or worse. There are a number of stories, most of which are true, and which wouldn't be fit for publication anyway, about these people. My only personal comment will be to reveal that I once found myself clad in a topcoat and halfway down the stairs after a strong shake came just after midnight last June.

Despite the fact that earthquake prediction is impossible, certain types of weather are so closely associated with tremors that one becomes in-

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stinctively alert at such times. Sudden and unusually hot weather in winter-time makes Chileans nervous. Humid weather with a "still" feeling in the air makes them more nervous and many go to parks, especially if it lasts after dark. A pet theory of mine, gathered after considerable casual observation, but since discarded, was to the effect that shakes never come on cold, rainy days. While pointing this out to a Chilean stenographer on just such a day, the whole building trembled for half a minute with the strongest tremor we'd had all year. It was at this point that I abandoned my scientific studies.

There is no approved procedure when earthquakes strike. Intensity and direction vary and so do other technical factors so that predetermination of how a building will respond is almost impossible. A wall may fall straight out or it may more or less sift down, almost vertically. I know a girl who hid in terror under the seat of a Concepion movie house during the big quake of 1939. She survived, but all who ran out the front door to "safety" were killed when a wall fell on them from across the street.

Safety Rules

Generally speaking, the idea in a strong shake is to get out of the building, but to a safe spot. If you can't do this stand in a doorway. The theory here concerns the way a wall so frequently remains upright while the rest of the building collapses. In this case, sheltered by the archway, you have a pretty good chance of coming out unhurt. But if you must make for the street, or an open space, don't suffer the most ironical of all earthquake injuries, being hit on the head by some loose falling object as you pass through the doorway to safety. In Chile this happens more times than you'd think because many Latin dwellings are roofed with interfitting clay tiles which have a bad habit of coming off by the dozen in a strong shake. They are quite heavy enough to kill a man.

Other plain and fancy theories exist and I suppose they could all be verified, or otherwise, by reference to proper authorities, but most people don't like to do this. They obtain a certain degree of comfort from personal ideas and don't want to be disillusioned. Rightly or wrongly, I am very happy at the idea of working in a frame building. If it collapses I can't visualize anything terribly heavy falling on me and there's not enough to the building to keep anyone buried very long. I love to point out this fact to colleagues who work in a big stone building adjoining, especially since it has half a dozen heavy safes at strategic points and these would likely claim various victims as they plunged through several floors to the basement.

At this point the subject of earthquake-proof buildings will probably be brought up by those who wonder why any sane persons living in these zones put up with needless hazard. Brother, it's easier said than done. In the first place, the term "earthquake-proof" is an exaggeration. A building can be made tremor-proof but it is very doubtful if any building on earth could resist a really strong quake with its epicentre close by. Japan so far has the best system of earthquake-proof buildings and they are based on a system of "floating" the building on the mud beneath rather than driving through and anchoring to bedrock in customary fashion. Thus the building rides out a quake, like a ship at sea, rather than trying to buck it with its own strength. Admittedly such structure minimizes damage and danger but it rather obviously applies to office and apartment buildings and other large affairs. Smaller dwellings, which make up the most of any city, might prove too expensive or impractical to treat in this fashion. Certainly no average Latin American could afford this sort of thing. He just has to take a chance.

Of course the intensity of an earthquake has a lot to do with whether you'll read about it or be sorry you were in it. Any intensity is potentially possible and that's why we who live in earthquake zones get nervous when action starts. There are so many tremors here . . . I've felt as many as three a day . . . that the chances of any given one being the real thing are pretty small, BUT it could be and that's why we can never get to the point of shrugging them off.

Twelve Grades

Earthquake intensities are covered by a scale graduated from 1 to 12 and Professor Harrington has provided an interesting account of the physical effects of each. There's not enough space here to give a detailed translation but a summary might prove interesting:

Grades 1 to 4 can be described "imperceptible without instruments", "very weak", "weak" and "moderate".

Grade 5 is more interesting. Rated as "having some strength", it is the least intensity apt to be noticed by those out-of-doors. Foliage on trees and bushes agitates slightly, light objects in houses move and pendulous objects sway. Suspended bells ring and movement is sufficient to awaken many sleeping persons.

A Grade 6 quake is strong enough to be noticed by everybody. Houses of good construction creak and those of shoddy construction are slightly endangered, but as a rule no serious damage takes place.

From Grade 7 on it's not very funny. A seven-degree quake is rated "very strong" and rivers and lakes can become turbulent while walls of good houses crack and tiles and cornises fall. Houses of inferior construction can be seriously damaged and really poor dwellings can collapse altogether.

Stay away from Grade 8 quakes which are rated "ruinous". Even tree-trunks shake and heavy statues rotate or fall down. Houses of good construction are seriously damaged, poorer dwellings frequently collapse completely. Earthquake-proof buildings experience some damage. Broken water-mains and gas-mains are almost inevitable and fires will probably start from short-circuits.

Grade 9 is rated "destructive" and its major result is to make nearly all dwelling places unlivable. If it doesn't wreck them completely it damages them to the point where they are unsafe.

Grade 10 is "very destructive" and Grade 11 is "catastrophe".

Grade 12 is "great catastrophe" and can be regarded as a sort of natural atomic bomb in effect. You don't need to worry too much because such an intensity has never been recorded by scientists. Professor Harrington says that in a Grade 12 quake nothing could remain standing, certainly nothing made by man. Trees would fall down, great cracks would appear in the earth's surface, rivers and waterfalls might spring into being and present ones might alter their course.

Canada, of course, is pretty safe territory. No one who is alive today can recall loss of life through a Canadian earthquake. To do this it is necessary to go back more than 200 years to a quake which shook Montreal in September, 1732, damaging 185 houses and killing seven people. The amount of newspaper space devoted to the famous tremor of September 5, 1944, proves the rarity of quakes in Canada. That one lasted 40 seconds at its peak and is presumably remembered by many readers. I was in Valparaiso at the time and felt nothing . . . nothing, that is, except the scorn of those who had a few remarks to make concerning an earlier statement of mine to the effect that Canada never had earthquakes.

Previous to this tremor the last Canadian one to excite widespread public attention was on November 1, 1935. The one before that was in 1925. You people are lucky. It looks as if you get a tremor every 10 years instead of every 10 days.

• •

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NOW that the war is over, San Francisco's public utilities director thinks that there can be no excuse for rudeness by street-car motormen and conductors. Accordingly, it was announced last week, the municipal trolley lines have started courtesy classes for personnel.—New York *Times*.

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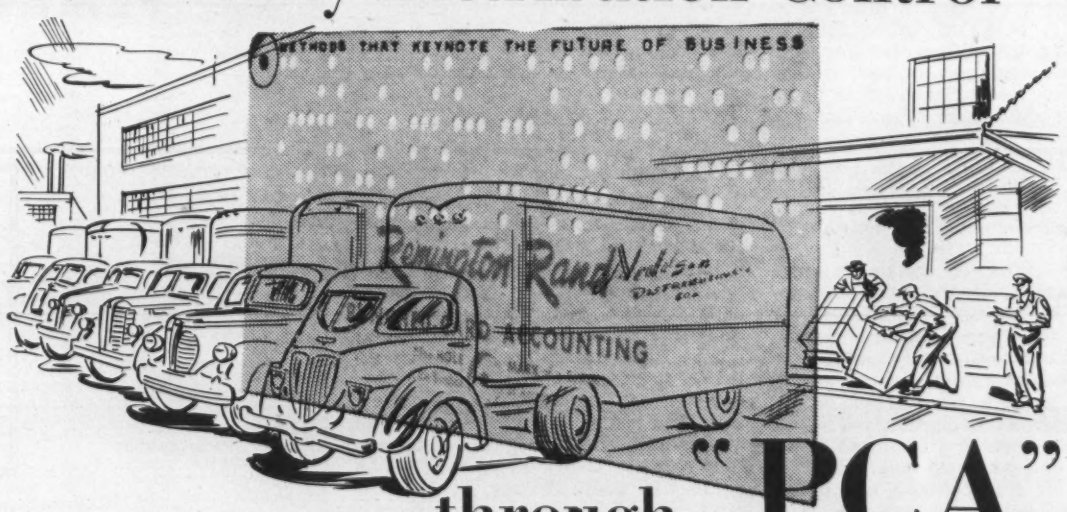

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White Collar Man Isn't So Lazy, Joe Finds

By W. P. TUTTLE

Joe, the garageman, and his old friend Professor Flanagan, discuss white collar workers and the "sweat - of - the - brow" men. Joe used to think that the hard work was done by the men in the plant, but the professor shows him that all the different types of workers have to pull their weight for the success of the whole industry, and he even tells Joe something about unions.

WELL, I says to myself, this here car I'm washing sure's a beaut . . . . not to speak of the dame what drove it in an' I'm glad to say is comin' back for it in half an hour. I sure would like to meet the feller that designed this model . . . . I must'a been talking out louder than I thought because I didn't hear the Professor come in, till his voice broke through as he said: Sorry, Joe, but I couldn't help myself from hearin' what you just said, an' I think you're mistaken.

How, mistaken? Professor, I asts, kind'a peeved an' taken back, you might say — How mistaken? Why, I thought you didn't like white collared fellers. You say they're lazy if you size 'em up with the men who you call the real workers, the sweat-of-the-brow fellers that work with their hands and legs.

Well, I wasn't essactly meanin' designers, I says, they're kind'a different from desk an' office fellers. Well, what's the difference, he asts, between the designers of car bodies, an' the designers of the whole business of makin' cars from factory equipment, to the export trade for 'em all over the world. Ain't that a big kind of designin'? An' those fellers are all white-collared !

The Professor half turned away an' pulled out his wrist for a peek at the watch—must be gettin' along, Joe — gotta take the wife out to dinner — fill 'er up, Joe says he — proud to say them old-time words after buyin' gills only, for so long. As I turned on the meter, I says, would you mind goin' a bit further along of the subjec' of designers? I says. I'll start the idea in your mind now, an' then essplain the next time I come in—fer it's too long a subjec,' he says to finish up in one sittin.'

A designer is a planner, a contriver, an inventor. You surprise me, Professor, I says, I thought designers worked onny on cars' bodies an' ingines. They work on most everything in the world, says he—an' they're white-collared, he adds smilin.' But if you want to limit 'em to the automobile industry, he says, there are enough there to make the fact clear.

In the fust place, there is the head designer—the feller who thought of the idea of providin' the masses of the people with a car, an' the feller who thought of providin' the rich fellers with an expensive car—an' the in-between-ones. Then they had to find a designer of ingines an' car bodies that would fit the price of the car to meet the wishes of the people who were supposed to want it an' buy it.

There was the man who invented the kind of paint that could be sprayed on, an' the man who designed the sprayer itself, an' the workman in white collar, maybe, who thought how to meet the wind resistance that a car's speed has to conquer. Well, I'll say I never knew there was so many designers, I says right out, astonished at the Professor's ideas. That's enough fer today, he calls out as he gits into his car, an' away he sails, like a two-year-old.

Hundreds of Designers

I sure was waitin' fer the Professor the next day, but he never showed up at all. I was lookin' at the different cars that come in an' wondered what the designers looked like themselves. There must be a hunnerd of 'em, I says to myself, an' if one was missin' there'd be no new cars.

Then the Professor come in the following day an' he didn't wait fer me to open the talk—he just started in where he lef' off. What a head he's got I thinks as he says—Now, Joe, the thing I want to git clear, he says, is this. There's no use for you to think that all the hard work is done by the men in the plant — there's a lot done up in the offices where the white-collar fellers sit an' think out ways an' means to make good cars. They couldn't be made if it weren't fer the workers-by-hand, but usually they ain't the designers; they're the workers-by-head. An' as fer as white collars go — there ain't many white ones any more, are there?

In other words, all of these men depend on all the others—an' it ain't reasonable or sensible to count one class against another class an' say—these are the real men—fer they're all real men. Yes, that's so, Professor, but they don't all sweat alike.

That depends, says His Nibs—they say that the hardest work a man does is to think—an' thinkin' is at the bottom and the top of all our industrial activities — so maybe it is fair to say that all the fellers are sweatin' together to put over the best machines they can make—and sell 'em as well as make 'em. Shucks, Professor, ain't it easier to sell 'em than to make 'em? Well, it costs about as much to sell 'em, says he, and to keep 'em sold and to git orders enough to keep the men all employed—designers an' all.

After all this, Joe, who would you say really worked and who earns the money, white or colored collars? Well, I says, that's a hard question to answer, I says, an' I'd like to study it a bit. Fine, Joe, says he, the more you study these questions the less likely you will be to take the word of the fust feller that comes along with the theory that some men cheat and other men suffer. You'll find they all are workers an' doin' the best they can. It's the fellers outside the plants and the factories as a usual thing that stir up trouble by makin' up stories about "who earns the money?"

Why do they do that, tell me, Professor? Well, I've always thought it was like the Garden of Eden — everyone pretty happy till the snake crept in an' tol' Eve how unhappy she was. She thought up to that time that she was pretty lucky. Yes, Professor, but the unions do a lot of good, don't they? They sure do a lot of good, but, when they get so smart that they stop a feller from workin' unless he joins up an' pays them a fee, they're gettin' a good deal like the boy who is just strong enough to say, you'll play with my gang, or you won't play at all!

No Tribute

An,' he continues, that's not fair an' it's not Canadian, or American, or British. How'd you like to have a feller come in here to this garage an' say to you, Pay me a dollar Joe an' I'll let you work here? I'd kick him out, I says, fierce. It's none of his business an' I'd tell him so. You wouldn't, Joe, if he had ten others with him, to beat you up.

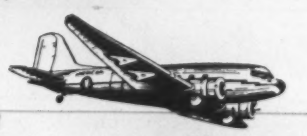
I heard of a case in Sicily years ago, where two American boys with a plantation of lemons, refused to pay the Black Hand a few cents a week for "protection." Their mail was all stopped. They couldn't buy anything to eat or wear till they came across. The whole countryside was afraid of this gang, and had to support them or suffer. The situation was considered so bad that the Italian Government stepped in and finally wiped out the whole society that started it by imprisoning the leaders for good long terms.

To help another man is all right and noble—but to frighten him and rob him of his right to earn his daily bread is autocratic, plutocratic (I think he said) an' certainly not democratic. "Who Earns Th' Money" is somewhere at the back of the arguments given to workers, an' the idee is that nobody earns it really but the fellers who don't wear white collars. I'm sorry they don't have *you* to tell 'em all about it. Professor. They probably wouldn't listen to me, because I wear the white sign of idleness, an' he laughed a mite, an' sighed.

The dame that had her car washed the day before yisterday, drove up fer some gas, an' I noticed the Professor take a gander at her—she was really suthin'! An' pleasant too. She says to me, that was a real good wash you gave my car the other day, she says, an' I noticed it particular, how clean it looked an' so smart.

Oh, that's nothin' I says hearty-like. The feller who invented the kinda paint used, an' the other who thought out the sprayer, an' the boys who applied the finish—an' the boss who started the whole shebang — they're the ones who should git thanked, I says. Fer me, I'm almost ashamed to take your money fer merely cleanin' the dirt off so fine a job. I thought I heard the Professor choke a little but when I looked around he was all right—the same as usual.

AMERICAN TO New York



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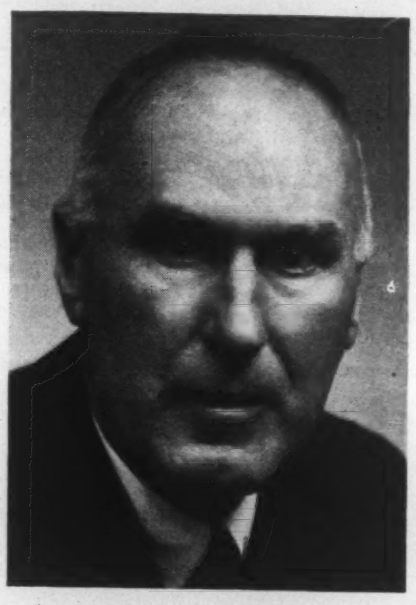
IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

71st ANNUAL MEETING

Address by the President and the General Manager

Post War Plans must include World Trade Encouraged by Export Financing

The 71st Annual Meeting of the Imperial Bank of Canada held at the Head Office in Toronto, Wednesday, November 28th.



Mr. R. S. WALDIE
President

Mr. Waldie said in part:—While the past year has witnessed the victorious end of the war the experiences of recent months have shown us how many complicated problems must be solved before the world will enjoy a genuine peace that is more than the mere absence of organized hostilities. Some progress, however, has been made in the preliminary task of re-converting our economy to its normal peace-time functions. Over-all economic activity, though of course lagging here and there, has remained at a high level. Domestic wholesale sales during the first nine months of this year have exceeded by 9 per cent. the sales transacted in the same period of 1944. Retail sales have also increased and at present are running about 10 per cent. over the 1944 standards.

THE FARM PICTURE

Canada's wheat crop, which normally covered about 1/10th of the country's total production in dollar value has declined from 435 million bushels last year to 321 million bushels this year. The balance as of October 1st, 1945, for export or carryover is estimated at 330 million bushels, as against 580 million bushels at the same date a year ago. Wheat and flour are leaving the country as fast as transportation can be provided and it is estimated that by 31st July, 1946, which is the end of the wheat year, the carryover will actually be about 70 million bushels, the lowest since 1938. Fortunately, our farmers receive increasingly larger returns from livestock, from dairying, and many other products.

EFFECTS OF WAR

The manufacturing industries have grown, under the stimulus of the war, to the largest single unit of Canada's economy.

The mining industry, while producing on a large scale has been handicapped by labour shortage, especially the development of gold production. The sale of gold to the United States is our greatest asset to balance our payments to that country.

The financial policies of the Dominion Government have continued along established war lines. Tax coverage of war expenditures has not materially altered since last year, i.e. about one-half of the cost of the war has been raised by taxes and the balance through loans. The various Victory Loans have all been heavily over-subscribed. The recent successful refunding of the Province of Alberta bonds following the arrangement made by the Province with its bondholders was, apart from Dominion Government finance, the outstanding financial transaction of the year and reflects great credit on all concerned.

The national income of 1944, estimated at about 9.2 billion dollars, has presumably changed little during the current year. I would like to make it clear that the national income is not to be confused with the Dominion and other public revenue, the former being the money value of all goods and services produced during a given period less the value of the goods used in the process of production, while the public revenue is that part of the national income which the governing bodies appropriate from the citizens by compulsory taxes.

EXPORTS MOST IMPORTANT

In my last report I took occasion to refer to the influence that exports play on our national income. While it was immigration and capital-imports which largely determined Canada's income level before 1914, the volume of our exports has become a more important factor since that date and this fact has been particularly emphasized during recent years.

From 1939 to 1943, the physical volume of Canada's economic output almost doubled, while its money value, owing to the rise of prices, expanded about two and one-half times. But in the same period the physical volume of Canada's exports nearly trebled, and their money value increased to about four times the inter-war average. To reach the average inter-war national income about 25 per cent. of Canada's net national product had to be exported while the high incomes of recent years have required exports that amounted to about 40 per cent. **Thus one of the major consequences of the war is that Canada's dependence on the world markets and her vulnerability to outside action has substantially increased.**

Unless some entirely new turn in Canada's economic policies can loosen these close ties between our exports and our income, the export levels of the future must be much higher, both in volume and value than they were in the inter-war period if we are to sustain conditions of full employment. Speaking in terms of present prices, full employment in the pre-war sense will in the coming years require a net national income of about eight billion dollars; and this would necessitate exports (merchandise and non-monetary gold) to the value of about two billion dollars. This figure has been far exceeded in recent years, but the termination of hostilities has also ended the extremely favourable conditions under which the attainment of such export volumes had become possible. New methods of dealing with this export problem have now become imperative.

From the banking point of view the most important concern is the problem of financing. We shall continue doing business on a cash basis with the United States, with some parts of the British Empire, and with those countries which were neutral or have managed to recover quickly, such as Belgium, Portugal, the Scandinavian countries, Switzerland, and Latin-America. These countries used to take about one-half of Canada's merchandise exports. Shipments to the United Kingdom, to parts of the British Empire, and to the greater part of the European Continent, which took the remaining half of our merchandise exports, will have to be financed by credits. It is important to note that it was the attempt of large parts of Europe to become economically self-sufficient and the United States policies of increased tariffs after 1930 which led to an increase in the Empire preferences with the result that Canada's merchandise exports shifted increasingly from the United States and the European Continent to the United Kingdom and the Empire. The war even accelerated this process since the most important single cause for the rapid increase of Canada's exports was Great Britain's growing war requirements. Therefore, as the war affected about one-half of Canada's foreign customers it will be to that extent that new methods of export financing must be found.

It does not seem likely that the Bretton Woods plan for an international machinery for the financing of post-war world trade will be implemented soon enough to guarantee economic continuity in the export fortunes of Canada. This country will, therefore, have to develop methods of bilateral agreements with Great Britain and other countries which are in a similar economic position. Substantial credits, some already granted, at a low rate of interest, will have to be extended to these regions to enable them to re-stock their working capital and increase their current supplies of consumption goods. Since the capacity of repaying these advances by ready exports and other international income will be greatly curtailed—in Great Britain for example by the necessity of re-building a large part of fixed capital assets and by the loss of foreign investment—the credit requirements will presumably amount to the value of one or two years' exports. To give an idea of what this means, **I would estimate that long-term export credits even of as much as a billion dollars will have to be provided for the United Kingdom alone.**

I should like to emphasize once more; the only alternative to this method of semi-compulsory self-financing of Canada's exports to Europe would be a substantial decrease in Canada's national income, with corresponding loss of employment.

THE VALUE OF IMMIGRATION

Even with these expedients it remains doubtful whether the level of exports necessary for full employment can be reached. As a means of preventing our income from dropping too far we should encourage immigration and capital imports. It should be noted that the reduction of the general overhead expenses of our economy depends, to a large measure, on an increase in the density of our population which lessens especially the transportation and administration charges per unit of production. It is frequently said that the influx of people aggravates unemployment. Surely the contrary is true. Immigration creates a need for a general expansion of capital assets and acts as a stimulus to the consumption goods industries.

THE WAGE PROBLEM

Canada's dependence on large exports puts definite limits to the freedom within which we are able to fix our wage level. In the discussion of the wage problem one often hears the argument that there is no reason why Canadian wage policies and standards should be different from those of the United States. This reasoning overlooks the fundamental fact that the United States are an almost self-sufficient economic entity in which exports have only a small influence on the national income as compared with Canada. If Canada should follow the pressure towards higher wages as it is at present exerted in the United States, her export capacity may become curtailed below the level corresponding to even medium-sized employment.

PEACE-TIME BUDGET DEMANDS LARGER SHARE OF NATIONAL INCOME THAN FORMERLY

Canada's export prospects are endangered from another angle: the public budget. It is naturally impossible at present to form an accurate opinion of the size of the normal post-war Dominion budget, after demobilization and reconversion will have been completed. But taking account of the increase in the National Debt still to be expected, the growth of the debt service, the lasting burden caused by the war, and the large scale expansion of the social services, it may be estimated that the annual budget of the future will be in the neighbourhood of two billion dollars of present purchasing power. This would amount to about one-fourth of the net national income on which Canada may count under the most favourable conditions of peace-time full employment. As one of the major economic results of the war, the relative tax burden imposed by the Dominion—provided the Government succeeds in balancing the peace budgets—will have more than doubled, since on the inter-war average the Dominion revenue only amounted to somewhat over 10 per cent. of the National Income.

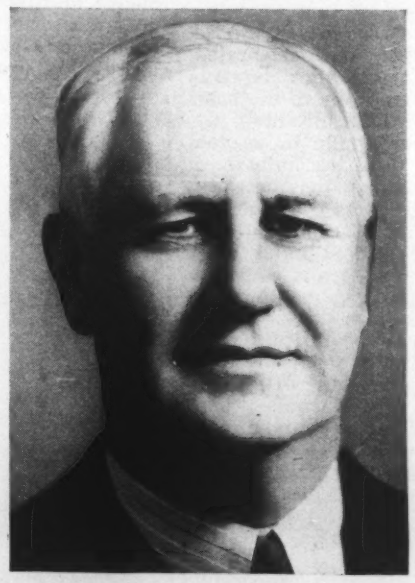
REFORM OF TAX LEGISLATION NEEDED

It is true, the Dominion Government has since 1942 collected by taxes about 30 per cent. of the National Income. But during the emergency of a war a high tax burden is more readily borne and shortcomings of the tax legislation are more leniently looked upon than in times of peace. For this reason the time has come for a thorough reform of the whole tax system. Those impositions which enter directly the cost of production, should be reduced and finally abandoned.

Tax reform appears all the more necessary since the number of countries, especially in Europe, which have inflated their currencies, has greatly increased as a result of the war, and is likely to increase further during the coming years. This development has automatically reduced Canada's competitiveness in the world markets.

There is a further reason for the removal of most indirect taxes except those directly borne by the consumer. If the former trend towards agricultural self-sufficiency is resumed in Europe after the recovery period, Canadian farm exports are likely to decrease once more as they did between wars. Exports of newsprint and other wood products are also endangered in the long run unless more efficient policies of reforestation and conservation are established. This means that metals and goods in more highly finished form are likely to comprise a greater proportion of Canada's export trade. But the many new indirect taxes introduced by war finance are most burdensome for manufacturing and mining and discourage venture capital and should be removed as should also those war controls which tend to retard the return to normal economic activities.

The complex questions which the transition from war to peace impose on Canada can only be solved by the willing co-operation of all. The troubled conditions of the whole world are a clear indication of the magnitude of the tasks ahead. I sincerely trust Canada will not be lacking in that mutual confidence and willingness for work and sacrifice without which no country can hope to survive.



Mr. W. G. MORE
General Manager

Said in part:—Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, the Bank's year just closed witnessed the cessation of hostilities in what has been the most devastating war yet known to mankind involving the whole of the civilized world. Happily it ended in complete victory for our Arms and those of our Allies, for which we are all devoutly thankful. May men's minds now be turned to the task of restoring peace and security to a sorely impoverished world.

Business conditions in Canada were generally active right up to the war-end and have continued so with some slight modification since. That your Bank has participated in this activity in full measure is indicated by the Balance Sheet now before you.

Profits notwithstanding lower rates on loans and investments show a moderate increase and after taking care of expenses and depreciation of premises, making full provision for bad and doubtful debts, providing for Dominion Government taxes and the usual contribution to Officers' Pension Fund and the payment of a dividend of 80 cents per share of paid-up capital, resulted in an increase of $141,444.39 in the Profit and Loss carried forward which now stands at $1,123,706.53.

Total Assets at $379,179,567.79 reached an all-time high. Deposits now stand at $357,000,000, an increase of $53,000,000. Of this increase $35,000,000 is in Deposits by the Public bearing interest and $10,000,000 in Deposits by the Public not bearing interest. Dominion Government Deposits show a decrease of $4,000,000 while Deposits by and Balances due to Provincial Governments increased $9,000,000, and Deposits due to other Banks $3,000,000. As Provincial Deposits include a substantial deposit by the Province of Alberta to provide for matured bonds and interest under the Debenture Debt Reorganization recently completed, this total should to that extent be regarded as abnormal.

In keeping with the increased deposits, our cash holdings including notes of and deposits with the Bank of Canada have also increased and amount to $43,815,979 or 12% of liabilities to the public. Adding to our cash other quickly realizable assets consisting of our portfolio of investments, notes and cheques of and deposits with other Banks and our call loans, make a grand total of $287,002,480 or 79% of our public liabilities.

INVESTMENTS

Our portfolio of investments now amounts to $205,488,416 an increase during the year of $18,000,000. Of these $137,000,000 consist of Dominion and Provincial securities maturing within two years. Investments form an important feature of the Bank's business and now greatly exceed Commercial Loans, a situation that is likely to continue for some time to come.

COMMERCIAL LOANS

We are pleased to report an increase of nearly $14,000,000 in Commercial Loans to a total of $81,564,698. This increase is in some measure attributable to a widening of our loaning policy to embrace a number of loans of somewhat longer duration than was previously the case but all are in carefully selected risks, amply secured. It is reasonable to expect as the purchasing of consumer goods and the supplying of funds for capital purposes by the Government ceases, that private enterprise will again assume the role of meeting the public needs in this respect and of creating useful employment. It is also reasonable to expect that, with the co-operation of management, labour, and Government, together with equitable taxation that will permit of reasonable profits, private enterprise will be better able to perform this function, and to do so more economically than any form of Government ownership could do. When that occurs I would look for an increase in the demand for Commercial Loans in which your Bank is ready and will be pleased to participate.

CALL LOANS

Call Loans also show a slight increase and now stand at $8,508,325 reflecting the current continued activity in the Stock Markets. All our Call Loans are fully secured by collateral with satisfactory margins.

BANK PREMISES

An increase of approximately $600,000 in Bank Premises Account will be noted. The increase to a large extent represents the purchase of property at Hastings and Granville Streets in downtown Vancouver where it is our intention to erect a modern bank building to house our growing business there as soon as conditions permit. It is also our intention to erect new buildings at some other points and to rehabilitate and extend our existing premises at others. This will not only increase our service facilities where urgently required but will also help to provide employment. It can of course only be undertaken gradually.

BRANCHES

Our branches now number 174. The branches at Pickle Crow, Central Patricia and more recently Bourlamaque which were closed temporarily as a war measure have been re-opened. It is our expectation to open new branches at a number of other points which seem to offer opportunity for service and profit and where it is felt we should be represented. This will also enable us to place officers recently with the Forces and now returning to our service.

It is sometimes said that Banks are mysterious and somewhat aloof, but there is really no mystery about banking. Banks exist to perform a service, which they do for a modest reward, and if they failed to perform that service they would soon cease to exist. They accept deposits, both large and small, which they stand ready to pay out at a moment's notice on the order of the depositor; they make loans, again both large and small; make remittances to all parts of the world, collect Bills of Exchange, notes and accounts; undertake the safekeeping of securities and other valuables; and perform numerous other services. They spend large amounts annually in advertising, inviting the public generally to make use of these services and the Banks do welcome their patronage. Some of the largest accounts we have on our books to-day had small beginnings and the owners are most appreciative of the assistance they have received and are still receiving from the Bank.

It is also sometimes said Banks do not deal in money—meaning cash—but merely in bookkeeping entries in the form of cheques. This is quite erroneous as it entirely overlooks that immediately these cheques are presented for payment to the Banks upon which they are drawn they must be settled in cash and that they are actually redeemed in cash by settlement daily on the Bank of Canada and that any Bank that failed to meet its obligations in this respect would cease to do business. The checking system is the safest, most convenient and least expensive method of settling the monetary obligations of modern business, indeed modern business can be said to have created the system or at least the demand for it. It operates so smoothly and efficiently, that were it discarded, business as we know it could not be conducted without some other similar system to take its place.

In illustration of some of the additional services undertaken by the Banks under war conditions, mention might be made of the vast amount of work performed as agents of the Foreign Exchange Control Board, thus greatly aiding the Government in mobilizing for the fullest war effort Canada's resources of foreign exchange.

Again, under the regulations respecting Trading with the Enemy much of the detail of the handling of enemy property and of property of persons in enemy occupied territory under the control of the Custodian of Enemy Property, involving over a billion dollars, fell directly or indirectly upon the Banks.

When rationing became necessary in order to curb inflation and to effect an equitable distribution of certain essential commodities the Banks operated some 240,000 special accounts for merchants involving between eleven and twelve million entries and the handling of over three and a half billions of coupons.

Other services include the distribution of subsidies under the price control system of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board of which subsidies to milk producers all over Canada formed a substantial part; the collection and transmission without charge to various central points of subscriptions to numerous patriotic, relief and charitable funds; the cashing at par at all branches of millions of cheques issued by the Government to members of the Armed Forces and their dependants and to pensioners and employees of the Government. Such cheques are estimated to number as many as twenty millions yearly. More recently, Family Allowance cheques numbering over sixteen millions a year have been added.

Services rendered in connection with the Victory Loans and continuous sale of War Savings Certificates are probably well-known but it is worth recording that as agents of the National War Finance Committee the Banks have made some nineteen million individual deliveries of Victory Loan bonds in addition to providing an inexpensive safe-keeping service to purchasers.

The fact that the Banks have been able to provide these and many other services smoothly and efficiently under the difficult staff conditions that have prevailed, is I think conclusive evidence that Canada may be satisfied that it is well served by its banking system.

STAFF

Our staff now number 1878 of whom 1154 are young ladies. I cannot pay too high a tribute to their services in the past year. All have worked faithfully and well, sometimes for long hours and frequently under considerable stress. It is to be hoped with the return of officers from the Forces, working conditions this year will be somewhat easier.

In closing I would like to refer to the record of members of the staff with the Forces. 600 in all or 50.3% of male officers at the outbreak of war enlisted; of these 53 have paid the supreme sacrifice. Words are inadequate to express the debt of gratitude we owe to these young men. Perhaps the best tribute we can pay to their memory is that we prove worthy of their sacrifice and never forget them. To their parents and relatives we again extend our sincerest sympathy.

The following were elected Directors—Messrs. R. S. Waldie, Col. J. F. Michie, J. W. Hobbs, Walter C. Laidlaw, John A. Northway, G. H. Aikins, K.C., Winnipeg, H. E. Sellers, Winnipeg, W. B. Woods, Arthur L. Bishop, E. E. Buckerfield, Vancouver, C. G. Cockshutt, Brantford, H. L. McCulloch, Galt, J. R. Timmins, Montreal, Eliot S. Frosst, Montreal, F. G. Rolph, W. P. Walker, W. G. More, Aubrey W. Baillie.

A subsequent meeting of the Directors elected Messrs. R. S. Waldie, President, J. W. Hobbs and W. G. More, Vice-Presidents.

Labrador To Compete In Postwar Travel

By EWART YOUNG

There is no reason why Lake Melville, the garden spot of Labrador, with sixteen hours of sunshine in summer and a crisp dry temperature around zero in winter, should not become an extremely popular resort in the near future, says Mr. Young.

The entire region is as yet untouched, salmon, trout and game abound, and the winter sports attractions may eventually rival those of the Laurentians.

FAR-AWAY places that today seem strange and unattractive will be the bright spots on tomorrow's travel folders. This is true particularly of places that dot the new air trails woven into the war's expanding pattern.

Take Lake Melville for example. If you've never heard of it you're going to after the war. The chances are you'll be flying there for week-ends, along with thousands of other North American vacationists.

Lake Melville, be it known, is in Labrador. But don't let that scare you off. The historians who glibly pictured Labrador as "the land God gave to Cain" did Lake Melville a great injustice. More recent writers, describing it as "the garden of Labrador" and "a northland paradise", have put it in true perspective.

This is no idle dream. Allied airmen who have flown over Labrador's vastness are amazed at finding such a beauty spot in the far north. "Resort country, sure as you're born", said one R.C.A.F. officer. "Wait till skiers, hunters and sportsmen down in the States hear about this place."

Actually Lake Melville with its network of rivers forms the watershed of Hamilton Inlet. Now it is no secret that the Goose Bay airbase, said to be the largest in the world, is built on the upper reaches of Hamliton Inlet. And little imagination is needed to visualize the potential postwar uses of the Goose airport.

Passenger planes and, possibly, helicopters will follow the trail blazed across the mountains by intrepid R.C.A.F. and U.S. Army fliers, carrying sportsmen and vacationing families to the northern oasis.

What has Lake Melville that the rest of Labrador hasn't got? Well, there's the lake itself, an inland body of water ninety miles long, thirty miles wide at some points, navigable from the sea to any craft afloat. Two mighty rivers, and a dozen smaller streams, empty into its head waters, and upwards of a hundred tree-studded islands dot its surface, each a potential resort site with beaches for bathing and boating.

Miniature Lake Melville

For picnic parties and fishing excursions the rivers are just what the doctor ordered. Grand River, whose waters flow over the celebrated Grand Falls, 302 feet high, is navigable for forty-five miles to the base of the Muskrat Falls. Sailing up North West River a mile or so you come to Grand Lake, a miniature Lake Melville with its own network of swift-flowing rivers. Altogether you can penetrate in yacht or sailboat nearly two hundred miles, sailing where your fancy leads you in a picturesque virgin region teeming with trout and salmon.

Nature has dealt bountifully with Lake Melville. Viewed from any vantage point the scene is one of rugged grandeur, with fertile wooded plateaus bordering the lake and brook mouths and inlets that are visions of paradise. At sunset, which lasts for hours, the majestic Mealey Mountains silhouetted against the skyline are mirrored in the lake, and the silence is awe-inspiring.

The climate? It is a generally known fact that Goose Bay is almost entirely fog-free in all seasons. Because it is so far north—in the same latitude as Edmonton—Lake Melville in summer has very short nights. The sun shines sixteen hours a day, and it is warm without being excessively hot. In winter the temperature hovers around zero, but it is a dry, crisp cold, and very invigorating.

Proof of the fertility of the soil and clemency of the climate is found in the agricultural record of the Grenfell Mission, which maintains a hospital and boarding school at the head of the lake. The Mission has demonstrated by actual test that the gardens at Lake Melville are commonly three weeks ahead of gardens in St. John's, Newfoundland, 500 miles to the south.

The garden spot of Labrador is all the more fascinating because it can be moulded into a modern vacation resort, starting from scratch. There is not a single tourist lodge or fishing cabin in the entire region. The reason for this is simple: Lake Melville is a wartime discovery and has, until now, been shrouded in the overall secrecy of Goose Bay.

Anyone wanting to put up a cabin on Lake Melville can do so for the asking. The same goes for hotel promoters and tourist caterers. It's simply a matter of approaching the Newfoundland Government, which has jurisdiction over Labrador. There is ample room for hundreds of cabins and sites galore to build them on.

This vast wonderland from the sea to the mountains has a permanent population of less than 500. North West River, with twenty-five families, a Hudson's Bay Company trading post, and the Mission station, are the largest of a half-dozen trapper settlements fringing the lake. Even with Goose Bay and its wartime influx, there is room for 50,000 newcomers without crowding.

The natives, many with Eskimo strains mingled with the blood of their English ancestors, are a sturdy reliable lot, and they know the country like the backs of their hands. There will be no scarcity of guides when the tourist boom starts.

No Scarcity of Guides

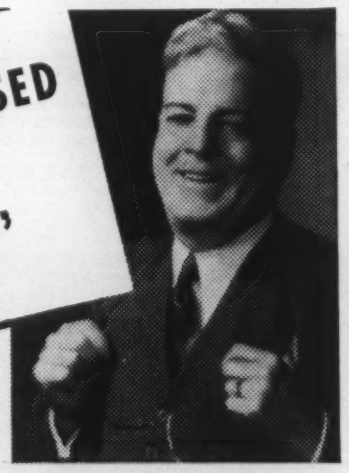
Prospective visitors to Lake Melville should not count on seeing historic buildings or monuments. There just aren't any. Life is still rather primitive in the north, and the people are content with snug little houses and trapper tilts.

Yet there are plenty of things to see and do. In early summer the Indians, who roam the hinterland the rest of the year, come out to the head of the lake to trade their furs and rest up during the hot season. The encampment where they live in tents with their long birch canoes drawn up on the beach close by is well worth a visit. The brown skinned nomads of the north speak little English, although they have adopted to some extent the white man's dress and habits of living.

At English River on the south side of the lake there is an Eskimo colony where tribal customs are preserved. The chief in full regalia receives visitors with great dignity. This is the only Eskimo settlement in the region. There used to be a large native community on Eskimo Island, near the lake entrance, but the inhabitants perished in an epidemic, leaving their bones on the beaches.

Essentially, however, Lake Melville is a sporting paradise. Its big drawing cards are unspoiled salmon rivers, virgin camping sites, and hunting grounds where caribou, bears, and smaller game abound. The lakes and rivers are ideal for sailing, canoeing and exploring. Winter attractions include skiing of Laurentian calibre, adventure on the snowshoe trail, and the romance of dogteam travel.

You can find Lake Melville quite easily on any good map of North America, for it is the only deep indentation along the Labrador coastline. Note the spot well, because it is Canada's up-and-coming vacation resort, only a few hours by air from Montreal or New York.



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This New Faith Offers A New World Order

By W. D. B. HACKETT

As a solution to the embroiling complexities in the world today, a new faith, envisioning complete world civilization, has sprung up within the past hundred years, promising hope to war-weary mankind.

With its roots in Iran, the message of this new faith with its important implications has been heard in the four corners of the world.

The following article outlines the history of the Baha'i Faith and sidelights its imprint on the Toronto area.

"BAHA'I" was the dominating word of an advertising plaque set in the foyer of Toronto's Royal York Hotel recently. Passersby were curious about it, as events turned out, because Mr. Horace Holley, the American author, spoke to an audience of some 400 people who answered its pronouncement.

The majority of the 400 attending the address must have been somewhat surprised, if not amazed, to learn that this queer, mystical, five-letter word is the name of a new faith of world-wide proportions.

Although it is safe to say that not more than one Canadian in a thousand could tell you anything about the Baha'i Faith if you were to ask him, yet its adherents are nevertheless continuing to spread over the face of the globe. Exact census of the world membership of the Faith is not readily available, but Chambers Encyclopaedia suggests that it numbers into the millions.

It was this new movement that Mr. Holley, within the limits of an hour, endeavored to describe. The Faith embraces in its teachings all world religions, world races, and has definite concrete plans for the moulding and execution of world peace. In fact, it is self-labelled: "the World Faith". Founded in 1844 in Iran, the Baha'i Faith looks to its prophet, Baha'u'llah, for answers to present day problems.

The beginnings of the Faith in the early part of the 19th Century centre on the life of Mirza Ali Muhammad whom the followers of the Faith recognize as a prophet in his own right. In 1844, he declared his divine message and foretold the coming of a greater prophet. At the same time, he assumed the title of Bab (the Gate), his followers being referred to as Babis. He lived a short, hectic life; history places his martyrdom in the year 1850.

Imprisonment and Exile

The man who is now recognized as "the greater prophet" about whom the "Bab" spoke was Mirza Husayn Ali, who later assumed the title of Baha'u'llah (the Glory of God). His forthright self-denial of the prestige and wealth of noble birth together with his fearless and indefatigable determination to lead the cause through many years of imprisonment and exile cemented his position as the hub of the Baha'i Faith.

Since Baha'u'llah's death in 1892, the leaders of the Faith have arisen from within the family circle. His eldest son, Abdul Baha was the respected leader of the Faith until he died, a K.B.E., in 1921. His visit to the United States in 1912 lent great impetus to the movement in that country. He toured America from coast to coast addressing many heterogeneous gatherings. After nine months, he sailed for Europe to conduct more such tours. Today, Abdul Baha's eldest grandson, living in Haifa, has been pronounced "Guardian of the Faith". Educated in England he has been responsible for the translation into English of many of Baha'u'llah's writings.

The wealth of Baha'i literature setting forth the divinely claimed ordinances of its prophet focuses upon one purpose—World Peace. To this end, the administrative framework of the Baha'i Peace Plan is already in operation. The program calls for a world family of "Baha'i Spiritual Assemblies, one elected in each nation, from which a final international assembly will be formed". Three of these national assemblies are already functioning.

In Canada, every major city has its group of Baha'i followers. The Toronto group, numbering some twenty-odd souls, has been meeting regularly in a small but comfortable room above a store on Bloor Street West. Since Mr. Horace Holley's recent address, the little room has been filled to overflowing with newly interested Torontonians.

Great prominence in the room is given to pictures of the Baha'i Temple in Wilmette, Illinois. This temple is a great domed structure slightly reminiscent of the Taj Mahal in India. Circular in shape, its entire construction is symbolic of the principles of the Faith. Nine entrances stand for the nine great religions that the world has known. Its vast dome is pierced so that, at night, it will permit shafts of light to stream heavenward. Although under construction for many years, the interior of the building is not yet fully completed. The gross cost is estimated to be about $2,000,000.

Federation of the World

Students at the local centre of the Faith—the word "students" is used advisedly because the many aspects of the Faith call for concentrated study—include members of more than one religious denomination, and are both white and dark skinned. Here, differences of color and creed appear to have been resolved into a unity which is the very core of the Baha'i teachings. Here, too, on a local scale, the fundamentals of the Baha'i plan for world peace are being carried out . . . fundamentals which Baha'is (i.e. Baha'i followers) believe must ultimately be universally expressed in the fulfilment of that time-cherished ideal—the brotherhood of man and the federation of the world.

The cataclysmic events of the past six years of conflict have created a wealth of new ideas, plans, ideologies and philosophies among the various sects, creeds, nations and races of the world. During wartime, when the physical world of man is crumbling before his eyes, individual faiths are inevitably in a state of flux. The search for some stabilizing, unifying influence is widespread. Unity is the key-word of the Baha'i Faith. For Baha'is, the search is ended.

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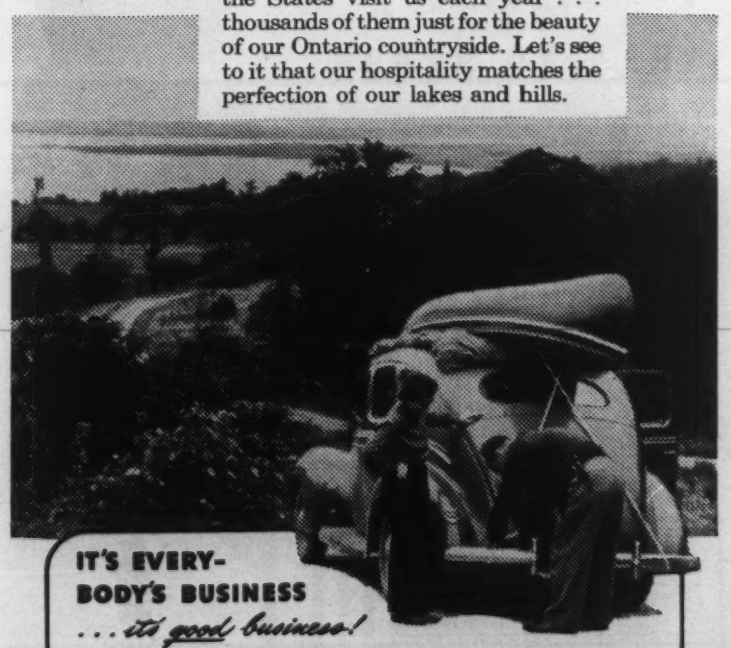

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It does not require a great deal of imagination to realize that any machinery which may be set up for taking care of exchange rates must need be governed with a very delicately-balanced financial thermostat if we wish to avoid unfairness. If such adjusting is to be left in the hands of a few men then the world may as well get ready for the next war, particularly if the adjusting of trade balances is to be done solely on the basis of current trade figures which, as everyone knows, are notoriously open to 'padding'. The great advantage of the gold credit base is that it represents a sort of 'plimsol' mark above which nations shall not issue currency beyond the accepted ratio. The position of gold, as the final arbiter in such cases, is beyond argument. It is still the only currency which all nations are willing to accept at par and in these troubled times this is a quality for which we cannot be too thankful.

Readers of these letters up to this point must suspect, by now, what is coming next in the discussion. The writer simply proposes that governments take over the same privilege that was granted to the Bank of England, two and a half centuries back, and 'cash in' on the factors which gave William Paterson his great inspiration. From this point on these discussions shall refer particularly to Canada for Canada's solution would be the same as for the world in general. Canada's population is roughly one-half of one percent of the world total and Canada's 'voltage' of business, if multiplied by two hundred would give a rough picture of the world's economic situation.

It is apparent that the world's gold supply, if it is to be continued at a price of $35 per ounce can never be sufficient to meet the currency needs of all countries. It is not too sensational, to-day, to say that the price of gold is going higher. The immensity of the world's national debt total (now believed to be over fifteen hundred million dollars) has pretty well driven it home even to the most indifferent peoples that we cannot hope to service this debt let alone pay it off. We cannot meet it by raising the prices of our manufactured goods. Such a proposal is defeated at the start because most nations are now equipped (thanks to the war effort) with equipment machinery and they fully intend to use it to compete with us in every line of manufacture. Further, a great many of these nations have no intention of trying to meet their national debts—they will simply renege on them—and they will be able to undersell those nations who may try to live up to the impossible situation. They can do this because their citizens will not be carrying the individual taxes which we seem to be doomed to face—unless we do something about it.

Even before this war started the pyramided taxes that are hidden in the cost of every thing we have to buy, our clothes, our books, our cars, our food, our machinery, our homes,—everything we spend money upon—had reached staggering percentages. But we have become used to sitting on a hot stove and have accepted the situation, fatalistically, believing that, somehow, we can muddle through. The full magnitude of the disaster has not yet penetrated the national consciousness, neither here nor elsewhere, and the financial gangsters are working overtime to close our prison door again before we have time to realize that it has been opened. The bald truth of the matter is that we cannot even muddle through. Further, we are not going to get a chance to try it along the old lines because of the 'indifferent peoples' mentioned above who are preparing a situation, even now, that challenges the old order right down to its foundation.

See Canada's Opportunity in the next letter.

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We are most anxious, also, to have your individual opinion relative to the subject matter of each letter. Please write to us. The expression of your ideas will greatly aid us in a vitally important endeavour.

If you failed to secure articles No. 1 to 9, already published, copies may be had upon request.

THE LONDON LETTER

Britons Wonder If November Is Good Month For Armistice Day

By P. O'D.

FOR the first peace-time occasion in six years Armistice Day—henceforward to be known as Remembrance Day—has been celebrated throughout the country, with the customary simple but moving ceremonies. In London at the Cenotaph, in the Provincial cities, and not least impressively on village greens and by ivy-grown country churches, people have gathered to commemorate the dead of the two great wars.

It is beyond question the public desire that this day of remembrance and gratitude should be established as a solemn national occasion in perpetuity—so far as mortal man is entitled to plan for perpetuity. The only question is whether or not November 11 is the best day to choose for it. The Government is now going into the matter in consultation with such bodies as the British Legion.

Actually officials of the British Legion have indicated more or less decidedly their opposition to any change of date. But then the members of the Legion are, with few exceptions, veterans of World War I, and it is only natural that the day which brought that great struggle to a close should seem to them the obvious one to choose for a day of national remembrance. But soon their ranks will be swelled by a new inrush of members, the veterans of World War II, and to them VE-Day may seem a better choice.

If Armistice Day, to call it by its old name, fell in a better time of year, there would be little reason for changing the date—except perhaps to shift it to the nearest Sunday. But November is notoriously a bad month for weather in this country, and more often than not the memorial ceremonies have had to be held in fog or driving rain or icy wind.

Now that Armistice Day has become Remembrance Day, there seems to be no compelling reason why it should continue to be held in one of the least clement seasons of the English year. It is true that in the summer you stand an equal chance of being wet through, but at least the wet will be warmer.

Hardy veterans of World War I may be willing to stand to attention while the sleet works steadily in to the marrow of their bones, but weaker souls will welcome the prospect of being able to attend these memorial services without running the risk of double pneumonia. The whole question, however, is still "sub judice", as we lawyers put it.

England's Tow-Paths

Has anyone a right to walk along a tow-path, or must he be accompanied by a horse and a boat? All over the country there are these paths beside the rivers and canals, laid out originally for the bargemen and the patient beasts that hauled the barges upstream or where there was no current to take them along. What is the position about rights of way? And who is supposed to keep the paths in order?

These are not merely academic questions, but more than usually alive to-day. After six years of war a great many of these paths have fallen into disrepair, or become overgrown, or been damaged by military operations—either our own or the enemy's. And London has a particular interest in the matter, for some of the most attractive and popular of these paths lie along the Thames, which is one of London's chief playgrounds.

It should be possible to start out from London and walk, along one or other of the river-banks, all the way to the head waters. Actually it may be possible, but the walker would not find it pleasant going all the way. In places he would find long stretches of well-kept path. In others he would have to struggle along a muddy trail or wade through high grass, making detours where the bank had broken away. Or he might be stopped entirely. I speak whereof I know, for I have many times met with such disappointments—and before the war. Naturally it is much worse now.

Here is a chance for the authorities, whether national or local, to do a really good and kind thing. That excellent organization, the Footpaths Preservation Society, has been busy about it, but all it can do is to make recommendations and pester the people who have the real say.

Obviously the first thing is to decide what are the rights and obligations in the matter. Like so much else in this land of ancient custom they are vague and various. And there are a lot of other and more important things to be tidied up first. Walkers will have to wait, no doubt, but it would encourage the humble pedestrian to know that something was being done.

Royal Variety Performance

It was very much like old times when the King and Queen went to the Coliseum the other night for the Royal Variety show. This performance in aid of the Variety Artists Benevolent Fund used to be one of the great theatrical occasions of the year, but had not been held since the outbreak of the war. As the King, in naval uniform, stepped into the flower-decked box with the Queen and the two Princesses, the vast audience rose and sang the National Anthem with a very moving enthusiasm.

As many as possible of the best-known Variety players and acts were crowded into the long bill, which included Tommy Trinder, Vic Oliver, Sid Field, Will Hay, and many more all famous in the "halls".

It has always been considered in the "profesh" a great honor to take part in this special program. And most of the men in the audience were in evening dress — something else that hadn't been seen in London since the war started. A great night!

Lord Mayor's Show

Many Londoners must have been disappointed that the Lord Mayor's Show in this year of peace did not revert to its old-time glory, with the golden coach and all the rest of the mediaeval pageantry. Perhaps we are still too close to the war for that. This year it was again rather a parade of the Services than a "Show", in the old meaning of the word. And the Lord Mayor rode in an automobile—with the ceremonial sword sticking out of one window and the mace out of the other, it is true, but still only an automobile.

Soldiers' uniforms are not what they used to be, and perhaps never will be again. The present ones are much more sensible and business-like, no doubt, but for ceremonial purposes they are dull things compared to the splendor of the old. One had only to compare in this parade the Tudor get-up of the Yeoman Warders of the Tower, the red cassocks and armor of the pikemen of the Honorable Artillery Company, with the detachments in khaki and Air Force blue to realize how much we have sacrificed in picturesque effect since we have given up fighting with pikes. And not only in picturesque effect, God wot!

Still it was a very impressive parade, with bands galore, headed by the band of the Royal Marines in their white helmets, and farther down the line the band of the Royal Canadian Air Force leading detachments of sailors, soldiers, and airmen from the Dominions.

The soldiers marched with bayonets set—the little modern bayonet that looked like a metal toothpick compared to the huge shining weapons of the pikemen. You'd be just as dead, if you were prodded in the right place by one of these neat little arrangements, as if you were chopped nearly in two by one of the ancient weapons. But there can be no question which looks best on parade.

Death of Henry Ainley

Henry Ainley, who died the other day, should have been the greatest actor of his time. He had all the gifts—beauty of face and figure, a voice of gold, and a genius for the stage. But the Bad Fairy was also at his christening, and she bestowed upon him an unstable and excessively Bohemian temperament. It was his undoing. Now there is left only the memory of the delightful performances of his youth. A very great actor was lost.

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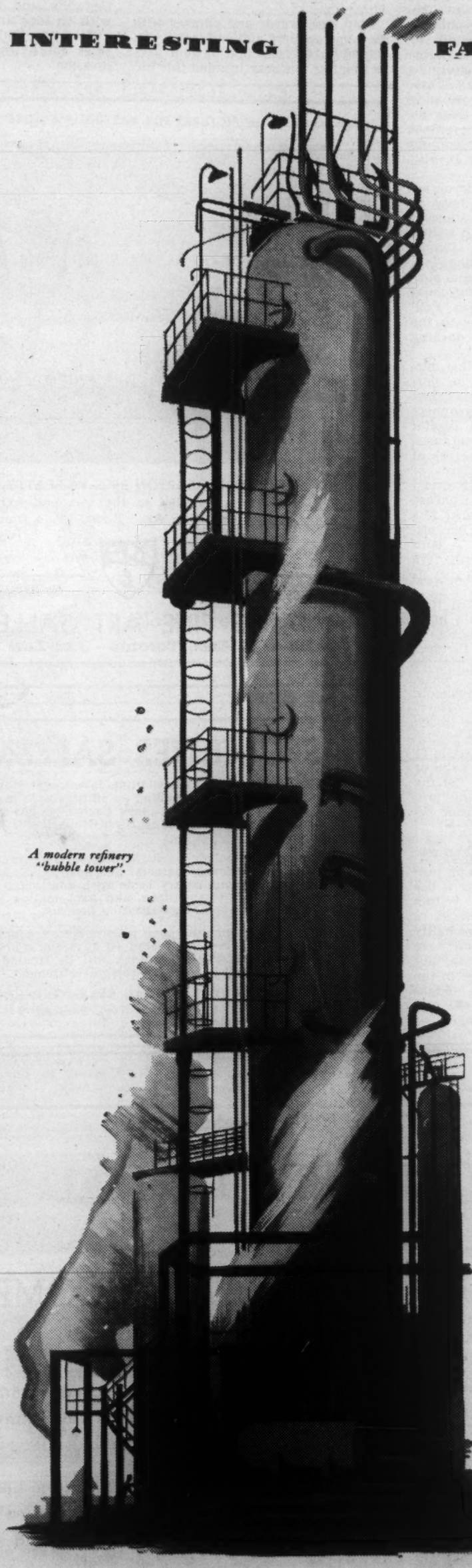
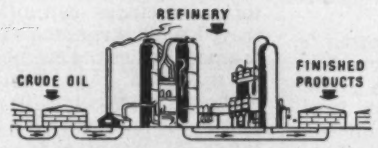


A modern refinery "bubble tower".

How Science Works a Miracle in

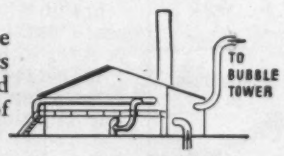
OIL'S "House of Magic"



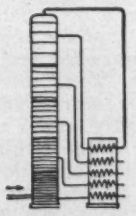
If you were to visit one of Imperial Oil's seven Canadian refineries, it would be like stepping into a veritable "*house of magic*". Natural crude oil is piped in at one end . . . and after many complex processes comes out in the form of more than 500 different products, ranging from chemicals for synthetic rubber and gasoline and oil for cars, to wax for candles and asphalt for roads!

You begin to see how this miracle happens when you look at a kettle of boiling water. As everybody knows, water has a boiling point of 212° Fahrenheit. At this temperature it gives off steam, which can be condensed to form distilled water.

Crude oil, however, is not a pure substance like water. It is a mixture of many different chemical compounds called "hydrocarbons", each with its own particular boiling point. As a result, when crude oil is heated, it gives off a succession of vapors as the temperature is raised. By keeping these vapors separate and condensing them, crude oil can be broken up into gasoline, kerosene and other oil "fractions".



This is what oil men call a "pipe still". Inside are many hundreds of feet of steel pipe heated by burners inserted through one wall. The crude oil is pumped through the pipe and raised to a temperature of about 725° F. It then enters the "bubble tower".



This is a simple diagram of a bubble tower. It is a tall, steel drum in which the heated crude oil is separated into its various "fractions", which are drawn off through openings in the side. The bubble tower is very hot at the bottom and comparatively cool at the top.

Every two feet or so up the tower there are large steel discs or trays, like big pie-plates, containing liquid formed by condensation of some of the hot oil vapors.

This shows how the trays work, and what happens inside a bubble tower. The hot oil vapors rise from the tray below and bubble through the liquid in the tray above (hence the name, "bubble tower"). The light vapors, escaping from the liquid, rush upward to higher trays. The heavy vapors, however, are condensed and carried off in liquid form through pipes. More and more vapors are condensed as they pass through the trays higher up, and are drawn out through the sides of the tower at various levels.

The typical Imperial refinery, with its bubble towers and other fascinating processes is truly "a house of magic". Out of it comes gasoline to power our cars . . . fuel oil to heat our homes . . . kerosene for the farmers' lamps and stove . . . lubricating oils to keep the wheels of industry and transportation rolling . . . waxes for floors . . . asphalt for roads and airport runways . . even basic ingredients for Miss Canada's cosmetics. All the crude oil is utilized to bring to modern living a total of MORE THAN 500 DIFFERENT, USEFUL PETROLEUM PRODUCTS!

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Make a Hobby of Your Photographic Titles

By REX FROST

Well known as a radio commentator and writer on current affairs, Rex Frost in relaxed moments is an ardent amateur photographer. His two pictures "By Eastern Windows" and "Night Shift" were judged the best prints at the recent All Canadian Salon of Photography, Montreal.

The title, he says, often can make or break a picture.

LOOK around the Salons. Likely you'll agree that 50 per cent or more of the titles of pictures hung, could be improved. Every picture, they say, should tell its own story. Nobody questions such an axiom, but it raises the point—Why, if that is the case; do you need a title at all?

You need it for the same reason that songs and singers, well known to everybody, are introduced by an announcer on the radio. To create atmosphere. Because timely, appropriate words make for greater appreciation and interest, provide the handle with which to open the door of imagination. In the same way that a song or book is earmarked by an individual title, so may a picture become renowned.

An attractive picture can often be spoiled by an unimaginative title. Frequently one of mediocre standards can be retrieved by an intriguing caption. Here is a point well worth remembering. Whether for a photograph, painting or other work of art, a title serves little or no useful purpose if it merely describes what, by a cursory glance, is perfectly obvious to the eye.

Why not make the title work for you by giving it one or more of the following functions?

1. Let it expand and complement the theme of the picture.
2. Upon occasion make it introduce an opposing sense of life and movement to an inanimate subject.
3. Use it to bring the person viewing the picture more intimately into its mood.
4. To put added exhilaration into action subjects.
5. Devise it at times to inspire controversy or raise conjecture.
6. Put it to work adding historical, sentimental or inspirational motif to your pictorial effort.
7. Use it to lend added interest, or draw attention to a specific feature —to stir the imagination.

Without Originality

Recently at a photographic salon seven pictures bore the same title "Reflection". Each depicted a water scene with the inverted shimmering image of either a mountain, a group of trees, a lakeside shack, reeds or a boat. Appropriately titled? Admittedly, but lacking any sense of originality, minus any theme to expand the pictorial quality.

One of these pictures might have been titled "Mirror of King and Slave." What would be the effect? An impressionistic realization that this majestic scene was alike the privilege and joy of rich and poor . . . a greater breadth of interpretation.

Another of these pictures portrayed the silent grandeur of a mountain reflected in motionless water. Why not title it, "I passed by Your Window"? By so doing you introduce the human note, the personal pronoun "I". You augment the stilly quietness of the scene with a relevant yet opposing sense of human movement—of someone passing by—you achieve a psychological purpose.

The titling of pictures of a religious nature calls for unusual delicacy. Maybe you have an excellent reproduction of the altar and choir stalls of your local church. Why not preserve the atmosphere by using a religious quotation? The Bible, Book of Common Prayer or Hymn book will provide countless phrases to expand the pictorial qualities of your print. For instance, "Lord, Thy Servant Heareth" lends added dignity, puts the words of a prayer into the viewer's mind — creates an added warmth of understanding.

To assist in titling landscape and sea studies, flowers and still life, the whole world's library of yesteryears is at your command. Buy a 25c copy of Pocket Book Quotations (Pocket Books Inc. New York). You'll find it paragraphed into hundreds of subsections, one of which may quickly be found to fit the mood and subject of your picture and provide a colorful title.

Photography, art, music and literature are means of cultural expression—why not use the phrases of the world's literary masters to complement your artistic interpretation? Don't be satisfied merely to title a sunset with the obvious "Sundown" or "Evening." A phrase such as "Quickly Fading Glory" adds an imperative sense both of movement and mutability, suggests something to be enjoyed while there is still time.

For the titling of dramatic or action shots where there is alredy an essence of motion, single staccato words can often be used with telling effect to accelerate the tempo. "Whoopee" — "Jazz" — "Bingo" — "Scram"—"Helter Skelter," and similar words have a speeding influence on pictorial action. The phrase "Pell-Mell" seems to add impetus to the frothy turbulence of water dashing through rocky rapids.

Statues, memorials and other historic structures can often be portrayed with surprising effect against dramatic skies. Few photographers have visited the Canadian capital without capturing the sculptured bronze of the memorial to heroes of the First World War. Pictures of this type deserve a title of historical allusion or association. A phrase could be selected from Colonel McCrae's much-quoted poem reminiscent of the 1914-18 conflict — with simple telling effect the words "We throw the torch" — the allegory is then complete.

There are often times when it is desirable to title pictures in a manner appropriate to the locale in which they are to be hung. Pictures for a music room seem to require an appropriate musical term. "Largo" well interprets the smooth flowing water of a brook. "Intermezzo" transmits the message traced by a burst of spring sunshine gleaming on melting snow. Tall weeds or grasses swaying at a lake's edge or river curve are a veritable "String Ensemble." It's a stimulating process this creation of a liaison between mood of the picture and the character of its room setting.

Portraits are among the most difficult pictures to title for Salon purposes. The automatic instinct is use of the model's own name. Within the circle of family and friends to whom the character and personality of "Sue" or "Jane" or "Nan" are familiar, this seems adequate, but the name barely stirs a ripple in the imagination of the stranger. Highlight some characteristic in the portrait—"The Smile That Lingers"—and some essence of the personality portrayed becomes vivid and alive; the onlooker carries a smile away with him.

Play with words and phrases with the same subtlety and perception you employ in the selection of your subject matter but bear in mind this important point—the time to decide on the title of a picture is before you commence to make it. Most fine photography and inspiring art begins with an Idea and a Plan.

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Shareholders of the above companies of record December 15th, 1945 will be given the privilege of purchasing shares of Giant Yellowknife Gold Mines Limited. Details of this offering will be announced at a later date.

Shareholders are urged, in order to facilitate this offering, to have certificates registered in their own names before December 15th, 1945, as application forms will be mailed to registered shareholders only and will not be assignable.

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December 3rd, 1945.

THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

The Romantic Story of Counting From Fingers to Logarithms

THE RIVER MATHEMATICS, by Alfred Hooper. (Oxford, $4.50.)

THE gradual increase of knowledge concerning numbers and measurement is compared by the author to a great river which has received rills and creeks and small streams from all points of the compass. Then he goes upstream to the head-waters to find the beginnings of things like arithmetic, algebra, geometry, etc. and makes an historical journey back. He puts human-interest into subjects that usually are considered dullish.

One must believe that the boys in Malvern School who had Mr. Hooper as their teacher greatly valued him he was so full "of many curious facts about the square on the hypotenuse." Certainly the air-force boys valued him, when the British Government put him into uniform and let him go on with his teaching. And now anybody can enjoy him in this happy and useful treatise, running from the abacus to calculus.

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Mr. Churchill Speaks

THE DAWN OF LIBERATION, by Winston Churchill. (McClelland & Stewart, $3.75.)

HERE is a collection of Mr. Churchill's speeches, messages and broadcasts from February 1944 to the end of that year. It supplements other volumes of similar design, and let no one think it is a mere book of reference. The weight of events was heavy, but the utterances of the Prime Minister, however serious, had moments of lightness in satire and the grace of a high finish.

No Guide to Re-Education

MODERN GERMAN LITERATURE 1870-1940, by Victor Lange (Cornell University Press, $2.50 U.S.)

THE value of this book lies in its extensive bibliography of German literature translated into English. The textual part is disappointing in view of the fact that understanding the Germans through their literature is an essential if they are to be "re-educated." As it is, the book skirts rather than deals with problems, and this impression is reinforced by a style that is marred by impressive adjectives and cloudy generalities.

Why Bothers and a Must

By W. S. MILNE

THE MANATEE by Nancy Bruff. (Smithers and Bonellie, $3.00.)

METHINKS THE LADY by Guy Endore (Collins, $2.75.)

THE GAUNTLET by James Street. (Doubleday Doran, $3.00.)

THE hero, or villain, of the **Manatee** is its New England ship captain, Jabez Folger. This tale stems from **Moby Dick**, although it is without the intensity and concentration of Melville's masterpiece. Like Captain Ahab, Folger is a mad fellow, hag-ridden by an obsession springing from an incident in his past. The secret is talked about through three-quarters of the book, and when it is finally revealed, it doesn't come up to expectations. Folger's release from his curse, and his subsequent transformation and death, are neither convincing nor impressive. Emphasis throughout the book is placed on the captain's wife and children, and the way in which he affects their lives. The story is strongly written, but not subtly. At times the comic relief has a looseness of language that passes the bounds of literary good taste. The same might be said of some of the more serious passages too. The author is never reticent.

If one objects to the fleshiness and vulgarity of **The Manatee**, one had better leave **Methinks the Lady** severely alone. Its author, Guy (Werewolf of Paris) Endore, gives us the diary of a female schizophrenic on trial for a sex-murder which she thinks she may have committed. Her husband, a psycho-analyst, solves the killing in the last twenty pages. Much of the psycho-analytical stuff follows actual case-histories so closely that it reads like a burlesque of the profession. It's all sophomoric, and takes one back to the days when one simply had to have heard of Krafft-Ebing to keep in undergraduate intellectual swim. Krafft-Ebing, however, wrote with considerably more detachment than Mr. Endore.

After those two, **The Gauntlet** received a welcome which may have been greater than it merited, though I don't think so. This is a sincere and straightforward story of a young Baptist minister in a small mid-western community, and his attempts to steer clear of the rocks that congregational rivalries put in his path. He has ideas of his own for the good of the church, but he finds that he has to have about a pound of serpent to a pennyworth of dove in order to get his own way without falling foul of his deacons—and their wives.

His struggles to keep his spiritual and personal integrity and still lead his flock make a good yarn. Small-town pettinesses and ladies' aid intriguing are shown up without malice, though not less devastatingly on that account. Every church goer will recognize the types. Mr. Street was once a Baptist preacher himself, and he writes with authority and understanding. The story is not lacking in pathos and drama, but it is the human comedy that predominates. The book could easily have been a bitter satire; the material is there for one. Instead, it is written with tenderness and sympathy and a sense of humour. This is worth reading.

Honor For Raddall

AT a regular meeting of the Haliburton Club of King's College, Dr. James Martell moved, that Mr. Thomas Raddall, author of "His Majesty's Yankees," "Roger Sudden," "Tambour" and a score of other books, be made a fellow of the Haliburton Club.

In his address of motion Dr. Martell pointed out that Mr. Raddall was the ninth person to be made a Fellow of Haliburton in over 60 years of the club's life.. Dr. Martell mentioned four similarities between Radall and Haliburton: 1. Both have an intense local patriotism. 2. Both have written historical novels about Nova Scotia. 3. Both have written about Nova Scotia in their own day. 4. Both have the secret of finding the universal in the particular. The motion passed unanimously amid applause.

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased by postal or money order to "Saturday Night Book Service," 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto 1.

Mary S. Edgar, known to thousands of girls as their particular camp-lady. A book of her camp songs and nature-tales entitled "Wood Fire and Candle Light" has just been published.

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WHEN my world is ice-bound,
And the waste places of the earth
Are washed with whiteness,
I shall remember these days—
Not the heart-tugging beauty
Of Gypsy Autumn,
Nor the evanescent mist of the fag-end of summer,
But the leaf scent that spires
Like a benediction.

NORAH GODFREY

THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

The Technique Of The Poets Is Examined In a Long Poem

ESSAY ON RIME by Karl Shapiro. (McClelland & Stewart, $2.35.)

ON active service somewhere in the South Seas, far from books and literary talk, Karl Shapiro consulted with himself on modern poetry, dug from the deeps of his memory the work of a hundred writers, weighed and measured them in thought and in technique, and shaped his conclusions into a long poem, as if a violinist in Hell might absent himself from infelicity a while, in order to muse on Kreisler, Elman and the traditions of Kreutzer and Joachim.

Last year Mr. Shapiro received the Pulitzer prize for poetry, based on his two published volumes, "Person, Place and Thing" and "V Letter." He is now 31 years old; twice that in scholarship. This poem beats strangely on the ear, for it is not passion but argument; and knowing, classified argument, such as a high Professor of English might write in prose, if he had the wit. And that is a considerable "if". In a foreword the author writes, "To use

Language emotionally and not as number
Is my intention: my hope is to infuse
Criticism with pleasure, sense with clarity."

He succeeds, for the reader is carried along in pleasant rhythms, noting by the way rich word-music, happy figures, and sharp condensations. There is much in these two lines:

"Folksong is field-song and the stuff of fairies,
And Barbara Allens are not Highland Marys."

Possibly some proponents of "the free bird-song of the unlettered" may disagree.

And yet if poetry is not conscious art it is nothing.

Mr. Shapiro divides his essay into a study of three confusions; in prosody, in language and in belief.

His summary in two lines follows:

"I have tried to indicate no more than that
The aftermath of Poetry should be love."

•

For Horse-Lovers

A TOUCH OF GREATNESS, written and illustrated by C. W. Anderson. (Macmillans, $2.75.)

THE story of ten race-horses known and fancied on the race-tracks of America because of some quality of courage or understanding that made them win under difficulties. The names, which horsemen will recognize, are Display, Marriage, Market Wise, Dark Secret, Dawn Play, Bee Mac, Marguerite, Billy Barton, Bolingbroke and Wise Counsellor.

•

Veterans Confused

THREE MEN IN NEW SUITS, a novel, by J. B. Priestley. (Macmillans, $2.50.)

BACK in England and "demobbed", after a long period of flaming hell, three English boys, uncomfortable in their new "civies," come back home. The private, a former quarry-worker, is big and mentally a little clumsy. The corporal is the son of a farmer. The sergeant is a "toff," cadet of a County Family who had scorned the offer of a commission in order to stay with his fellow-musketeers. Their spiritual union is closer than that of brotherhood. Each knows and loves the other two better than he knows — and loves — himself.

Home is disappointing. Their dream of a new and comradely world is not realized. The private's wife has been unfaithful and is afraid to face him. The corporal's family has a farm — and a prospective wife — all ready for the prodigal; and he balks.

The sergeant finds all the old aristocratic attitudes as gawky and unreal as those of marionettes. In a word, the world is the same as ever; only the veterans have changed.

Mr. Priestley is too old a hand at story-telling to be uninteresting. His characters are as alive as he is, and almost as foggy. They all want to see selfishness purged from mankind and are looking, too hopefully, towards Russia. And at the end of the book here they still are, in a mental morass. The publishers call the book a tract for the times. But (one believes) a tract is intended to point out the way of salvation. This one doesn't.

•

Picture-Writing

YOU CAN WRITE CHINESE, by Kurt Weise. (Macmillans, $2.00.)

THE little American boy who starts to school in Chungking rises and bows, like the other children, when the teacher enters. But he is doubtful if he can learn to write with a brush instead of with a pen. The teacher explains that there is no alphabet in Chinese; only thirty-four different brush-strokes have to be learned. With these the writer draws pictures of words.

They don't look much like the things the words stand for. The word "sun" is a kind of square instead of a circle. If you draw a line under it, that line represents the horizon. The sun rising above the horizon is the sign for "dawn." And so it goes. The little boy learns that the signs for a mother and a child when put together mean our word "good." The sign for a pig with a roof over it means "prosperous" because a peasant who has a pig won't starve to death.

This is the most fascinating picture-book of the Christmas season.

•

Flying and Fighting

WARHAWK PATROL, by Rutherford G. Montgomery. Illustrated by Clayton Knight. (Musson, $1.25.)

LONG ago boys were thrilled by Dick Deadeye and other immortals who shot from the hip and came out of hairbreadth escapes as fresh as paint. Now the scene is the battle-front, anywhere and everywhere, so long as Yanks are clustered there. The hero is the same old marvel.

•

The Crime Calendar

By J. V. McAREE

EITHER Patrick Quentin's **Puzzle for Wantons** (Musson, $2.50) is very different from his other puzzle stories or our own tastes and judgment in such matters are very different from those of some other reviewers. For we have read some enthusiastic notices of the other books. Whatever merits **Puzzle for Wantons** may have are obscured from us by the simple but dominating fact that the story is flatly incredible from beginning to end . . . Much more to our liking is **You'll Be Sorry** by Samuel Rogers (Musson, $2.50) though credibility is not its strongest point either. Mr. Rogers is a master of suspense and has a sharp eye for character. This book is fully up to the standard of its predecessor **Don't Look Behind You . . . I, Said the Fly** (Musson, $2.50) is an English murder mystery by Elizabeth Ferrars, who, so far as we are concerned, is a newcomer. It is sufficiently baffling to satisfy.

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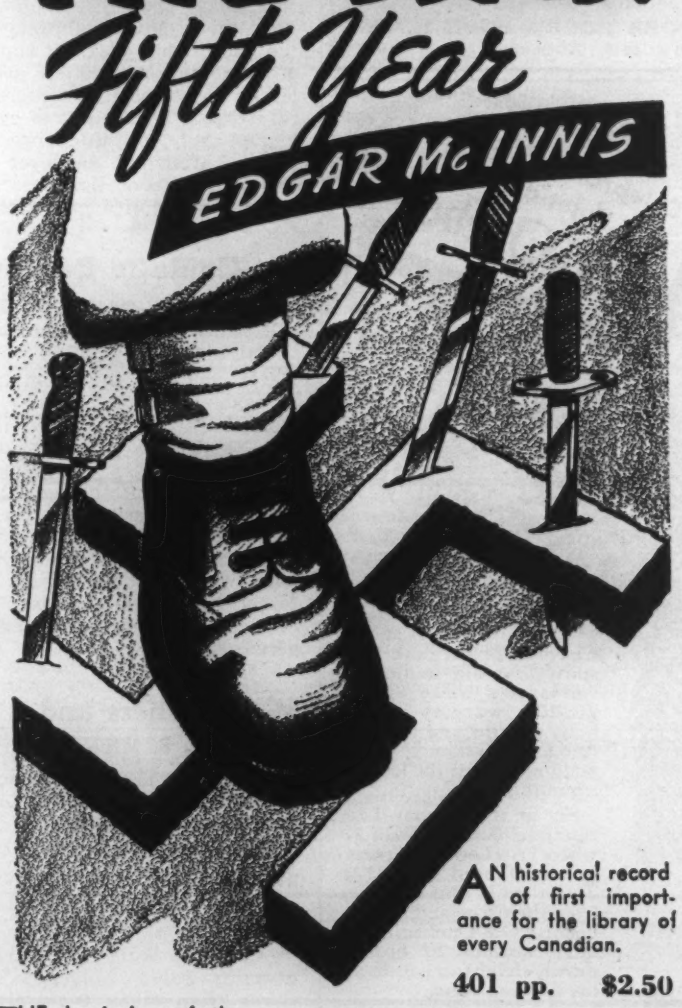

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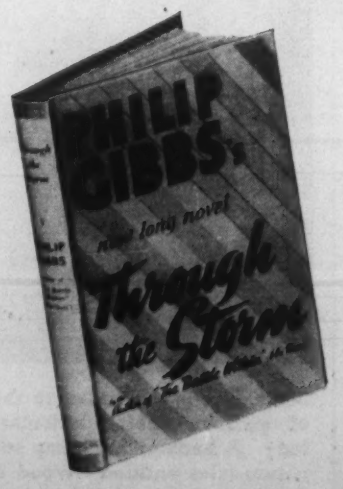

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THE BOOKSHELF

Nellie L. McClung Reviews Her Lively and Placid Course

THE STREAM RUNS FAST, by Nellie L. McClung. (Allen, $2.50)

TEN YEARS ago appeared "Clearing in the West," Nellie L. McClung's personal story up to the time of her marriage. In this book she goes on from the first peak of her life's adventure, past other peaks, to a place of green pastures, the doctors having told her she "is washed up and finished." But no one is "finished" whose typewriter dances so merrily, who can laugh at herself, who still can generate a hot scorn for injustice, and cruelty.

Her private life as a young woman centred in a succession of babies, a joyous round of housework and the pursuit of cookery as a science and an art. This last was a social necessity, and still is, in every community between Kenora and the Rocky Mountains. No man who visits the West frequently but is amazed to find a galaxy of inspired cooks in every community, large or small. So it is not surprising that when Mrs. McClung was defeated, after five years in the Alberta Legislature, she went on a cooking spree. "I was in another world, the pleasant, landlocked, stormless haven of double-boilers, jelly moulds, flour sifters . . . . Even the marmalade jars welcomed me back and asked no questions . . . . I had seen a lot more wear and tear than they had."

Part of this wear and tear had to do with the perennial fight against booze and the social disasters springing from it, with the indignation generated on learning that according to the law — years ago — a woman was not a person "in the meaning of the Act," with the hot campaign to find out what the Privy Council thought of such nonsense. Then there was the question of votes for women. Sir Rodmond Roblin, Premier of Manitoba, held, with much oratorical flapdoodle, that women's place was in the home. When a deputation of women came before the Cabinet to ask for the vote he denied them that small favor. Then the women, being as clever as they were earnest, put on a burlesque in the Walker Theatre in Winnipeg. It was based on the assumption that the Legislature was an all-women institution, and that a deputation of men was timidly asking for the vote. Mrs. McClung assumed the role of the Prime Minister and her imitation of Roblin "laid 'em in the aisles."

A jolly book with enough pathos and sentiment to balance it; a book close to the heart of the Little People of this great land, who made it, and, please God, will sustain it forever as a land of freedom and hope.

•

A Rouser

THUNDERBOATS HO! by Rutherford G. Montgomery, illustrated by E. Franklin Wittmack. (Musson, $1.25.)

ARMED motor speed-boats in the South Pacific did much execution against Japanese shipping early in the war. This is the tale of a task-force of four such "sea-poodles" which did exploits almost as remarkable as if the tale were true. For in this last war fiction lagged behind reality. The book is well printed and the writing has knowledge behind it. Excellent for boys' reading.

•

Cat and Fish

THE ANTIQUE CAT, by Bianca Bradbury. Pictures by Diana Thorne and Connie Moran. (Winston, $2.50.)

THE lady in the antiques shop picked up and cherished an alley cat with no pride of ancestry but with plenty of intelligence. At nights, after the shop was closed, he chose the show-window as his home, being appreciative of an audience for his tricks. But the lady put in the window an old doll which she had dressed and trimmed to admiration, even giving it a wig of golden hair, fastened on with fish-glue. And the cat smelled the fish! A lively and humorous picture book for ten-year-olds.

•

Anything May Happen

13 THREE BRIDGE STREET, by Dorothea Moore. (Musson, $1.25.)

A GIRL of fourteen leaves England for a school on the Continent but runs into adventure. There is a revolutionary plot, an abduction and no end of excitement for all and sundry. A girl's thriller.

•

Fine Boy's Book

HIGH BARBAREE, a novel, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. (McClelland & Stewart, $2.00.)

THE only survivor of a plane that crashed in the Pacific found himself on an island that he had heard of and dreamed about all his life. It was Turnbull's Island, sighted twice in the early days of the Nantucket whaling expeditions, but never since; an island the very existence of which was doubted by the Navigation books. And here, in company of a missionary and some Polynesian natives the sailor (from Iowa), far from the salt water that his ancestors loved, found adventure and the climax of his childhood romance. The fantasy is well-developed, the writing is graceful and the tale will hold a boy, young or old to the end.

•

Caricatures

PERSISTENT FACES, by William Steig. (Collins, $2.00.)

TYPE individuals in social life have been subjected to caricature for ages. Steig does an old game in a new way, by emphasizing one feature of a face and drooping the secondary features anywhere but where they belong, his drawing imitating the technique of a four-year-old child. A fat-headed public thinks this is "modern" and murmurs "How clever!" This reviewer's opinion—a cherished, personal thing—is that if Mr. Steig should jump in the lake taking his works with him the loss to international humor and high art would not be appreciable.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Classics By Master Composers Dominate Recent Concerts

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THE manner in which the old masters still dominate the musical scene was demonstrated in five programs in Toronto last week. No less than four of the greater works of Beethoven were heard. There were also Schubert's greatest chamber composition, and compositions by Bach, Handel, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Berlioz, Wagner, Scarlatti, Gluck and Chopin. The Russians were to the fore also with numbers not only by Tschaikovsky, but by Dargomijsky, Gretchnaninoff, Borodin, Glière and Rachmaninoff. Altogether one might make a fairly comprehensive survey of the development of music (apart from opera) merely by using compositions heard last week as illustrations.

Though other great symphonists have arisen since his time the radiant kingship of Beethoven was demonstrated in the audience's response to a Toronto Symphony Orchestra program devoted exclusively to his music, conducted by Ettore Mazzoleni with the great South American pianist, Claudio Arrau as guest soloist. A vast assemblage seemed to get more pure enjoyment than from any other orchestral program this season.

The conductor's buoyant temperament, analytic grasp and complete expressional control were splendidly demonstrated, as were the fine tonal quality and plastic response of the orchestra. Never has Mr. Mazzoleni shown his individuality as a conductor quite so effectively as in the 7th symphony.

Though personally I derive much pleasure from those of even numbers (especially the neglected 4th), it has been truly said, that, barring No. 1, the grandeur of Beethoven is best exemplified in the odd-number symphonies, 3rd, 5th, 7th and 9th. At one time the 7th though lauded by other composers, foremost of whom was Wagner, was not so popular as the other three; but modern taste has changed that attitude. Today there are fewer Beethoven works which music lovers so eagerly welcome, none which more fully realizes the concept of Beethoven as a creative giant of unlimited power and resource. It is the most consistently dynamic not only of his own works but of all symphonies. When first played at Vienna on December 1813, the composer was in despair over the certainty that he was doomed to permanent deafness, but it had been written two years previously when hope had not left him. Even in gentler moments it is full of vigor and joy, and in its last movement the sustained surge of its rhythm is prodigious. But while there is terrific nervous force in its varying use of tonal volume, the atmosphere of the whole work is Olympian. Mr. Mazzoleni has an instinct for building subtle and noble climaxes, and this gift had free sway in the Finale.

The Fourth Concerto

Modern taste has recently shown a tendency to rectify a lapse in enthusiasm for Beethoven's 4th Piano Concerto, which began after it was overshadowed, in superficial grandiose aspects, by its successor commonly known as the "Emperor Concerto". The 4th has been termed a "soft-spoken concerto" and though Liszt and other great men loved it, its lack of virtuosic opportunities long kept it in the background. But it offers pianists of the higher order opportunities for expression beyond virtuosity. It has emotional, intimate attributes that enable it to convey a spiritual message. The revival of appreciation is evident in the fact that Arthur Rubinstein surpassed all previous efforts in his work with T.S.O. last season; and last week Claudio Arrau was playing the Concerto again to an audience which loved it the more because they knew it better. Mr. Arrau literally "has everything," loveliness of touch, glory of tone and brilliant, infallible execution. He had a chance to reveal something else, refined and exalted poetic fervor. Beethoven deliberately contrasted the tenderness of the solo voice with a more acrid tone in the orchestra and then brought them together in glowing fusion. The subtleties of the work were nobly brought forth by both pianist and conductor. Needless to say the orchestra gave a fine and eloquent rendering of the Overture "Leonora No. 3", of all works of Beethoven the most frequently played, but of which music lovers never tire.

Sylvia Dickler

The other Beethoven masterpiece last week was his "Hammerklavier" Sonata, opus 109, played by a young New York pianist Sylvia Dickler, at Eaton Auditorium. The rendering was somewhat immature for a work of such contrapuntal exactions, and her rendering was rather timid. But she has two gifts that should carry her on a career, a large and beautiful tone, and a fine musical temperament. Her courage was shown in her presentation of so virtuosic a work as Liszt's transcription of Bach's Toccata and Fugue in A minor, in which she made a fairly good showing. Miss Dickler did not really relax until her program was well underway; her freedom of style and grace in nuance were demonstrated in the Chopin Nocturne in E flat and two profoundly interesting Preludes by Rachmaninoff. She also played "Eight Dedications" by the Canadian modernist Charles Jones who handles dissonances with refinement and underlying melodic inspiration.

Chamber Music

At the Conservatory of Music last week an extended series of chamber concerts known as "Wednesday Five O'Clocks" was begun by the Parlow String Quartet. This foremost of Canadian chamber organizations consists of Kathleen Parlow, 1st violin; Samuel Hersenhoren 2nd violin; Michael Barten, viola and Isaac Mamott, 'cello. The singular beauty of its ensemble tone, and the balance Miss Parlow achieves by subduing her uniquely powerful style have been alluded to in the past. As the principal work was Schubert's last composition, the Quintet for strings in C major, an extra 'cellist in the person of Cornelius Ysseltyn was

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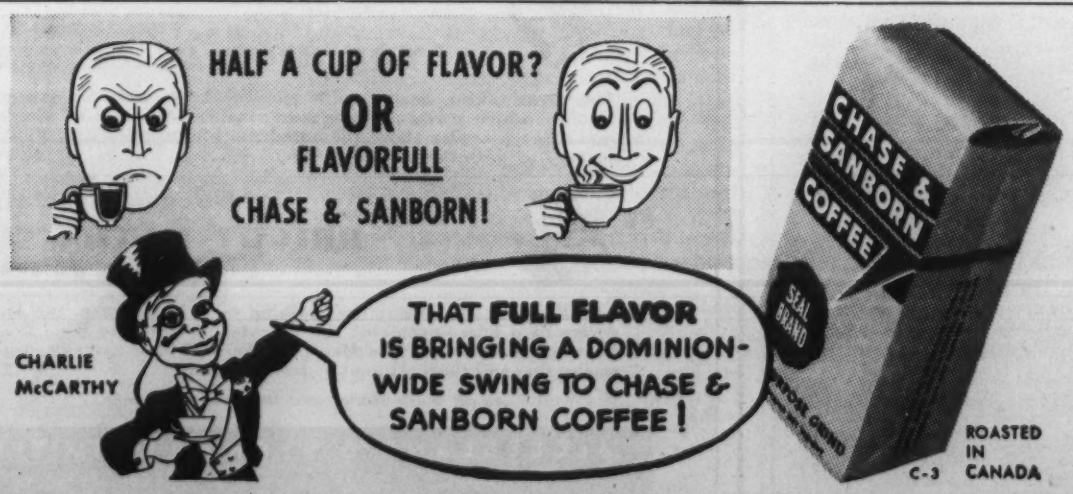

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added. The manner in which Schubert managed to utilize two deep toned instruments without disturbing balance of tone, has been accepted as evidence that in the last year of his life he had so mastered technique of instrumentation that he was on the eve of very great achievements. The composition itself is perfect. It was nobly and expressively played.

The other work was a novelty "Theme and Variations" from a very early quartet by the Russian composer Reinhold Glière, 1875-1926. It has been the fate of Glière to be known in America solely through the spirited and emphatic Sailors' Dance from "The Red Poppy." But the greater part of his work was symphonic. The excerpt selected by Miss Parlow shows his truly distinguished quality.

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THE WORLD OVER

FILM AND THEATRE

Another Of Those Amnesia Cases That Seem To Be All The Rage

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

"LOVE Letters" has to do with amnesia, a condition which seems to be all the rage this season. It's about an English officer in Italy (Joseph Cotten) who writes love-letters for a fellow officer to a girl in England (Jennifer Jones,) — I can't explain why, because the amnesia in this picture seems to be catching and there are a lot of blank spaces which you will have to fill in for yourselves. Anyway the girl falls madly in love with the pseudo-author of the letters and marries him the minute he gets back to England.

In the meantime Alan, the actual letter-writer, has fallen in love with his unknown correspondent, and when he gets back to England he finds that the bridegroom has been mysteriously killed and Victoria has retired into a state of amnesia and can't even remember her own name. See, clear as mud!

Victoria, an obviously flighty girl, now falls just as madly in love with Alan. He is perfectly willing to marry her too, in spite of the fact that she is noticeably deranged and will probably lose what remains of her reason if she finds out he really wrote those letters. (Sorry, but I can't explain this either, as my memory comes up against another blank space at this point of the story.) Anyway, Victoria's memory gradually filters back and as it turns out she didn't kill her first husband after all.

This meritorious act was performed by her loving guardian (Gladys Cooper) when husband No. 1 got nasty over Victoria's habit of poring over the love-letters he hadn't written in the first place. More than that, she's delighted to discover that husband No. 2 was the real author of the letters; so that when you leave her finally her reason is restored, even if your own is noticeably reeling.

Tortured Twistings

As you can see it's difficult to get even the outline of this involved story into lean, convincing prose. The best one can manage is to follow its tortured meanderings from a safe distance. In fact the whole thing is so bewilderingly plotted that it might be simpler just to neglect anything the author may have had in mind and figure it all out to suit yourself, always bearing in mind that Mr. Rudolf Hess was able to fool half-a-dozen distinguished psychiatrists into believing that his memory went completely blank at a point convenient to himself.

My own theory is that Victoria knew perfectly well what had happened all along; in fact that she disposed of husband No. 1 herself. This is borne out by Jennifer Jones's performance, and particularly by her peculiar habit of batting her eyes knowingly whenever it is necessary to produce an effect of whoppering innocence. Joseph Cotten manages to get through his trying role creditably, though an actor of less poise and self-command would probably have twitched with embarrassment during the reading of these love-letters, which sound as though they had come straight from the pen of Mrs. Faith Baldwin.

His One Idea Persists

"Colonel Blimp" runs to Blimpish size and length but is quite a wonderful example of the type of film the British studios feel to be not only worth doing, but worth doing superlatively well. Blimp himself is a British institution and the British race loves its institutions, however deplorable or ridiculous they may appear to the rest of the world, and even to the British themselves. As a result "Colonel Blimp" lacks the savagery of caricature and becomes the sort of intimate character study that an affectionate nephew might indulge in at the expense of a rather preposterous old uncle.

In the film he is Clive Candy, veteran of the Boer War and World War I and bewildered participant in World War II; the type of invincibly idealistic and unenlightened Empire Maker who never does a wrong or stupid thing except from the highest possible motives.

The film has a good deal the quality of "Punch" humor — leisurely, tolerant, unsurprising and warmed by loving appreciation of the national character. Clive Candy, gallant V.C. of the Boer War is middle-aged in World War I and a saddening anachronism in World War II. Throughout his long life however nothing affects his changeless temperament and no single new idea ever finds its way through the limpid depths of his stupidity. Amusing and affecting as it is however, "Blimp" is an imperfect characterization, since it neglects or lovingly under-estimates the exasperating and dangerous qualities of its hero. At the same time it is a film with a very special flavor of understanding and taste and it is so beautifully produced and acted that it will probably leave you agreeing with Cartoonist Low (though against your better judgment), that "stupid people are not necessarily hateful. In fact some stupid people are quite nice."

• •

A Situation But Hardly a Play

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

"A JOY FOREVER" is a rather high-minded little comedy about a neglected artist who is suddenly subjected to violent public recognition. And since the artist is played by Guy Kibbee, a wonderful old hand at depicting the extremes of jollity and indignation, it should be a lively and entertaining play.

As it turns out, unfortunately, it is rather uncertain and long drawn out, possibly because the author, Vincent McConnor, mistook a situation for a play. To keep things going till curtain time he has filled the stage with a variety of odd characters, few of whom have anything but the vaguest relation to the plot—a pair of old gaffers, one of whom confidently expects to die on his seventy-eighth birthday and is rather let down to find himself surviving; a guard from an old folks' home, afflicted by the itch; a former female model, grown stout and violently blonde; a magnificent male model in a coat of sun tan and a loin-cloth, who is startling, muscularly, but rather static as a comedian.

All these people do their best to create the illusion that something is happening on the stage but they can't disguise the fact that nothing that happens is very interesting or very funny. At its present stage "A Joy Forever" doesn't look quite strong enough to be about in public. What it obviously needs is the attention of a good qualified play doctor.

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THE DRESSING TABLE

On the Scent of the Christmas Gift that is Purely Personal

By ISABEL MORGAN

AS LONG as cosmetics and toiletries flourish—and remember, they were old when Cleopatra dipped her fingers in henna and painted her eyelids with kohl—no one needs to spend too much time hovering over a gift list in blank confusion.

Cosmetics include many things to make bathing fragrant and pleasant, big boxes of dusting powder with giant puffs, soap, terry cloth bath mitts for tub or shower, bath oils. There are make-up kits filled with the cosmetics she uses, and they come in varying degrees of simplicity and elaboration—and price. The tools and preparations needed for the complete manicure are grouped together in attractive and convenient cases. There are colognes, the lighter version of perfume to be used generously, which many women prefer for daytime use. Then there is the luxury gift of—

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Dulcinea . . . a Jasmin bouquet, very feminine, light and pleasantly conservative; Risque . . . amber musk, one of those uninhibited perfumes usually described by the word "smouldering," that belong in reserve with black satin dresses, long black gloves, for the social side of life; Heartbeat . . . a floral blend that is festive but not sultry. (Leigh).

White Flame . . . sparkling, very sophisticated and so new she probably hasn't had it on her dressing table before; Heaven-Sent . . . . . flowery yet subtle, began its career as a cologne and only recently made its appearance in perfume; Apple Blossom . . . orchard fresh, also familiar as a cologne, delightful for all ages, all types, all degree of acquaintance; Town . . . urbane stuff for the city sophisticate; Country, said to have captured fragrance of autumn woods. These latter are to be had in miniature sizes in a twin set. (Helena Rubinstein).

Yu . . . in the French tradition of quality and elegance, a rich and dramatic fragrance for formal occasions; Pink Clover . . . a breath from sun-drenched fields of clover. Appeals to all types, all ages of women; Honeysuckle . . . gentle and sweet. Romantic minded lasses like it. (Harriet Hubbard Ayer).

Audace . . . Sparkling and fresh, a natural for the woman who likes outdoor sports; Comete . . . warm, very individual, nice to wear with furs; Horizon . . . languorous fragrance for after sundown. Can be bought separately in large sizes, also as a trio box in small sizes to give her a choice. (Dorel).

A Bientôt . . . for the woman who is chic and gay; Tweed . . . a breath of the outdoors, but the outdoors of meadow and moor rather than that of woods and flowers, a perfume accent for the tailleur; Shanghai . . . modernized version of an Oriental perfume with undertones of musk; Gardenia . . . sweet and heady with the rich essence of gardenia, a few drops to be used with discretion; Miracle . . . spicy, Oriental, verging on the exotic and very worldly. (Lentheric).

Nosegay . . . sweet, romantic as a parasol; Flutter . . . a light fragrance, very youthful. (Dorothy Gray).

Fleurs D'Amour . . . something new by a well-known old firm, it's a dry perfume to be dabbed on the skin, or a few grains dropped in a pocket, handbag, or other strategic places. (Roger & Gallet).

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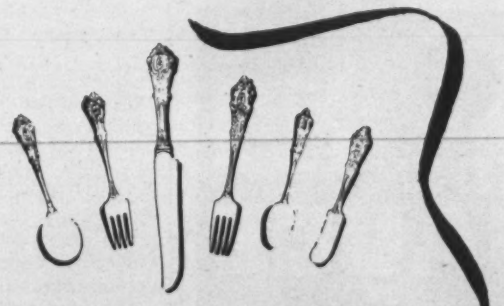

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By HELEN LEWIS

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I used to amuse myself reading horoscopes till events caused me to abandon such a seemingly harmless waste of time. This, unfortunately, didn't prevent my friends from still demanding character readings despite my admissions that I knew practically nothing about astrology.

Then, one day, I inadvertently discovered a short, convenient cut to character analysis. Having been invited to a cocktail party given by a bachelor host, whom I had yet to meet, I somehow found myself ushered into his bathroom instead of the drawing-room. Sometimes this happens. Here it was easy to tabulate my host—a hypochondriac, of course. Neat little rows of bottles, pills, medicines, combs and brushes, all sizes and shapes, plus an electric bicycle with triple speed controls, gave me all the necessary clues. Almost anyone over the age of five would have been able to give a correct analysis of this man's character. Obviously my host would be meticulous, methodical to the point of fussiness—a man who never acted on impulse, made hasty or rash decisions—and who took fanatical care of himself.

So when Isabel crossed our path and my husband became interested in her magnificent qualities, I listened without rancor, and decided she must be a paragon of glamour plus household efficiency.

Everyone realizes the importance of exquisite bedroom manners, but immaculate bathroom manners cannot be underestimated for it seems here one's selfishness, sloppiness, carelessness and many unpleasant characteristics that are even indicative of nationality often come to light.

For instance, in an average Canadian home where one bathroom is shared by husband and wife, usually the entire space is so occupied by the woman that all trace of any masculine occupancy has been removed.

Sometimes, when I have since had occasion to visit Isabel's bathroom, I often wonder if Bob lives there at all—if he is forced to shave and bathe in the maid's bathroom, or at the kitchen sink.

Not that Isabel would be guilty of any crude bathroom indecencies such as leaving hair nets, hair curlers or anything unglamourous around or the unforgivable sin of hairs in the basin or the top off the toothpaste. It's just the effort of having to plow through the rosy fragrance of Isabel's bathroom personality that may, or may not, conflict with your own—the untidy mess of face powder, perfume bottles, lipsticks, bath mitts. bubble baths, negligees, bedroom sandals, books, letters and bills strewn around in unpredictable places there. And then I realize she has captured one of those truly rare creatures—a Canadian husband who submits, without protest, to having no private life.

Those Englishmen

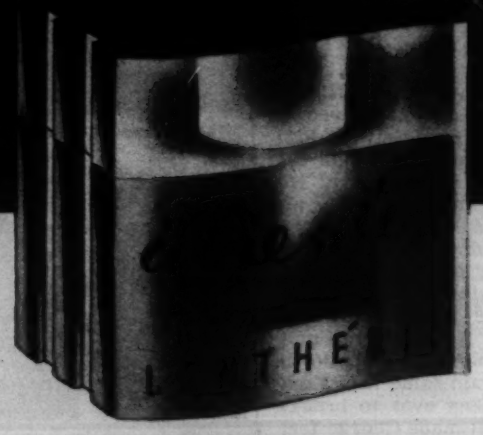
Now, mine is one of those Englishmen, and while a confirmation of British fair play and honor in other matters, try and get him to share the bathroom on a fifty-fifty basis. I am expected to keep my cosmetics and paraphernalia anywhere except in the bathroom—though Hector's shaving utensils, face lotions, tonics, atomizers, tennis rackets and fishing tackle, he considers standard equipment. And, if in the morning, I should wish to change my routine or knock gently on the door, awaiting my turn, while Hector is still reading the morning paper in the bathtub, heaven help me.

Will some woman better than I who has solved this problem explain how to keep a man from maintaining a bachelor bathroom after marriage?

But perhaps I have answered my own question and my bathroom astrology has netted me something, for I am leaving Hector so he may marry Isabel and I can go shopping for Bob . . . . . .

Because of its adaptability to all types of hat, because it is attractive when viewed from all angles, this hair-do has much to commend it. Hair stylists predict popularity for the semi-pompadour style.

The hair is parted on the right side and waved back from the brow in loose, sculptured waves to the chignon at nape of the neck. The chignon is also slightly waved and a deep dip comes in back of the ear.



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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Captain Christy Comes Home to the Welcome of an Old Friend

By DORA CONOVER

THE telephone! Shrilling like an impatient siren!

George struggled out of a restless sleep in which he had been vainly trying to keep step with a smart, young, khaki-clad officer and his big hand pawed frantically for the telephone beside the bed.

"Hello, hello—" he cried, his deep voice husky with sleep and excitement.

There was no answer, only the buzzing of an empty line. Perhaps there had been no ringing. Perhaps it had just been a part of his jittery dreams. But now he was awake he might as well take another look at that telegram. He'd not be able to sleep again.

He switched on the light and winced as the first thing he saw was the note from the managing editor. The opportunity of a life time, but not for him. He chucked it firmly into the drawer of the little table so as not to have to look at it again until absolutely necessary. After all it was a bit thick, expecting a man to give up the one thing he longed for most and at a time like this too!

He deliberately studied the meagre information on the telegram. Nothing further there—only the fact that it had come day before yesterday and that was enough time for a troop train to have arrived from the coast. He was still clutching the phone—might as well use it. District Headquarters couldn't be any more fed up with his inquiries than he with hearing nothing.

After being passed from one crisp military voice to another he finally reached an official who felt it was within his duty to give a definite detail or two, "Yes, a troop train has just come in.....Captain Brown? .....Let me see, yes—there's a Captain John Brown, two of them, and a Captain Hardingsly Brown—"

"No, no, this is Christy—Captain Christy Brown!"

A.M. Arrival

"Christy? Mnn—why sure—here it is. I was looking at the wrong list. Arrived ten minutes ago."

"Damn!" exploded George, "I mean, thanks!" He whacked down the receiver.

Just like Christy not to let him know definitely so he wouldn't insist on getting out of bed at 5 a.m. to go down to the station.

He looked about the room and wondered how Christy would like being back in the confining space of the worn but comfortable apartment which they had shared so congenially before the war had broken their companionship. Wondered if after three years in the army, Christy might not have grown to prefer the spacious liveliness of the Officer's Mess.

If only he, George, had been the one accepted when they went to enlist! Or if they both could have gone. That would have been something like—and not looked so damned odd! But no, big and husky as he was, he had to be the old crock with the flat feet and the questionable heart while Christy, only two years younger and half his size, passed with Pullans number one. Did a darned good job on Public Relations too, equal to any man. Brains, ability, courage. That's what it took. That's what Christy had plenty of. But what would it take to settle back to the routine of the reportorial staff? The grind of a daily newspaper was all very well for a good-natured old plugger like himself (else why should everyone take it so for granted) but not for Christy's brilliant talent.

George's conscience smote him. He opened the drawer where he had stuffed the managing editor's note with its fabulous offer. No routine grind there! Not something which could be left about to be considered at one's leisure either—too many ready to snap it up. Still he was the one the editor had chosen to speak to first and if he himself hadn't chosen to mention that Christy would be available—well—there it was!

Troop Train

And now there was this business of Christy actually having arrived in the city and not even letting him know. Perhaps deciding to go off with some army chums first. He should have remembered Christy always hated to break away from the crowd. He should have met every troop train since the wire arrived, even if it meant standing the rest of the night on the station platform after working till 2 a.m. on the universal desk. If only he'd been down there when the train came in—taken the whole jolly gang over to breakfast at Murray's. It made George feel old, uneasy, left out of things. He slid the drawer shut, tentatively but tightly.

He flung out of bed and the cold floor curled his bare toes. He grunted a bit as he leaned to scrabble about for slippers. He'd certainly put on weight. Christy would kid him about that but there wasn't much inducement to physical exercise on that same universal desk nor time for mental relaxation either, not in war time when one man had to do the work of two. Christy would undoubtedly find him dull company, an old "desk hack".

He was jerked out of his gloom by the impatient trilling of the telephone. He almost dropped the receiver in his hurry. Yes, it was Christy! So that other call might have been real after all!

"Hi, George, where've you been? Same old Sleeping Beautv, eh? I rang and rang as soon as we got in but couldn't raise you and there was a line-up for the phone. Six of us managed to snaffle a taxi up north and they're going to drop me off. Be there in fifteen minutes flat—all set for a bath and some bacon and, hey, what about my civvies? Can't wait to climb back into them. Be seeing you, old dear!"

George whooped into action like a huge, jovial bruin. As he pawed in the crowded clothes closet for his most presentable dressing gown, he took a special glance at Christy's things. No moths, not that he could see. Yes, they'd be nice to get into again, light and easy—even gay—after khaki.

He shuffled rapidly to the kitchenette and started the coffee and bacon, thinking how lucky he'd been to get that bacon and how glad that he'd saved it. He set the table and plugged

(*Continued on Next Page*)

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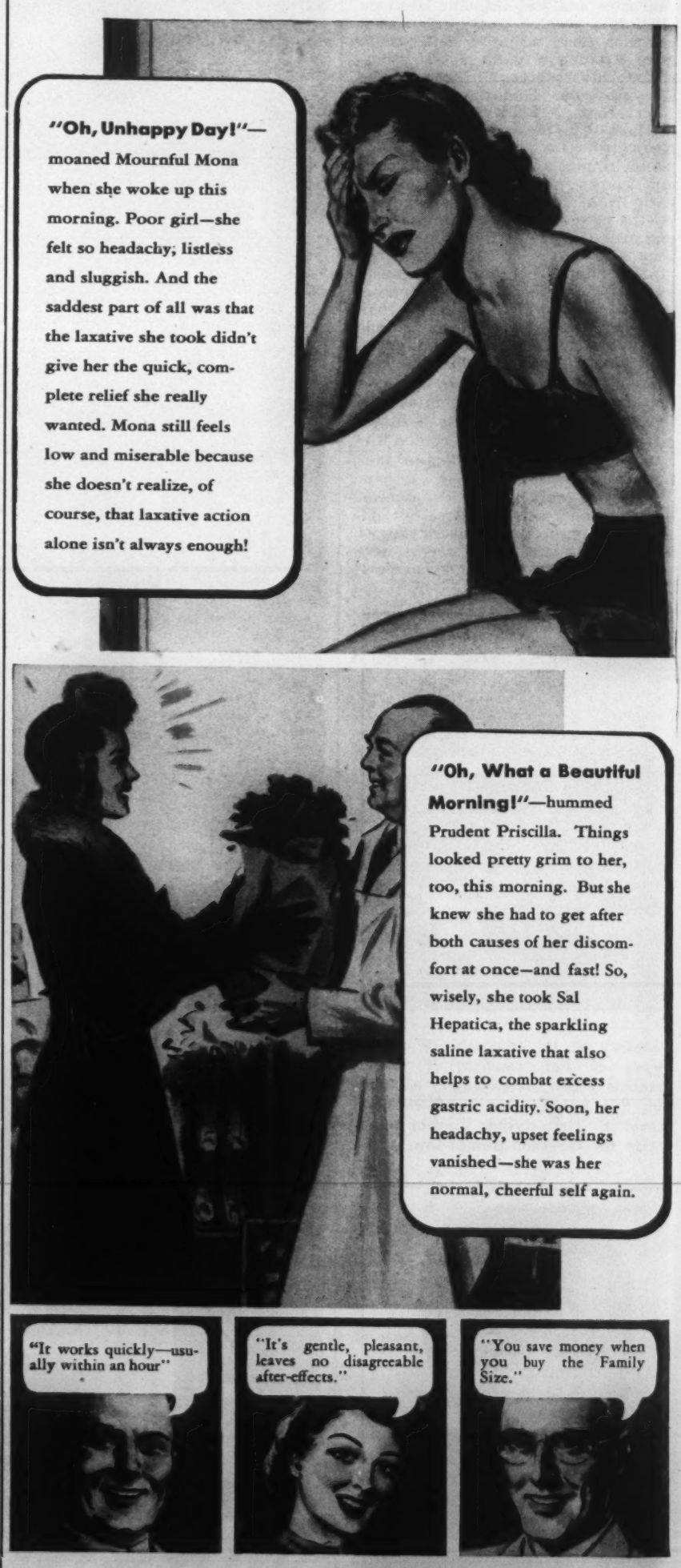
"Oh, Unhappy Day!"—moaned Mournful Mona when she woke up this morning. Poor girl—she felt so headachy, listless and sluggish. And the saddest part of all was that the laxative she took didn't give her the quick, complete relief she really wanted. Mona still feels low and miserable because she doesn't realize, of course, that laxative action alone isn't always enough!
"Oh, What a Beautiful Morning!"—hummed Prudent Priscilla. Things looked pretty grim to her, too, this morning. But she knew she had to get after both causes of her discomfort at once—and fast! So, wisely, she took Sal Hepatica, the sparkling saline laxative that also helps to combat excess gastric acidity. Soon, her headachy, upset feelings vanished—she was her normal, cheerful self again.
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We Remember Opal Who Turned Us Into a Family of Fire Eaters

By ALLAN J. WELLS

MAIDS being what they are today I often fall to reminiscing about the one we used to have. She was a jewel and her name was Opal and she had her moods.

Opal came to us from Heaven out of a want ad. On her first interview her only remark was that she considered the living room rather *intrikit* to dust. We hadn't thought of the living room in quite that light before but however we came to terms and Opal to our bosom.

Hailing from the West Indies our jewel was given to condiments. Our first dinner, which we ate with great gusto directed toward the kitchen, was from a little recipe whose ingredients were tabasco sauce, cayenne pepper, plus a liberal shot of Worcestershire. After dinner and six glasses of ice water but still smoking at the gills, we had a little informal chat in the kitchen about "plain cooking" and how dull Canadian food was but we liked it anyway.

The following day was a bit strained and we awaited dinner with our stomachs very jittery and full of butterflies. The soup came—it was delicious — not like any soup we'd ever tasted, but good. Everyone began to relax—even the butterflies. Little did we know that the poor things had been consumed as with a flame thrower but we knew as soon as our benumbed brain could resume communications with our tongue. The message it flashed was Water, Water! Owing to the fact that we don't hold with beating our maid at table, and also that our tongues were incapable of speech, the rest of the meal continued in the same hellish vein.

After dinner another little chat in the kitchen—just one in a series that went on and on. Finally we got used to the food and now we look back and drool for something spicy, something with some taste to it. Everything we eat now is so flat.

Parties Opal adored. She chatted with the guests, cracked jokes and nipped into a cocktail every time she went back to the kitchen to get some hot food. She was always very interested in the guest list for a party and when she liked the guests the food was wonderful. If, on the other hand, the list didn't contain a fair percentage of her favorite people the food, though still good, wasn't as hot. Friendship and heat seemed to go together as far as Opal was concerned and who am I to say she was wrong?

It was really when Opal's favorites came to dinner that she outdid herself. Her *chef d'oeuvre* was a dessert and called, so I was informed rather haughtily as though I should have known, "Grapefruit de Luxe." It was that and more. In fact it was the most deluxe bit of fruit I've ever bitten into—that is, if you could find it under all the meringue and other fixings. The whole thing was a complicated mélange of a sort of grapefruit Baked Alaska.

The rest of the meal usually suffered on these occasions because the whole success of this little item depended on cold ice cream, hot ovens and split second timing. It even reached the point where you were liable to have your salad whisked from under your fork in order that this triumph might appear in all its hot and cold glory. But it was worth it, in fact it was real tasty as they say in my part of the country.

And now, if you'll excuse me, I'm afraid we'll have to go and get lunch for the "woman" we pay five dollars a day—and car fare. She dusts the living room and hasn't mentioned it being the least bit *intrikit*. And she likes good plain Canadian cooking—curse her!

(Continued from preceding page)

in the toaster. He was a pretty good houseman if he did admit it himself. He'd always been the better cook of the two but Christy was quick and neat so the housework had been no problem between them even when both were working long hours on the paper. Boarding might have been easier but they'd felt the need of this place of their own where they could relax and be free to entertain their numerous friends. Pals! There'd never been a better pair than Christy and he!

Pals—and yet he'd been going to hold back on Christy. Hold back the offer of change and adventure and possible fame. Just the sort of thing that Christy was suited for. And just the sort of thing that had to be nabbed at once before someone else grabbed it! Had that been his real hope in holding back? He stiffened at the realization. Then he firmly retrieved the note and spread it ostentatiously open at the place he had set for Christy.

Welcome, Christy!

He had only just finished drawing a long breath after this act when there was the sound of many marching feet on the stairs, along with a babble of banter and laughter.

Good Lord, Christy was bringing the whole battalion. What a soldier!

George swooped to the door with a tea-towel streaming from his big hand like a banner of welcome.

As the door flung open, five spruce young officers filed in and saluted in a grinning row with Christy dashing through last and Christy the only one for whom he had any eyes.

Christy clutched both his hands and turned to the others, "Well, girls," she cried, "you had to see him, and here he is!" She looked at him with dazzling pride. "The kind you can count on—even if the heavens fall, and as brainy as he's big!" Her fingers clung as she added lightly, "And now, clear out—do! Come back for cocktails at five-ish and bring your own men-specialities along, though I know very well they can't compare with this husband of mine!"

With laughter and quips and shouts of good-bye, they cleared as astoundingly as they had appeared.

The silence closed in gloriously. It might have been minutes or hours later when Christy at last came upon the managing editor's note as they finally sat down to breakfast.

George held himself very still. "Darn nice," he said. "Special correspondent, and South America really in the news right now."

"Yes," agreed Christy, "but it's not a war and I'm back with you at last —at home! If there's ever any more going away to be done in this family, it will be together!"

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Same as Last Year: Harry, Hattie Send Ye Olde Yuletide Greeting

By MARJORIE REESOR

HARRY looked curiously from behind the evening paper at Hattie, his wedded wife.

"Anything wrong? Awfully quiet!"

"U-m-m?—Oh! No, no, nothing wrong." With noticeable effort Hattie recalled herself.

"No misgivings about anything? None of your cherished convictions had a jolt?"

"No—no." Hattie shook her head, "I was thinking about Christmas."

"Christmas? Oh—yes, Christmas. When is it this year?"

"The twenty-fifth of December."

"A bit early, isn't it?" observed Harry disappearing again behind the sporting page, only to reappear almost immediately. "How about using Aunt Min's recipe for the egg nogg this year, with an extra dash of Old Crow and a shade less nutmeg?"

"Listen, darling," Hattie was still patient, "I'm afraid you are confusing Old Nick and St. Nick. What I had in mind was merely leading up to the festive day."

"Oh, come! come!" Harry rattled the paper impatiently, "After all these years you don't need to be furtive. Although you *did* say when you got your new furs they would be your Christmas gift. This, I hope, is not an attempt to falsify the facts."

"Don't worry," Hattie waved that aside. "I love my furs and as for Christmas, if you really want to give me some little thing just to preserve a sweet old custom, one of those gold snake chain necklets would be perfect."

Harry regarded his other half with awe. "Gal, you're quite a production but you're a menace to law and order!"

"Listen Harry, I'm serious. I was thinking about our greeting cards."

"O-o-h! well, better get after them. Same as last year? It's a good looking card with plenty of space if you want to add anything not in the script."

"Well," demurred Hattie, "I had in mind something really personal for the family."

Purely Personal

"Now, don't let's go into *that* again." Harry leaned forward and knocked out his pipe. "You and the dogs! Me and the fish! The front gate! The sun dial!—"

Hattie waved it all aside. "No, I hadn't thought we'd do pictures again. How about a bit of personal verse for each one, touching on some little incident of the year? A truly personal greeting!"

"O-o-h! I see!" a great light broke over Harry's face. "For example, a card to Jess and Herb could hold a reference to that back-breaking weekend up at the Lodge?"

"Y-e-s." Hattie hesitated slightly. "Could I touch on the tons of rock I carried to make the break-water more secure? And the eighteen bucks I paid for osteopathic treatments to help me straighten up sufficiently to go to the office? Could I?" Eagerly.

Hattie bristled slightly. "Christmas is no time to drag up your pet peeves. It is a time to give your blessing," she finished piously.

"Never fear, I can do that too." For a time Harry was thoughtful as he refilled his pipe. "Listen, how's this?

'Oh, don't ask me out in the summer,
Pray don't ask me out in the fall.
Invite some other jerk, for your odd
jobs of work,
Merry Xmas—May God bless you all.'

There you are, blessing and everything. You know," he beamed, "When I was in school my gift for versification was considered nothing short of inspired. Of course, I don't belong to the 'thou' and 'thee' school, but the style's sorta cute, don't you think?"

"I'm trying to get a five letter word rhyming with 'think,'" observed Hattie crisply.

Name Your Meter

Harry chuckled, "I can give you trochaic or iambic verse. Just name your meter. Now in another vein, there's your little cousin Cynthia. Cute kid, Cynthia—lemmee see!" He studied the ceiling.

"I have toured through Arizona,
But not through Barcelona;
I've leered at maids from Oshkosh to
the Soo.
There was Mona and Ramona—"

"That is pretty thin bologna," supplied Hattie helpfully.

"— But I've yet to greet a belle as cute as you," finished Harry triumphantly.

"That should make her heart turn over," sniffed Hattie. "Cynthia's such a little sap she'll think you are serious."

"She's not bad—" Harry sneaked a glance at the sharply elevated chin of his wife. "I really think of all your relatives—"

"Sounds like a Valentine," criticized Hattie, "She'll never think it is a Christmas Greeting."

"W-e-l-l; In a case like that, it'd be apropos to tuck the verse in a few flowers, maybe."

"Say a couple of dozen American Beauties?" suggested Hattie tartly.

"That's the idea!" Harry enthused with great innocence. "Cynthia's such a warm-hearted, gay little thing—" He beamed, "And just sophisticated enough to go for something different!"

There was that silence referred to as "pregnant". Then—

"Trying to put me off with five little mink skins, purchased away back in September—something I had to have to keep me warm. A couple of dozen roses for Cynthia! American Beauties! A gay little thing! That is the thanks I get, after years of slaving for you. Your poetic words are for a scheming little snip. Men are all alike!"

"Now, now Hattie!" Harry was genuinely distressed. "You know how I appreciate everything you've done."

"All very well for me to shovel eleven tons of coal into the furnace last year—"

"But listen—"

"Just because they froze you in Ottawa. I could freeze here or shovel."

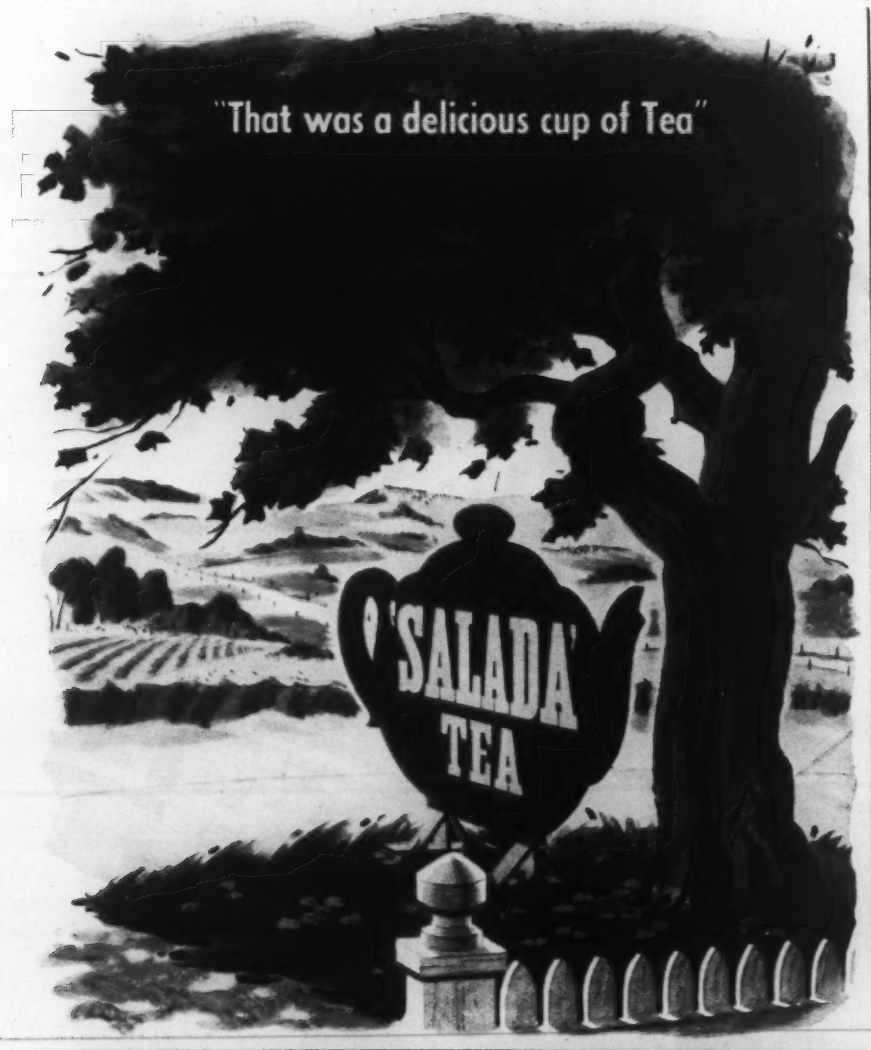
"Oh Hattie, come off it!"

"Iron Fireman—that's me. Keep the home fires burning! Roses for Cynthia. I suppose you'll send me a pair of Indian clubs, just to keep my muscles in condition. Poetry for Cynthia! It would never occur to you to write a sonnet to dear old Cousin Emma. You prefer addressing mash notes to young girls."

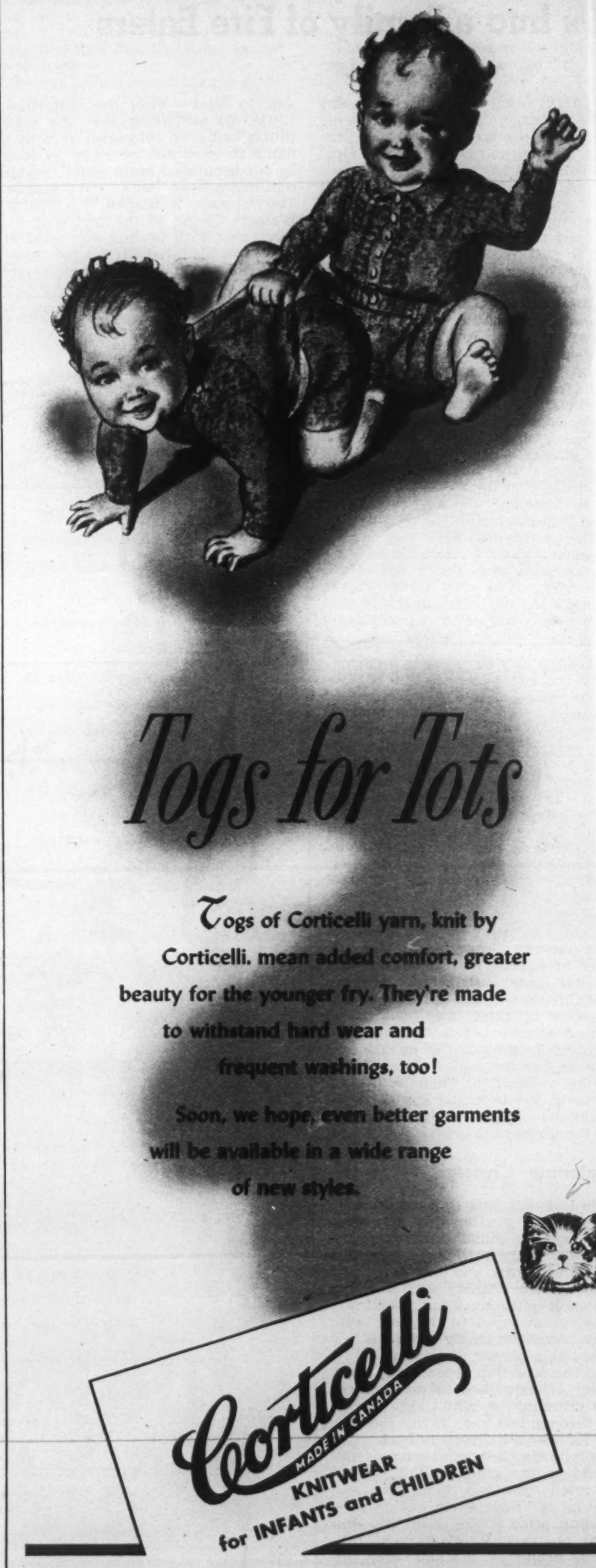
"Emma? H-m-m-m!" With the dreamy thoughtfulness of a truly poetic soul Harry became lost in thought, then,

"Though you suffer from bronchitis,
Tonsilitis and arthritis;

(*Continued on Next Page*)



Sugarless
BUT
Sweet
MAGIC Honey Pound Cake
1½ c. seedless raisins
¾ c. shortening
¾ c. honey
3 eggs, well beaten
2¼ c. sifted all-purpose flour
2¼ tsp. Magic Baking Powder
¼ tsp. salt
¾ tsp. vanilla extract
¾ tsp. lemon extract
Rinse raisins; drain; dry on towel—cut fine with scissors. Work shortening with spoon until fluffy and creamy; gradually add honey, while continuing to work with a spoon. Add beaten eggs, and blend. Gradually stir in sifted dry ingredients; beat with spoon until smooth. Add extracts, raisins; stir to blend. Bake in greased, lightly floured 9" x 5" x 3" pan at 300°F. for 2 hours.
MADE IN CANADA
MAGIC BAKING POWDER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Winter Scene: The Face of the Foe Is Not Altogether Unfamiliar

By FLORIS McLAREN

THE morning was bright and windless and very cold. Outside the window the snow on the lawn, half-thawed the day before and tortured into a maze of footprints, had frozen again to ruts and ridges, opaque and hard as porcelain.

The woman in the warm kitchen fastened the zipper of the little boy's snow suit. His whole body jumped and wriggled with excitement under her hands.

"Mother, you said the snow would be gone and it isn't gone. Mother, can I roll a big snowball and jump down from it? Toppy likes to roll on his back in the snow, did you see him rolling yesterday? I'm going to put on Toppy's collar and play I'm an explorer and he's my dog."

"Put on your mittens, dear," the woman said.

"Mother, I made a song this morning in bed. I said every little day I go and do adventures for my Mummy. Every little day I go and play around my fairy tree, and she says you're a good little boy, you've been a lot of help to me. Do you like the song Mother?"

The Nazi Young

The woman pushed back the pale gold hair from the boy's forehead, kissed the fine-textured skin and pulled on his wool helmet.

"It's a nice song, Son. Here's Toppy's leash. Now run along and 'do your adventures'."

The boy went down the steps on sturdy straddling legs. The woman sat down at the breakfast table.

The morning paper lay open beside her plate. There was a picture of a group of captured Nazis. They were young . . . as young as the boys she could see from the window, riding down the street to school. The boy Nazis were shabby and exhausted. Their bones jutted above hollow cheeks. Their eyes under the lank hair were dead and ugly. There was something terrible and frightening about all their faces. They looked as though they were incapable of feeling any of the normal excitements of boyhood, as though executed cruelty, suffering made immediate and personal, was the only stimulus to which they responded. Within the framework of immature bone, the boyish structure of face and body, all the potential good had been displaced by the increasing malignant substance of evil. The youths were receptacles for evil, carefully and completely filled to the very brim.

The woman began to clear the table. The faces moved with her as she moved, the dead-alive Nazi faces, the transparently bright faces of the boys riding to school, the round face of her child in his wollen helmet playing in the snow.

She heard a whimper and went to the window. The little boy had slipped the end of the dog's leash over the stub of a lilac bush. The strap was pulled taut as the dog crouched helpless and cringing, pulling against his collar. The golden-red silk of his coat was wet and matted. The boy was standing, feet firmly planted, pelting him with ice-sharp chunks of frozen snow. The boy's small strong body vibrated with energy. His round babyish face was contorted in a sort of secret ecstasy of cruel excitement. The dog cried as a hard piece struck him and the boy laughed shrilly and bent to pick up more snow.

The woman ran down the steps shouting, "Stop it! Stop!" Her voice was a hammer shattering the scene. The pieces of ice fell at the boy's feet. The tense eagerness of his expression quivered into shock and bewilderment, like the bewilderment of too sudden awakening.

The woman unfastened the dog's collar and watched him dash, ears and tail drooping, up the steps to the kitchen. She took the small boy by the hand and led him into the house. Snow clung in small hard pellets to his clothing and rattled down onto the kitchen linoleum. With hands that were strong and almost impersonal, she drew down the zipper of the snow suit and helped him pull the tight cuffs over his shoes. His arms and legs were slack, with all the tension gone out of them. His expression had a curiously disintegrated quality.

The woman hung the snow suit to dry and went mechanically back to the table. The paper still lay open at the picture of the young Nazis. The caption under it read, "The Foe We Fought". Her mind groped for the connection with something she had heard or read lately. "This foe we fight. . ." it was a poem. She remembered the rest of the line.

"This foe we fight is half of our own self."

This Foe

The dog had crawled into the warm corner behind the stove. The boy got down on hands and knees and crawled after him. The dog turned his head away and battened his damp silky body unhappily to the floor. The boy's soft contours had a similar look of vulnerable misery as he put his round arm over the dog's neck. His face was turned away from the woman, but she could see his tears falling, making bright splashes on the dog's brown coat.

(The poem quoted is from "Overture" by F. R. Scott. Ryerson, 1945)

(Continued from Preceding Page)

Though you reach for the bicarb each time you eat;
Though you gargle, sip and snuff or Sweat it out in treatments rough,
Without your groans, life would be incomplete."

"Doubtless you would tuck that in with a tiger lily?" Hattie relaxed slightly, "But really, Harry—" she objected.

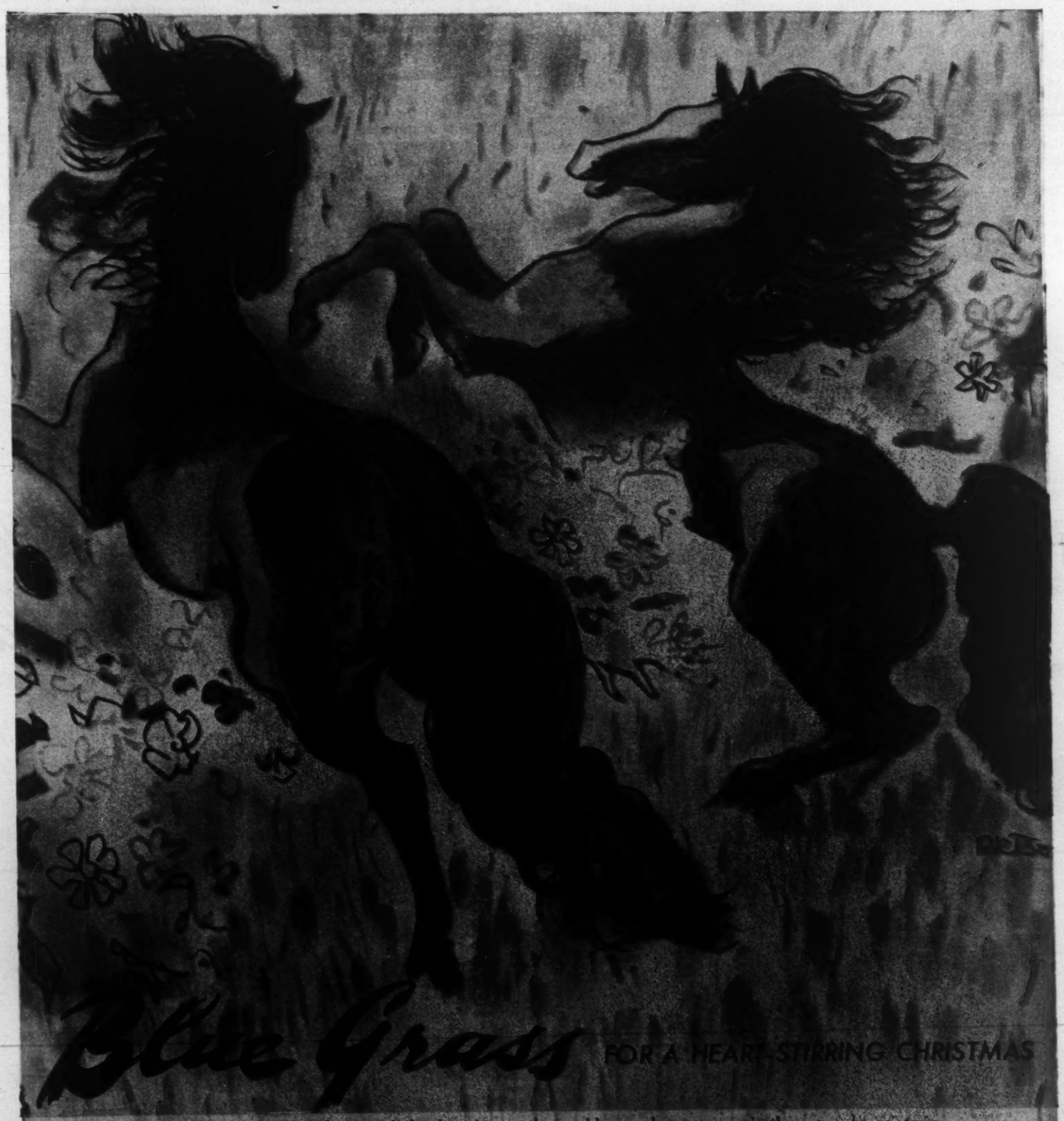
"Objection overruled," pronounced Harry in his best court manner. "You don't get the point at all—"

Harry had returned to the paper. "All very well to claim a foul on your gift—" he adjusted the light,—"But just bear in mind that the long-term basis was your own idea. Not that it matters, because I am happy to report that with an eye to the future I have your gift.'"

"Harry!" Hattie was contrite. "You old darling—"

"But bear in mind," he cautioned, "my hint for the ice-bucket stands for the ninth consecutive year. Now that they've upped the quota, the mayonnaise bowl with its five cube capacity, is not adequate. As for the cards—" He spoke with finality, "I shall order them tomorrow. Same as last year?"

"Same as last year," agreed Hattie.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CONCERNING FOOD

Indian Pudding and Beans from Land of Cabots and Lowells

By JANET MARCH

IT IS probable that only the very real difficulties of rhyming and scanning the name Saltonstall made John Bossidy omit it from his "Ode on the Aristocracy of Harvard" from which the following famous lines are often quoted:

"And this is good old Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod,
Where the Lowells talk to the Cabots
And the Cabots talk only to God."

Senator Leverett Saltonstall, four times Governor of Massachusetts and now a United States' Senator, has about as aristocratic a background as it is possible to have on this continent. It is full of riding horses, private schools, Harvard, travel abroad, rowing at Henley and large houses with swimming pools and gardens. In spite of some of his political opponents accusing him in an election of being born "with a diamond - studded spoon in his mouth" he has a good record of supporting forward looking legislation, and he made a record by being Governor four times.

Needless to say he is a Republican. Senator Saltonstall lives in Massachusetts in a suburb of Boston when he is not on his farm, he has five children, is reputed to be the richest man in the State, and likes best to be on a horse or actually working on his farm when he isn't busy being a Governor or a Senator.

When Mr. Saltonstall was recently asked what he considered to be the United States' prize dish he plugged for Indian Pudding and said "sweet . . . nourishing, sends you away with a satisfied feeling." He might have been expected to add that they made it by an old family recipe dating back to the 1700's when the Saltonstalls first settled in New England, but instead he gave the cook book writers a lift. "We just found it in a cook book" he remarked.

"Time" with its usual thoroughness gives the recipe, indeed with the generosity of the Luce Press it gives two without saying which is the Senator's pet. (1) Steamed. 1 quart of yellow corn meal, 1 quart of milk, 6 eggs, ½ pound of chopped suet, ½ pint of molasses, a little cinnamon. (Serves ten). (2) Baked. 2 quarts of milk, 3 gills of corn meal, ½ pint of molasses, ½ pound of suet, 2 tablespoonfuls of ginger. In case you don't know, 1 gill equals ½ a cup.

There aren't any directions for making the two sorts and research, at least in the edition of the "Boston Cook Book" which I own, shows, that this is not as might be expected the Saltonstall recipe's source. Most of the Indian pudding recipes have less corn meal in proportion to the other ingredients. Here is another recipe for it—

Indian Pudding (1)

1/2 cup of cornmeal
2 cups of hot milk
1/4 pound of minced beef suet
1/2 cup of molasses
1/3 teaspoon of ground ginger
1/3 teaspoon ground nutmeg
1 teaspoon of ground cinnamon
1 teaspoon of salt
3 eggs

When the milk is very hot in the upper part of the double boiler add the corn meal gradually. Then add the suet, molasses, salt, ginger, nutmeg, and cinnamon and cook for ten minutes. Beat the eggs and add them, and then turn the mixture into a greased mold and steam for three hours, or, if you prefer, bake in a moderate oven for about an hour, and serve with any good pudding sauce.

Most of the cook books leave out the suet, and in these days of scarce suet here is a recipe which claims to be an absolutely authentic Boston one and it doesn't use suet.

Indian Pudding (2)

1/2 cup of corn meal
3 cups of milk
1/4 cup of molasses
2 tablespoons of sugar
2 tablespoons of butter
1/8 teaspoon of baking powder
1/4 teaspoon of salt
1 egg

Take half the milk and stir in all the ingredients and bake in a hot oven until the mixture boils. Then stir in the rest of the milk, pre-heated and cool the oven down to round 300 and bake for three hours.

While we are talking about New England recipes how about taking in baked beans, those useful things we always bought in cans and which now are as rare as hen's teeth.

Baked Beans

1 quart of pea beans
1/2 pound fat salt pork
1/4 cup of molasses
1/2 teaspoon of dry mustard
2 teaspoons of salt
1½ tablespoons of brown sugar

Wash and pick over the beans and put them to soak overnight. Drain and cover with fresh water and cook them below the boiling point until when you take out a bean on the tip of a spoon and blow on it the skin bursts. This means that they have cooked long enough. Put the beans into a bean pot if you own one. A real Boston bean pot has a narrow neck and spreads out below. Take the piece of pork and score it and put a few small pieces down amongst the beans, and leave the large piece on the top. Add the salt, sugar, mustard and molasses and enough water just to cover the beans. The water must be boiling when added. Cover the pot and bake in a slow oven—only at about 250—for five or six hours. Don't stir the beans, but add a little more water whenever necessary to keep the beans just covered. Remove the cover from the pot for the last half hour of cooking.

Serve with tomato sauce if you like them best that way.

Housing Lack Makes Refugees of Thousands of Canadian Citizens

By JEWEL BILKEY

I AM fed up with belonging nowhere; with parking on friends in one section of the city, while my mother stays with relatives; with having most of my clothing and all of our furniture in storage.

For I am one of the thousands of homeless Canadians to whom the Christmas story will come alive this year. The words, "And she brought forth her firstborn son . . . and laid Him in a manger because there was no room for them in the inn" have suddenly become common ground between me and the principals of the story.

The pathos of those words, "because there was no room for them in the inn" can be fully appreciated only by those who find themselves with no place to go home to.

It was just a year ago that the problem began to be a personal one, when the house we had lived in for three years was sold, over our heads. The news was received with comparative calm by our family which consisted of my mother, my aunt and myself, as we had been looking for a larger home anyway. My mother and aunt, both widows, had decided that with larger quarters, they could manage a very well-paying guest home.

So my aunt, a semi-invalid, but with as much potential energy as an

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atomic bomb, set about looking for the place.

"We'll find a home by Spring," she said confidently. "After all I'm in touch with real estate agents every day. They *all* know me well by this time."

Apparently there were 100,000 other people in Toronto with the same fantastic hope. My aunt's conversation with the agents usually ran something like this:

"Good morning, Mr. Smith, this is Mrs. Reed."

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Reed. Well, there's nothing yet. Now if you would consider buying . . ."

So we did consider buying—but found the price of homes beyond our means. Meanwhile we continued our search, for with the threat of eviction hanging over our heads, even a trailer camp afforded possibilities.

But deep in our hearts, we were still sure that it couldn't happen to us.

April 30 . . . Red letter day. M-Day.

"But really," said one well-meaning gentleman to me (from the safe confines of a well-established home) "here it is May 1, thousands were supposed to be on the street and," looking around King and University avenues "no one is. It can't be as bad as they say."

"Maybe nobody wanted to move into the street," I suggested weakly, beginning to feel more like a criminal everyday that we "sat tight" under advice from our lawyers.

My Kingdom For A House

By sitting tight we got a court order right in our teeth. Contrary to popular belief, these can be effected by some parties in a short time. Our date for appearance in court was June 8 and we were there on June 8. This promptness boded no good, as we were to find out; there were two strikes on us already.

After hearing both sides of the case and weighing the matter a few minutes, the Judge asked our landlord how long we could stay. June 30 was the verdict.

"This is very sad, madam," said the Judge, "but there is nothing that the court can do."

We pushed our way out of the courtroom and continued packing, house-hunting and worrying.

"Lots of people will be going on vacation now. Perhaps we could rent a furnished house for the summer," suggested my mother with a sudden flash of brilliance of a brain numbed by fatigue.

"So we could," agreed my aunt with alacrity, "we can store the furniture and by September, surely the situation will have loosened up."

We found a very comfortable little house (for a not so comfortable price) for July and August and settled down to a summer devoted to reading all the classified ads in every local newspaper and following every conceivable lead to find quarters for the fall. We even became so callous as to resort to investigating the death notices in hopes of securing a house by this means.

Okies Of Today

Meanwhile September approached at an alarming rate. V-J Day came and went and our hopes soared, for now that the war was over, there would surely be a house somewhere . . . just one house, just one for us. We were completely self-centered now.

My own particular problem was box numbers in the newspapers, which I answered *ad infinitum*. They have me baffled. I have experimented with all approved and disapproved styles of writing these letters, and never have I received so much as a telephone call. All summer I battered at this Siegfried line, and suddenly it *was* September. A friend loaned us a house for that month, thereby saving us from the street for a few more weeks. We packed up and moved again.

The Emergency Shelter Administration had proved no answer to our prayers heretofore, but desperately we approached it again. We were offered a house on McCaul Street between Queen and College, for $100 a month, partly furnished. When my aunt remonstrated about both the price and the location, the answer was to the effect that we were not in a position to be particular.

With no reflection on any of the personnel of the Emergency Shelter Administration, its powers do not seem to be wide enough in scope to be of use to anyone not able to buy a house, but yet not ready to embrace the slums. If an administration is worth setting up at all, it is surely worth being given power enough to carry out its objective. If the Emergency Shelter Administration in Toronto has this power, it is obviously not using it to the best advantage.

Our case is closed. We are now separated. We will lie low, very low indeed, until we get a second chance. We are comparatively fortunate.

Past Charity

But there are thousands of cases that are not yet closed, and that are much worse than ours. There are still widows and children whose days are made nightmares by the constant fear of the arrival of the bailiff. If the administration now set up is to count for anything, it must be allowed to put teeth in its orders. At present no one can be evicted unless it is deemed wise under "the balance of convenience" clause. My opinion is that there should be *no* evictions unless in the case of undesirable tenants (and these cases should be investigated with great care) and that from now on, at least, all houses on the market for sale should not be available for possession unless vacant.

It seems to me that if the city's churches and charitable organizations would sponsor the setting up of temporary quarters in buildings commandeered for the purpose, this would also relieve the situation. These agencies would act quickly enough if fire, flood or famine threatened. Is there no room for the little people in Canada? Does one have to be either a social outcast or a prosperous executive to command attention? The situation has already gone past charity, it is now an obligation of the country.

The above may sound radical. Some of the suggestions interfere with our concept of private property rights. The result of present conditions, if allowed to continue, will also be radical. The Canadian Legion recently stated in a brief to the Dominion Government, that the housing situation, "will inevitably result in serious trouble," if steps are not taken immediately. A homeless man is a restless man. A man living in some one else's home *has no home.*

Real estate and property owners' rights are to be respected, like any other rights, until they interfere with the welfare of any large portion of the law-abiding population. Routine remedies will not suffice now any more than they did in the dark days of the 30's. Then men could not pay for their homes, now they have no homes to pay for.

There has been a streamer on Bay Street below Toronto's City Hall which reads, "Welcome Home" and yet the following advertisement is typical of those appearing in any Toronto paper any day:

Returned veteran (amputation), war bride and small baby, urgently need 3 unfurnished rooms.

This is a problem not merely for Toronto or Ottawa. It is a problem for the people of Canada, who are even now sending bales full of clothing to Europe. Are there any fearless Canadians left who will admit that while such conditions persist, the word democracy is a mockery? The returned men might as well still be dying in France and Italy and Germany as to have returned, full of hope, to a land where there is no room for them.

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THE OTHER PAGE

"Yes, Joseph, There Was a Woman; She Said Her Name Was Mary"

By ERNEST BUCKLER

THE snow came down gently, as if Ellen were not in pain. Ellen was not a young woman any more, and this was her first child. Outside the window the snow came down white and soundless, lingering softly in the still air. Ellen's eyes were moist and bright as if they were listening to the crowded song her fever was singing inside her. Her hands kept smoothing out the quilt, restlessly. The dreamy, great-flaked Christmas snow piled up deeper on the window ledge in the quick-greying December dusk. Through the window Ellen could see, across the fields, the bare maples weaving their dead arms into the dark sky and higher up on the mountain the white-burdened shoulders of the spruces already softening and kind.

"Light the lamp, Joseph," she said.

It is different when the lamp is lit. Ellen could no longer see the grey trees in the darkness outside. There seemed to be a strange new warmth inside the room. The strange new warmth which comes into every room as soon as the lamp is lit on Christmas Eve. Joseph was a sober and slow-feeling man, but he would spend a whole day in the woods, searching, until he found a Christmas tree that had every ring of branches perfect and even. In the corner, the even-branched fir that Joseph had brought and Ellen had trimmed stood patient and still, but with a kind of shining.

"You should go now, Joseph," Ellen said.

"But . . . but I can't leave you . . . alone."

Joseph stood beside the bed, his great honest body bewildered with fear, and hurting in his throat with this strange new feeling for Ellen which he could not express in even some tender little movement. His great hands hung awkwardly at his sides, as if they were angry with their own strength when Ellen was weak with pain.

"Yes. You better go get Mrs. Martin, Joseph. She knows what to do."

"But it's two miles, Ellen . . . and you alone. . ."

"There'll be time, Joseph . . . there's time enough. I'll be all right alone."

I'll be all right alone, Ellen thought. She had been alone so much. She was not a young woman any more and she had never had a child. Days in the kitchen when Joseph was working in the fields it would be so still. And even when Joseph was there, sometimes it would be so still in her own heart. The listening stillness of loneliness. The kind of loneliness which Joseph, a man, could not know. And as the years went by and there was still no child, even her flesh seemed to have that listening. That listening for the full music which the flesh of women with children seemed always to hear. And sometimes when the other women's children would pass her window on their way home from the river, without a glance, her flesh would feel hollow and empty and old.

BUT now . . . the full song of her fever sang in her flesh, high and jubilant.

"You should go, Joseph," Ellen said again. "You should go now."

"But . . . it's two miles, Ellen . . . is the pain. . ."

He knew he must go now, but her face looked so small on the pillow. And if . . . if something . . . if she cried out, loud, and then faint and then fainter and fainter there was no one . . . and her face would lie there alone in the still-shining lamplight. . .

"Yes," Ellen said. "Please go for Mrs. Martin. There's time enough, if you go now . . . the sooner you go now, Joseph."

"I'll run," Joseph said quickly. "It won't be long. I'll run all the way."

"No, don't run," Ellen said. "I'll be all right, you mustn't run. But please go now, Joseph."

It would be easier with another woman there. Because for this, even your own husband. . .

"Joseph, please go now," she begged him. "You mustn't wait any *longer*."

"All right, Ellen," he said. "I'll go now." But he hesitated for a minute still.

And then, awkwardly, he bent over and kissed her. Ellen felt a sudden tightness in her throat. The feel of Joseph's rough cheek against her own was strange to her. Joseph had hardly ever kissed her before. It was not his way. She felt guilty because she had thought so much about having another woman, and she wanted to put her hands on Joseph's face. But she knew that he would not know what to say.

"I'll be all right, Joseph," she said softly, like a promise.

Joseph did not speak. He turned quickly and went into the kitchen for his coat and mittens.

And then Joseph had gone down the road and Ellen was alone. Her eyes wandered about the objects in the room, back and forth, although nothing moved. Her hands smoothed out the quilt and traced the perfect diamonds on it over and over. The objects in the room seemed to have a waiting about them, hushed in the quiet steady-shadowing lamplight. The minutes seemed careful and long, piling up soundlessly and unhurried like the slow-mounding snow on the window ledge. Ellen began to wish she had not let Joseph go. Her voice could not catch up with him now if she should call. The silence simmered soundlessly in the loud-listening room.

AND then, quite suddenly, swift tendrils of pain fanned through her like the veining of a leaf . . . so much stronger than any pain she had ever felt before that she could not even cry out.

And then she was suddenly afraid. This must be the way it is when you are going to die. You are going to die, Ellen. And there is no woman with you. You are alone.

"Joseph!" she screamed. "Oh Joseph!" But there was no answer from the still objects and the steady lamplight in the room.

"Maria . . ." she prayed, brokenly, like a frightened child praying, "Maria. . ."

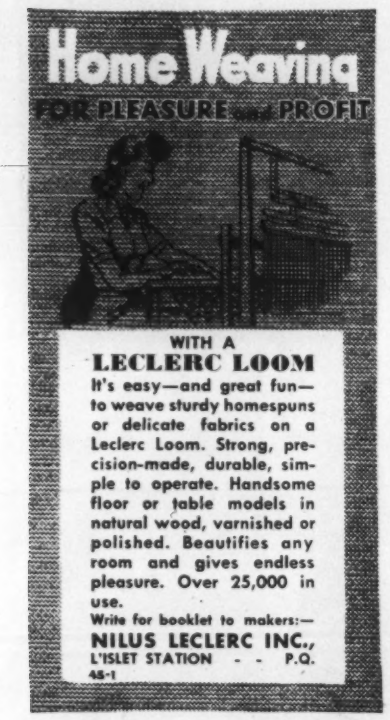
And Joseph was running down the road, keeping straight on when Ellen called, because he could not hear.

Joseph was running down the road in the dead-still night. The kind Christmas-kindled moonlight, lattic-ing the road with shadows of the spruces, lay hushed on the trackless snow, as if the whole world was listening. And high up where the straight-falling snow began, the stars shone through, calm and clear. But now the snow, which at first had seemed to make no difference, added its little weight to Joseph's feet each time he lifted them, and there was a hot taste to his breath. The still Christmas moonlight seemed to mock him. Death, too, is still, Joseph, and the color of moonlight. For an awful minute he could see Ellen's still face, moonlit with death.

And because Joseph's mind did not know its way in the quick-crossing paths of thought, the sudden rush of regrets and the sharp pictures of things gone by with Ellen and the sick wound of fear all beat together in his brain until his brain was like a cornered animal that does not know which way to turn. He could only run on, in the deepening snow and the soundless night.

Yesterday this road was only a place to walk along. But tonight it was a pitiless thing, working against Ellen's life. If it could only be yesterday or some of the other safe times that he and Ellen had had, without even thinking about them. . . If there was ever another time when this teeming escapeless Now was over, he and Ellen must just sit quiet and watch it, with peace and thankfulness that there was no longer any fear.

A train went by in the distance, its whistle shrill and mournful and then lonesome and dying away in the quiet night. There are people in that train, Joseph thought, laughing and talking in their easy city-way in the light. Theirs is the same minute as mine, but theirs is a safe, easy, minute and they do not know I am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running down the road. They would hear me, if I called to them. And suddenly when he thought of Ellen's small face on the pillow and the easy-fitting clothes and the easy-talking way of the city people in the train that Ellen did not have, a fierce-defensive love of her swept through him and the tears that had been choking in his heart came fresh into his eyes.

There was no light he could see in the Martins' house when he came up over the hill at last and saw it standing there. . . And then Joseph's heart sank like a stone. He noticed the sleigh tracks going out the gate, the other way, towards town.

Ellen did not hear the door open but she felt the woman's presence in the room.

She opened her eyes and the woman was standing there. Ellen looked at her face. It was a patient, slow-smiling face, the face of a plain woman soft with remembered pain. It had a strange cast of moonlight about it. It seemed to be a face that Ellen remembered, but through the shifting blur of fever she could not seem to tell if it was the face of a neighbor or not. And that did not seem to matter. There was a woman in the room now, with a kind plain face and woman's hands. That was enough to know. Now she would not die.

"Do you think I will die?" Ellen whispered.

"No," the woman said, and her voice had the quiet touch of moonlight in it too, "you will not die."

"I had a light feeling," Ellen said, "and I seemed to see so many bright things in my mind and there was so much pain. I thought I was going to die."

"But it is not like that when you are going to die," the woman said gently; "there is no clamor in the mind when you are going to die. It is like walking into a brighter and softer and smoother moonlight until your feet no longer have any weight and you do not hear any sound as they fall. You are not going to die."

"But if you had not come. . ." A quick spring of tears came into Ellen's eyes. She had been afraid that she would die. She had thought of Joseph, with his great hands and slow bewildered heart, coming in nights from the barn with the lamp not lit and no plates on the table and a dusk in his heart. "My husband has gone for Mrs. Martin," she whispered, "but he. . . Did you meet my husband?"

"No," the woman said, "I did not meet anyone. I did not come by the road."

"Then how . . .?"

"You must close your eyes and rest," the woman said gently, "for your time is near."

YES, my time is near, Ellen thought, surgingly. The time I have been waiting for. I will be like the other women now, she thought, rushingly. I never had a sister. They will all be like sisters now. I will have warm beginning things again in my heart and there will be a quiet running sound in my mind. My mind will not be listening in the slow afternoons. And when Joseph and I are old and tired it will not be still all evening in the kitchen. There will be a child among the other children to stop off at our warm kitchen when the children come home at dusk laughing from the river and the other children will not pass without looking, as if no one lived in this house.

"It's Christmas Eve," she said to the woman, "isn't it?"

"Yes," the woman said, "it's Christmas Eve again."

There was such a strange sort of sadness in her voice that Ellen looked closely at her face. And with the sadness on it, she could not tell if the face of this woman was young or old. Perhaps she had never had a child. Perhaps this was why she was sad on Christmas Eve. Ellen knew how a woman without children could feel on Christmas Eve.

"Have you ever had a child?" Ellen said softly.

"Yes," the woman said.

"Then you do know. . .?" Ellen said.

"Yes, I know," and the woman smiled, but with the sadness still on her face. "It was a night very like this. There was moonlight and quiet and the stars were very bright. And I was alone too. But I remember how quiet it was and how bright the stars were. The stars are always bright on Christmas Eve."

"Your baby . . ." Ellen said, "did he live?"

"Yes," the woman said, "he lived." And she smiled such a bright splendid smile then that for a minute the moonlight sadness seemed to go from her face like a shadow when the light is turned up. She looked strangely young. She is a *young* woman, Ellen thought.

"And my son will live too," Ellen murmured. "I know it. I feel so safe with you here. I feel safer than I would with Mrs. Martin. You seem to know. . ."

She looked again at the woman's face. It was so familiar . . . in a minute she would remember . . . and yet she could not. But it did not seem to matter that she could not remember. . .

"You will not leave me?" Ellen said.

"No," the woman said, "I will not leave you until it is over."

And then Ellen's pain came so sharp and sudden and great that there seemed to be a mist on her sight, and she could not see the woman standing there. She could only feel the cool moonlight of her fingers touching her forehead.

"Maria," Ellen prayed, "Maria. . ."

WHEN Joseph came into the house he heard the whimper of a child and then nothing. He started to call Ellen's name, but the sound stopped in his throat because he was afraid to test the silence. For a minute he could not move.

"Is that you, Joseph?"

"Ellen!" he cried, and suddenly the whole great warm quiet night seemed to be a friend.

He kicked the snow from his boots and ran into the room. The steady lamplight had not moved from Ellen's small face and the Christmas tree stood in the corner patient and still, but the waiting in the air seemed to be broken.

"I'm all right, Joseph," Ellen said softly. "It's over."

"Ellen . . ." he said brokenly. "Ellen, I couldn't get Mrs. Martin. They were gone."

"It's all right," Ellen said. "I was all right." He could not speak.

"Joseph," she whispered, "don't you see your son?"

"Ellen." Joseph choked. "You were . . . alone."

"No," Ellen said gently, "I was not alone. There was a woman here. She was so kind, and I was not afraid."

"But Ellen. . ." Joseph said, "a woman . . . there could have been no woman here. Mrs. Martin. . . It must have been the fever, Ellen."

"No," Ellen said, "I saw her face, as plain as I do yours." She paused. "When I opened my eyes she was gone, but I looked after the baby, Joseph. I knew what to do, and there was strength then."

"Do you see him, Joseph?" she said softly.

Joseph bent over and looked at the child. He touched its small face with one of his great hands. He said nothing, but Ellen marvelled at the gentleness of his touch. She would not have believed that those great hands could be so very gentle.

And then as it is sometimes when you are climbing a high hill and the air is fresh and clean or some chord of music is struck or you remember a perfect moment, or see it, to come, suddenly . . . as it can be then, this moment . . . with the slow steady lamplight and the cosy spell of the fire and she and Joseph and the child there, with Joseph's great hands so gentle with the child, and it Christmas Eve and the great-flaked Christmas snow falling so soundless outside the pane . . . this moment ran through Ellen and she could not speak. And Joseph did not speak, because this was the moment he had thought of when he was runing down the road, the moment to watch and to be thankful for.

THEY were silent, while it lasted. And then Joseph spoke.

"But Ellen," he said, ". . . there could have been no woman here. There were no tracks in the snow."

"Yes," Ellen said, "she was here. I saw her. She said her name was Mary."

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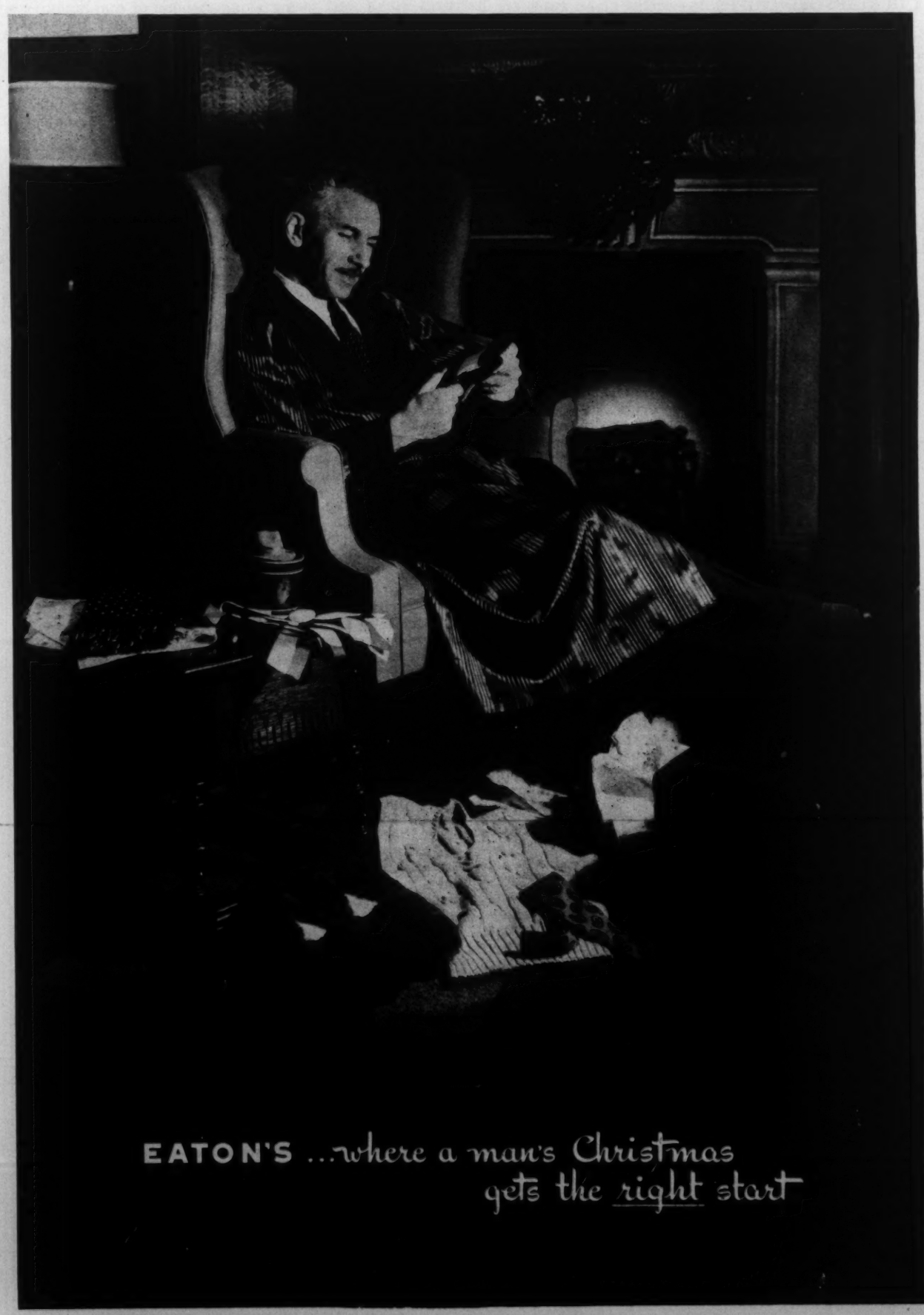

EATON'S ...where a man's Christmas gets the right start

Export Question Might Try British Patience

By GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

The present urgent need of overseas markets for British exports, with the consequent restriction and even neglect of home trade is causing British manufacturers some concern.

Apart from the fact that export trade and home industry are interdependent, the situation requires very delicate handling, says Mr. Layton. However long-suffering the British people may be, the psychological effect of seeing the goods they manufacture—and which they themselves need desperately — sent abroad might in time cause a lessening of efficiency in their production efforts.

London.

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, President of the Board of Trade, moved his audience of motor manufacturers to ribald mockery when he told them, at a recent luncheon, that they must concentrate their attention on the export markets and neglect the home trade.

The British motor industry has no intention of missing any export opportunity. Indeed, the retention of the purchase tax on cars sold at home was a powerful Budgetary device compelling their attention to overseas sales. But they know, and Sir Stafford apparently does not, that there is no final separation of manufacture for home and export.

The export business can be secured on competitive terms only on the basis of a flourishing home industry. It is this interdependence that enables costs to be kept down, and, while it may mean that the specific requirements of overseas markets are satisfied by relatively minor adjustments to models initially and primarily designed for home use, its full operation is indispensable to establishing the cost basis without which British cars will find selling in the international market hard going.

This problem presents itself throughout the industrial field, and is one of the major difficulties before the Government in arranging preferential treatment for exports. There is a point in each industry beyond which it is impossible to associate a neglect of the home market with an intense exploration of the export market. There is a point at which the two go hand in hand.

This has always been true, but it is more than ever necessary to recognize and analyze the fact now, when the range of exporting industry is about to be very largely extended. The Board of Trade has demanded a host of new recruits to exports, companies that have never exported before. If we are to regard the future which lies beyond the midsummer-night period of two or three years of sellers' markets, the vital elements in production must be efficiency in terms of suitability, quality, and price. These are factors which essentially reside in a marriage of production for home and overseas consumption. The question obviously arises in all the major exporting industries, and in particular form for the newcomers to this field.

What should be the solution? The present pre-occupation of the authorities with the principle that the home market should be neglected in order to feed the overseas market, laudable as its recognition of the imperative need for foreign exchange is, is fundamentally unreal in a practical context. What is required is to develop all industry capable of exporting along the line of maximum economy in production, and this is the line where home and export demand crosses to produce optimum utility in production method and optimum economy in the cost basis.

Many other factors necessarily intrude into the picture. The object of

(*Continued on Next Page*)

Dutch Are Winning Age-Old Battle Against the Sea

In many parts of Holland, like the above, where the Germans opened the dikes and permitted the North Sea to flood the land, the work of drainage is a first step before farmers can start planning their crops for next year. In some places, dikes have already been repaired and in huge pumping stations (below) the machines have started running again, and every second thousands of gallons of water are being pumped back into the sea.

War-damaged homes need repairs. Below: thatch temporarily replaces tile.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Now, a World Sovereignty

By P. M. RICHARDS

BIG as are the problems presented by the strikes and unemployment and inflation, they are certainly not so big and, it may be, not really so pressing as the question of what to do about the atom bomb. The strikes will settle themselves in time but the bomb may settle us. Scientists from Einstein down are warning us that failure to eliminate the atom bomb as a war weapon may result in the virtual destruction of society ten or five or even three years from now. Apparently the only solution is to delegate control over atomic power to some sort of world authority and also, presumably, control over the economic relationships between nations that, neglected or mishandled, tend to produce conditions which result in war.

Ernest Bevin, in the British House of Commons, has given the world a lead by indicating Britain's willingness to give up a portion of her sovereignty to a world parliament elected directly by the world's peoples, not appointed by their governments. Anthony Eden, for the Opposition, supported the proposal. Since world participation in such a move could come only after the development of a vigorous public opinion in the countries concerned, and since the delay is so dangerous, it is to be hoped that the press and radio and responsible citizens everywhere will endeavor to promote constructive thinking on the subject.

First Concern Is Survival

Shortly after the atomic bomb fell on Hiroshima, the *Saturday Review of Literature* printed an editorial called "Modern Man Is Obsolete," written by Norman Cousins. This attracted a good deal of attention and Mr. Cousins has now expanded it into a most readable and thoughtful little book with the same title, published by Macmillans at $1.25. He tells us that because of the atom bomb, man's first order of business today is the question of his continued existence. Only if he realizes that will he be prepared to make the decisions necessary to assure that survival. He can use atomic power constructively or he can let it destroy him. Whether we like it or not, the Atomic Age is here.

National man has become a world warrior; now it is time for him to grow up and become a world citizen. This, Cousins says, is not idealism but sheer driving necessity. Man has to recognize the flat truth that the greatest obsolescence of all in the Atomic Age is national sovereignty. "We assume that national sovereignty is still the same as it always was, that it still offers security and freedom of national decision. We assume it still means national independence, the right to get into war or stay out of it. We even debate the question of 'surrendering' some of our sovereignty—as though there is still something to surrender. There is nothing left to surrender. There is only something to gain. A common world sovereignty."

In an age of atomic energy and rocket planes the foundations of the old sovereignties have been shattered; no longer is security to be found in armies and navies, however large and mighty. Any nation, however small, with atomic energy, is potentially as powerful as any other nation, however large. All nations are now directly accessible to each other—for better or worse. They are at the mercy of one another, and will have to devise a common security or suffer a common cataclysm. The only really effective influence between peoples is such influence as they are able to exert morally, politically, ideologically upon each other. In the glare brighter than sunlight produced by the assault on the atom, the old sovereignties are seen for what they are, vestigial obstructions in the circulatory systems of the world.

No Means of Aggression

A common world sovereignty would mean that no state could act unilaterally in its foreign affairs. No state would have the instruments of power to aggress against other states. But the individual state would not lose its jurisdiction over its internal affairs.

Cousins looks back to the experiences of early Greece and the original thirteen American states, to show that states can have differences and yet be fitted to enjoy a common sovereignty. The Greece of the pre-Christian era, he points out, was not a state but a bundle of states, with trade rivalries and frequent wars between them. It was their failure to achieve a single government which cost Greek civilization its life. In the American colonies, state prejudices and diversities were intense, but their ability to unite in government made them strong. Cousins finds that the differences between peoples are not a deterrent in meeting the need for over-all government, but actually a pre-condition and a basic reason behind the need. The fact is that states within a related group must live as one or suffer as many. Today all peoples are members of a related group.

Despite claims that the threat of the destructive use of atomic energy is exaggeration and hysteria nothing can alter the precise fact that the atomic bomb plus another war equals global disaster, says Cousins. Nor that the crisis is fast approaching and may be upon us within a few years unless we act now to avert it. Nor that this crisis is created not only by the explosive atom but by inadequate means of controlling international lawnessness. Nor that control is inoperative without power, that power is dangerous without law, and that law is impossible without government.

(*Continued from Page* 50)

exporting is to secure imports, and the object of imports is to raise the standard of living. It will be hard to persuade the people, after long years of the hardships of war, that they must continue an extremely stringent program of self-denial so as to store up blessings for the future. It may be doubted whether it will be politically practicable to enforce so unreasonable a demand.

As manufacturing industry settles into its postwar stride the British people will see their ships laden with the goods they have made in their factories and for which their homes are crying out, going overseas to satisfy some other homes, where, it may well be, the need is demonstrably less. This side of the question is not simply political. It also has a profound economic import, for how shall the workers be kept at the point of highest efficiency except they know that their own best interests are being served?

Too exclusive a preoccupation with the export markets and too little with the long-starved needs of the domestic kitchen and wardrobe might well have a serious effect upon the willingness of British muscle and brain-power to exert itself to the utmost.

Therefore it is to be hoped that the Government will not allow itself to be mesmerized by their export goal. They must not, indeed, neglect any opportunity to restore British overseas trade, but they would be well advised to enquire rather more closely into the character of export industry and into the psychology of the people.

NEWS OF THE MINES

List of Minerals Produced Has Doubled in Last Two Decades

By JOHN M. GRANT

IF, IN Canada, there are still those who do not understand nor appreciate the tremendous expansion which the mining industry has undergone and its vital importance in the Dominion's economy, all that is necessary is to spend an hour or two reading the annual review of the industry issued by the Bureau of Mines at Ottawa, the first in printed form since 1938. And as pointed out in the preface "the welfare of the industry should be of concern to all." Mineral resources are essential to the industrial expansion that contributes so largely to a country's prosperity in peacetime, and they are of exceptional importance in wartime. Canada is a leading producer of most of the principal metals and is an important producer of most of the nonmetallic minerals, but its output of coal, crude petroleum, and iron ore is relatively small in comparison with domestic requirements. As a result of recent developments, the outlook for greatly increased domestic production of iron ore in 1945 and subsequent years is encouraging. It may be noted, as evidence of the importance of the mineral industry to Canadian economy, that exports of mineral origin increased from a total value of $287,000,000 in 1939 to $1,138,000,000 in 1943, the figures for the latter year being higher than the value of exports originating from any other primary industry.

•

Since 1922, when the first annual review of the industry was issued by the Bureau, the list of minerals produced in Canada has steadily increased, until now, in a little over two decades, it is more than twice as long as it then was. In this interval, a number of metals and minerals have been added that were little used in Canada or elsewhere in 1922, for example, selenium, tellurium, bismuth, cadmium, indium, magnesium, bentonite and nepheline syenite. Canada has gained high-ranking world position in such important mineral products as gold, nickel, aluminium, asbestos, copper, zinc, lead and platinum metals. The value of its mineral production rose from $184,300,000 in 1922 to $566,769,000 in 1942; in 1944 it declined to $485,924,000 under the influence of wartime scarcity of materials and manpower and of the government order limiting development work on new gold properties. Concurrent with this rise in production has been the increase in exports; in 1944, the total value of Canada's exports of aluminium, nickel, and copper was 10 per cent greater than that of the entire mineral output in 1922.

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While, during the war years, the Bureau of Mines issued mimeographed reviews the present book with its terse separate accounts of the various minerals will be welcomed. Separate accounts are given of the more than seventy primary products credited to the industry in 1944, and, like the previous annual issues, that for 1944 gives the sources, localities, and quality and quantity of production of the various minerals. It deals also with trade, prices and other economic factors.

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Newest entrant into the Red Lake camp is Mining Corporation of Can-

(*Continued on Page* 55)

Ventures Limited

A study of this expanding mining enterprise with special reference to its newest subsidiary—EUREKA, is available on application.

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THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS COMPANY

of Canada, Limited

AND WHOLLY OWNED SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES

ANNUAL REPORT OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS

For the Year Ending August 31, 1945

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS:

The Consolidated Balance Sheet showing Assets and Liabilities of your Company and its wholly owned subsidiary companies at the close of its fiscal year ending August 31, 1945, is submitted herewith, together with the Consolidated Statement of Earned Surplus and Profits.

Also attached is the certificate and report of your auditors, Messrs. Price, Waterhouse & Company, who have made an examination of the books and accounts of the Company.

All requisite repairs to and renewals of plant and equipment have been provided for, and the sum of $130,338.71 has also been provided for Depreciation and added to the Reserve, which now amounts to $2,679,550.64.

Our usual care has been exercised in the taking of all inventories, which have been priced on the basis of cost or market, whichever was the lower.

Continued scarcities and restrictions, arising out of war and post-war conditions, have again added to the difficulties of operation during the year just closed and have contributed to constant increases in costs. Your Directors are pleased to report that in spite of the difficulties referred to, the total sales of the Company and its subsidiaries again increased during the year, constituting the largest volume in its history.

For some time plans have been in preparation for the addition of new manufacturing installations and the extension of present facilities throughout the various plants of the Company, and these plans are now being carried out. Your Directors feel that upon their completion the manufacturing and merchandising equipment of your Company will be of the most modern type and capable of filling the expected demand for our products.

The Net Earnings for the year, after all deductions were made, amounted to $555,834.14 as compared with an amount of $459,907.98 for the preceding year. The amount provided for Excess Profits Tax and Income Tax for the year just closed was $1,289,810.00 as against $1,159,000.00 in the previous year. Total Current Assets of the Company amounted to $8,012,647.01 and Current Liabilities stood at $2,052,478.90, the balance of Current Assets thus being $5,960,168.11. The total of Earned and Deferred Surplus at the end of the fiscal year stood at $5,684,092.26.

During the year the long hoped for cessation of hostilities occurred in both the European and Pacific theatres of war and a number of our employees who have been in the Armed Forces have already returned to us and many more are returning, all of whom we gladly welcome back. To them and to those who have remained with us and carried on during the war years we express our grateful appreciation.

Respectfully submitted on behalf of the Board.

Montreal, Que.
November 20, 1945.

A. W. STEUDEL,
Chairman.

CONSOLIDATED BALANCE SHEET, AUGUST 31, 1945

ASSETS		
PROPERTY ACCOUNT:		
Balance, August 31, 1944, with subsequent additions, less deductions, at cost	$9,821,034.88	
LESS: Reserve for depreciation	2,679,550.64	$ 7,141,484.24
NOTE: The depreciated value as appraised by the Canadian Appraisal Company Limited at December 31, 1934, plus net additions less depreciation provided since that date is $3,450,432.17. The balance of the book value of property account is represented by formulae, trade marks, processes and goodwill.		
INVESTMENTS IN AND ADVANCES TO PARTLY OWNED SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES:		
Investments, at cost, less reserve	$ 351,175.20	
Advances	7,031.18	358,206.38
CURRENT ASSETS:		
Inventories as determined and certified by the management and valued on a basis of cost or market, whichever was the lower	$4,043,947.00	
Trade accounts and bills receivable, less reserve	2,014,631.86	
Other accounts receivable	165,692.56	
Amounts due from shareholders	20,810.13	
Dominion of Canada Bonds at cost (market value August 31, 1945, $501,500.)	500,000.00	
Cash	1,267,565.46	8,012,647.01
REFUNDABLE PORTION OF EXCESS PROFITS TAX		493,877.28
INSURANCE, TAXES AND OTHER PREPAID EXPENSES		111,084.11
		$16,117,299.02

LIABILITIES		
CAPITAL STOCK:		
Seven per cent Cumulative Preferred—		
Authorized— 40,000 shares of $100.00 each	$4,000,000.00	
Issued— 34,600 shares of $100.00 each	$3,460,000.00	
No par value Ordinary—		
Authorized—225,000 shares		
Issued —224,720 shares	$4,494,400.00	$ 7,954,400.00
DUE TO PARTLY OWNED SUBSIDIARY COMPANY		356,327.86
CURRENT LIABILITIES:		
Trade accounts payable and accrued liabilities	$1,306,873.65	
Deposit accounts	15,258.78	
Government and other taxes	730,346.47	2,052,478.90
RESERVE FOR ALLOWANCES TO RETIRED EMPLOYEES		20,000.00
RESERVE FOR FUTURE DEPRECIATION IN INVENTORY VALUES		50,000.00
EARNED SURPLUS, as per statement attached	$5,190,214.98	
DEFERRED SURPLUS:		
Refundable portion of excess profits tax	493,877.28	5,684,092.26
		$16,117,299.02

APPROVED ON BEHALF OF THE BOARD:

J. A. SIMARD, Director

D. A. WHITTAKER, Director

AUDITORS' REPORT TO THE SHAREHOLDERS

We have made an examination of the books and accounts of The Sherwin-Williams Company of Canada, Limited and its Wholly Owned Subsidiary Companies for the year ending August 31, 1945, and have obtained all the information and explanations which we have required. The profits of the years 1941 to 1945 inclusive, may be adjusted as a result of renegotiation by the Department of Munitions and Supply. Subject to the above and to the correctness of the liability for income and excess profits taxes, we report that, in our opinion, the accompanying Consolidated Balance Sheet at August 31, 1945, is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the combined affairs of The Sherwin-Williams Company of Canada, Limited and its Wholly Owned Subsidiary Companies, according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of these Companies.

In accordance with Section 114 of the Companies' Act 1934, we also report that in respect to two partly owned Subsidiary Companies the profits for the year were taken up in these accounts to the extent that dividends were declared therefrom; in respect to the other partly owned Subsidiary Company, the profits for the year have not been taken up in these accounts, but are carried forward on its books.

PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO.,
Auditors.

MONTREAL, November 16, 1945.

CONSOLIDATED STATEMENT OF EARNED SURPLUS AND PROFITS AUGUST 31, 1945

Combined profit from operations:		
After deducting all manufacturing, selling and general expenses (except those detailed below) including remuneration, amounting in the aggregate to $137,846.64 for services of solicitors and counsel, executive officers and directors, and after providing for bad debts, but before charging depreciation of buildings and equipment		$1,947,596.86
ADD:		
Dividends from Partly Owned Subsidiary Companies and interest on investments		39,381.02
		$1,986,977.88
DEDUCT:		
Provision for depreciation	$ 130,338.71	
Provision for income and profits taxes (including refundable portion thereof $184,189.48)	1,289,810.00	
Allowances paid to retired employees	28,502.20	
	$1,448,650.91	
LESS:		
Profit on disposal of investments and capital assets	17,507.17	1,431,143.74
Net profit for the year		$ 555,834.14
Earned surplus, balance at August 31, 1944	$4,989,955.24	
ADD:		
Adjustments relating to prior years	21,457.60	5,011,412.84
		$5,567,246.98
DEDUCT:		
Dividends of $7.00 per share on preferred stock	$ 242,200.00	
Dividends on common stock	134,832.00	377,032.00
Earned surplus, balance August 31, 1945		$5,190,214.98

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It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

S.L., Montreal, Que., — Frederick Reid, Toronto, is president and managing-director of BONVILLE GOLD MINES LIMITED, and so far as I am aware Pierre Beauchemin of Montreal, or anyone of that name is not associated with the direction of the company. By an agreement dated February 28, 1945, Federal Trading and Agency Corporation Limited, agreed to purchase 300,000 shares of Bonville stock at 10 cents per share, payable within 30 days of the date (March 7, 1945) of consent by the Ontario Securities Commission. A further option was granted them to purchase 200,000 shares at 10 per share; 250,000 shares at 15 cents per share; 200,000 shares each at 20 and 30 cents per share; 150,000 shares at 40 cents per share; 250,000 at 50 cents per share; 200,000 shares at 70 cents per share and 100,000 shares at 80 cents per share, to be taken up and $60,000 paid into the treasury within 12 months, with the balance payable within 25 months. I have no later information as to the number of shares taken up to date than given you in my previous letter. The company is carrying out an extensive exploration program. The formation in which drilling is proceeding is reported to be favorable and some encouraging values have been secured, but as yet no ore body outlined. I understand deeper drilling is planned in the hope the situation will improve at greater depth. The head office of the company is located at Room 710, 36 Toronto Street, Toronto.

R.J.W., Three Rivers, Que. — The IMPERIAL VARNISH AND COLOR CO.'s report for the fiscal year ended Aug. 31, 1945, shows net profit of $66,017, with $53,610 distributed in the period as dividends including $1.50 on the preferred and 70 cents on the common stock. The profit is after depreciation and taxes, totalling $69,316. Earned surplus account increased to $569,880. Working capital approximates $730,000 including $484,702 shown as inventory at cost or lower. T. F. Monypenny, president, remarks that the year's progress is to be considered reasonably satisfactory considering operating conditions. Taking the long view, the management in 1944 decided to recondition the plant and rebuild store trade, and the plant is now the best condition yet, with raw materials in sufficient quantity awaited.

R.F.G., Ridgetown, Ont. — The property of REDSTONE PORCUPINE GOLD MINES consists of 12 claims in Cody township, on the west side of Night Hawk Lake, in the Porcupine division. One thousand feet of diamond drilling was recently completed but I understand this exploration failed to reveal anything of interest. A further 1,500 feet is planned as soon as a drill is available. As the property is still in the early prospect stage your opinion of the stock salesman's promises appear well justified.

H.J.G., Kenora, Ont. — The recent financial statement of FEDERAL GRAIN LTD. for the year ended July 31, 1945, shows an operating profit of $360,797, after providing for bond interest, depreciation, interest on special bank loans and other charges. This is a decrease of $26,643 from the previous year. Federal

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Measuring Reconversion

BY HARUSPEX

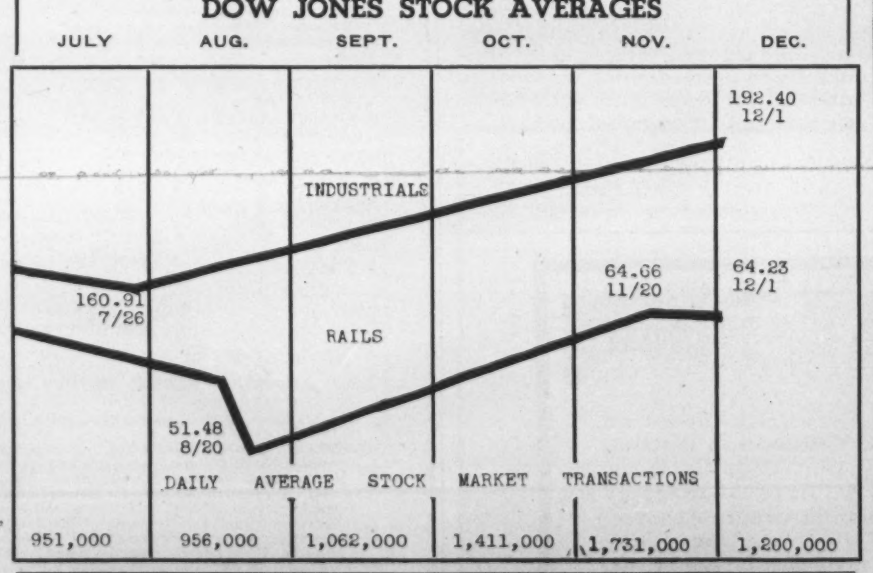
THE ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND: We regard the New York market, following its broad advance on the basis of high war earnings, as in a distributive zone preparatory to cyclical, or substantial intermediate, decline.

THE INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND of the market is to be classed as upward from the July/August low points of 160.91 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 51.48 on the rail average. For detailed discussion of technical position, see remarks below.

On November 7 the Dow-Jones railroad and industrial averages, reflecting the more seasoned stocks in the general list, peaked at 63.25 and 192.04, respectively. Over the three and one-half weeks that have subsequently ensued the rail average, at 64.66 on November 20, has been able to push decisively into new high ground, but the industrial average, at 192.27 on November 17, has achieved only a fractional, or inconclusive, penetration of its November 7 peak. Currently, the averages are to be regarded, therefore, as in a sidewise movement, the eventual breaking of which narrow limits, either upside or downside, will furnish the next clue as to the underlying direction. Closes in both averages at or above 65.67 and 193.28, respectively, would reconfirm the primary and intermediate trends as upward, suggesting that the industrial average would then move through its 1937 peak of 194.40, a feat that the rail average has already performed. Further advance could then be anticipated.

If, to the contrary, the market, at an early date, should develop weakness carrying both the rail and industrial averages, on increased volume, below their support points of November, the intermediate trend would be confirmed as having reversed downward. Such a development would be signaled by closes in both averages at or below 60.83 and 185.40, respectively. Obviously, the current market hesitation is an attempt to measure the significance of certain problems of reconversion that are now taking on magnitude, chief of which is the labor strike threat in the motor and steel industries, with fears that these developments might put the entire reconversion program in jeopardy. There is also to be noted a growing concern over recent political developments in Europe, the Near East and the Orient. In due course, the market, as reflected by the price movement, as discussed above, will reconcile the pros and cons, with positive action, either up or down, as an ensuing development.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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Notice of Dividend

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of twenty-five cents (25c) per share has been declared for the quarter ending December 31, 1945, payable on January 15, 1946, to shareholders of record at the close of business December 15, 1945.

By Order of the Board.

H. J. FARNAN,
Secretary.

WESTERN GROCERS LIMITED

NOTICE OF DIVIDENDS

Notice is hereby given that the following dividends have been declared:

On the Preference Shares, 1¾% ($1.75) for the current quarter;

On the Common Shares, 75c per share;

Payable January 15th, 1946, to shareholders of record December 14th, 1945.

By order of the Board.

W. P. RILEY,
President.

grain Ltd's subsidiary company, the Alberta Pacific Grain Co. (1943) Ltd., shows a profit of $150,169. The statement says that since the end of the last fiscal year preferred shareholders have received dividends of $4 per share, totalling $120,000.

H.S.R., Hamilton, Ont — Of the three companies you inquire about, one is dead while the others are still in existence but inactive at present. AGAWA GOLD MINES in 1939 changed its name to Agawa Porcupine Mines. This company later went into receivership and the liquidator reported the distribution of assets would not allow anything for the shareholders. MIDWEST IRON has been idle for a couple of years. Considerable diamond drilling was done on this property in the Steep Rock area and although some iron values were reported no commercial deposit was indicated. I understand however, a reorganization of the company is possible with a view to resuming exploration. No work was done on the WEST SIDE LONG LAC property during the war and I have not heard as yet of any plans for resuming. Some surface work and diamond drilling has been done.

A. E. H., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.— Net profit of $9,411,300, equal after preferred dividends to $12.26 per common share, is reported by HIRAM WALKER-GOODERHAM & WORTS for the fiscal year ended August 31, 1945. The year's net profit is after income and excess profits taxes amounting to $19,306,563. These taxes are equivalent to $26.76 per common share. The company's total tax bill for the year was $180,101,745 of which $159,525,291 was excise and import tax used for general government purposes. The previous year's total tax bill was $103,531,844. The previous year's net profit of $7,637,364 was equal to $9.81 per common share, and was after $12,358,432 income and excess profits taxes. Sales for the year under review at $254,618,161 compare with $167,051,135 for the preceding year. The balance sheet at Aug. 31, 1945, shows an improvement in net working capital at $51,388,492 compared with $49,654,662 at August 31, 1944. Current assets of $81,196,176 included cash $13,452,445 and government securities $5,343,000.

W.T.G., Sussex, N.B.—Acquisition of control of TAYLOR (BRIDGE RIVER) MINES by Bralorne Mines was announced earlier this year. This was through the purchase of the 1,015,000 shares remaining in the treasury in consideration for proposed expenditures up to $150,000 for development of the Taylor property, adjoining Bralorne on the north and east. This gave Bralorne an interest of slightly more than one-third and it arranged for the purchase of additional privately held shares. Bralorne conducted an exploration program on Taylor ground about 10 years ago and it is considered the productive veins of the King mine dip into the Taylor property and Bralorne now can investigate the chances at a depth hitherto impossible.

T.W.H., Winnipeg, Man.—Are the shares you hold ONTARIO NICKEL CORPORATION? If so, this company was succeeded in 1943 by Ontario Nickel Mines Limited on a basis of one new for five old, subject to pool. If you hold the former it would be advisable to see they are properly registered so that you may be advised when the exchange is to be made. Premier Trust Company, 19 Richmond St., West, Toronto, is the transfer agent. Lack of finances prevented earlier resumption of development as considerable money was owing to property vendors and others. The company recently cleared off this indebtedness with a bond issue and is reported to have finances on hand for further development of the Moose Lake property in the Sudbury area, where a shaft was sunk to 265 feet and considerable development completed.

Imperial Oil Limited

SINCE this series of articles on the postwar prospects of Canadian companies commenced in SATURDAY NIGHT two years ago there has been a substantial advance in security prices on the stock exchanges of the Dominion. The market has been discounting the favorable turn of the war, the successful conclusion of the war, reconversion of industry, anticipated relief from high rates of taxation, possible inflation, etc. In the rise of the past two years securities of a number of companies have gone a considerable distance in discounting the future and in anticipating profit increases under peace time operations. Others have lagged behind the general market.

The shares of Imperial Oil Limited are in the latter category. The company is the largest refiner and distributor of petroleum products in the Dominion and has no reconversion problems. One of the main sources of supply of crude is the subsidiaries operating in South America and with improvement in shipping conditions these subsidiaries should be able to increase shipments to the Dominion as well as resume shipments to export markets which were closed during the year. In Canada gasoline rationing has been discontinued and the market enlarged by new uses for petroleum products developed during the war years. Imperial Oil, not having been in the excess profits tax brackets, will not benefit from the reduction in the excess profits tax effective January 1, 1946, but will benefit for any reduction in the income tax on corporate profits which is expected to be made some time in the not too distant future.

In the two years since the company was first reviewed Imperial Oil has experienced a moderate increase in profits and improved liquid or net working capital position. Net profit of $16,192,670 for 1944 was an increase from $14,663,097 for 1942. Per share earnings, all of which were retained, increased from 54.38c in 1942 to 60.05c in 1944. In the same period earned surplus rose from $38,757,016 to $44,177,376. No change has been made in the annual rate of dividend in recent years, with the semi-annual rate of 25c a share maintained and covered by earnings.

Net working capital at the end of 1944, compared with the end of 1942, shows an improvement of over 14 million, at $74,702,545 against $60,583,509. Cash is up from $13,173,147 to $25,836,007 and investments from $5,276,869 to $8,740,234, in the aggregate well in excess of total current liabilities of $23,520,006.

Imperial Oil Limited has no funded debt with outstanding capital at December 31, 1944, consisting of 26,965,078 shares of no par value, unchanged from December 31, 1942.

The company's subsidiaries continue to carry on large development programs to add to reserve of crude oil and as materials and labor become available it is to be expected that these operations will be further expanded.

Price range and price earnings ratio 1939-1945, inclusive, follows:

	Price Range		Earned	Price Earnings Ratio		Dividend
	High	Low	Per Share	High	Low	Per Share
1944	15¾	13½	60.05c	26.2	22.5	.50c
1943	17½	11¾	57.66c	30.5	20.4	.50c
1942	12	7¾	54.38c	22.1	14.3	.50c
1941	10¼	8¼	59.87c	17.2	14.4	.50c
1940	15¾	8½	65.41c	23.5	12.4	.62½c
1939	18¾	12¾	71.38c	26.3	17.9	1.00
Average				24.3	17.0	
Current earnings ratio				25.3		
Current yield				3.3%		

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS

Year Ended December 31	1944	1943	1942	1941	1940	1939
Net Profit	$16,192,670	$15,548,873	$14,663,097	$16,144,069	$17,638,717	$19,250,071
Earned Surplus	44,177,376	41,081,116	38,757,016	38,119,226	35,457,696	34,672,153
Current Assets	98,223,541	90,716,432	87,519,593	79,968,813	64,381,180	57,334,098
Current Liabilities	23,520,996	21,111,710	26,936,084	23,201,433	19,319,255	13,374,801
Net Working Capital	74,702,545	69,604,722	60,583,509	56,767,380	45,061,925	43,959,297
Cash	25,836,007	22,991,828	13,173,147	18,252,716	6,063,481	5,340,081
Investments	8,740,034	7,284,870	5,276,869	5,646,279	9,665,077	10,278,964

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At December 31st, 1944, the total valuation of the Corporations' assets exceeded $11,370,000 and included cash, government bonds, corporation bonds, and a carefully selected list of preferred and common stocks. The stocks owned include those of leading companies in practically every type of industry in Canada and the United States.

Asset value per share on the Corporations' Class "B" Shares amounted to $27.89 per share at December 31st, 1944, and during 1945 has improved to over $37 per share.

A dividend of 30¢ per share was paid on June 30th and a dividend of 38¢ per share has been declared payable December 27th to shareholders of record December 7th, 1945. We offer as principals:

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LIMITED

Common Dividend No. 33

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that at a meeting of the Directors of The B. Greening Wire Company, Limited, held in the office of the Company on November 26th, 1945, a dividend of Five cents per share on the new 570,000 Common Shares of the Company (certificates for which are not yet ready) was declared payable January 2nd, 1946 to shareholders of record December 1st, 1945.

F. J. MAW,
Secretary.

Hamilton, Ont., November 27, 1945.

ABOUT INSURANCE

Controlling Prevalent Fire and Explosion Hazards in Industry

By GEORGE GILBERT

Largely as a result of chemical research, new products have been developed in recent years in many kinds of industry, often by utilizing what would otherwise be waste materials.

These by-products have frequently yielded substantial profits, sometimes exceeding the cost of operation of the entire plant. In their development, however, inherent fire and explosion hazards are often overlooked, with disastrous results.

THERE is no doubt that many processes of manufacture have materially changed in recent years as a result of chemical research. These changes have often been made without sufficient study of fire and explosion hazards that may be involved. In addition, the scarcity of buildings has caused the use of structures which have deteriorated and no longer are in keeping with standard safe construction.

In one case a fire occurred in the sub-basement of a five-storey industrial. When the firemen arrived the blaze was so small that it only needed a 2½ gallon extinguisher to put it out. The firemen were ready to leave for their quarters when one of them noticed smoke coming from an open window of the unused top floor. They found two-thirds of this section in flames as the result of ignition of super-heated air which had reached that area from the basement through stairways and other vertical openings. The loss from the fire in the basement was negligible, while the blaze in the upper section caused a loss of several thousand dollars.

Such an occurrence emphasizes the importance of planning new buildings and reconstructing older ones so as to cut off the spread of dangerous hot air, gases and burning substances, not only upward but to different divisions of the plant horizontally. Tightly-enclosed elevator shafts, stairways and other vertical openings, and the erection of standard fire wall partitions will, the experts claim, give a much improved margin of safety from the construction standpoint.

Soybean Plants

Costly explosions have taken place in soybean processing plants. In one case eleven men lost their lives and forty-five others were injured, while the property damage amounted to $600,000. In another case a smaller soybean oil extracting plant was blown up, and two persons were killed and two injured. In each of these cases there was present the hazard of dust explosion, and also the danger from ignition of the fumes from the solvent used, which is generally a high grade of gasoline such as hexane. Lack of knowledge of the proper methods of safeguarding these hazards in the manufacturing processes was found to be the direct cause of the heavy casualties.

In another case, an explosion took place in the hydrogen building of a vegetable oil hardening plant in the stockyard district of Chicago, causing the death of four workmen, serious injury to several others, as well as the complete destruction of several buildings. The explosion resulted from the ignition of hydrogen gas, which escaped from a leaking pipe line. The hydrogen was manufactured for use in the processing of vegetable oils, and was stored in tanks on the roof. A hissing sound was noticed before the explosion and attendants at once started to close off the valves, but a spark from some source set off the blast before they could do so. Investigators came to the conclusion that static-electricity or the flame from a gas-fired dryer may have caused the ignition.

River Surface on Fire

It is a common practice to locate industries along the banks of rivers where railroad facilities are also available. An official of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, in referring to what happened on the river front at Cleveland, Ohio, some time ago, stated that the same thing might be duplicated in hundreds of municipalities. The whole industrial area along the Cuyahoga River was seriously endangered by a fire which spread over the entire river surface on which there was a quantity of oil and scum. Every adjoining industrial property for blocks and an important railway bridge were in serious danger. Due to a slow current, as he pointed out, oil and chemicals from tankers passing up and down the river coated the water. Further up the river, over 50,000,000 gallons of gasoline were stored.

According to the National Board official, it was luck and the quick and intelligent action of a good fire department which prevented what might have been a major conflagration. It appears that a workman was using an acetylene torch in cutting a steel plate in a 600-foot vessel, and that sparks must have fallen on the oily surface of the river supplying the ignition. By means of a surrounding curtain of water from ten hose streams, the application of over half a ton of foam, and due to the absence of wind, the fire department was able to control the blaze at a point 100 feet from the exposed gasoline tanks.

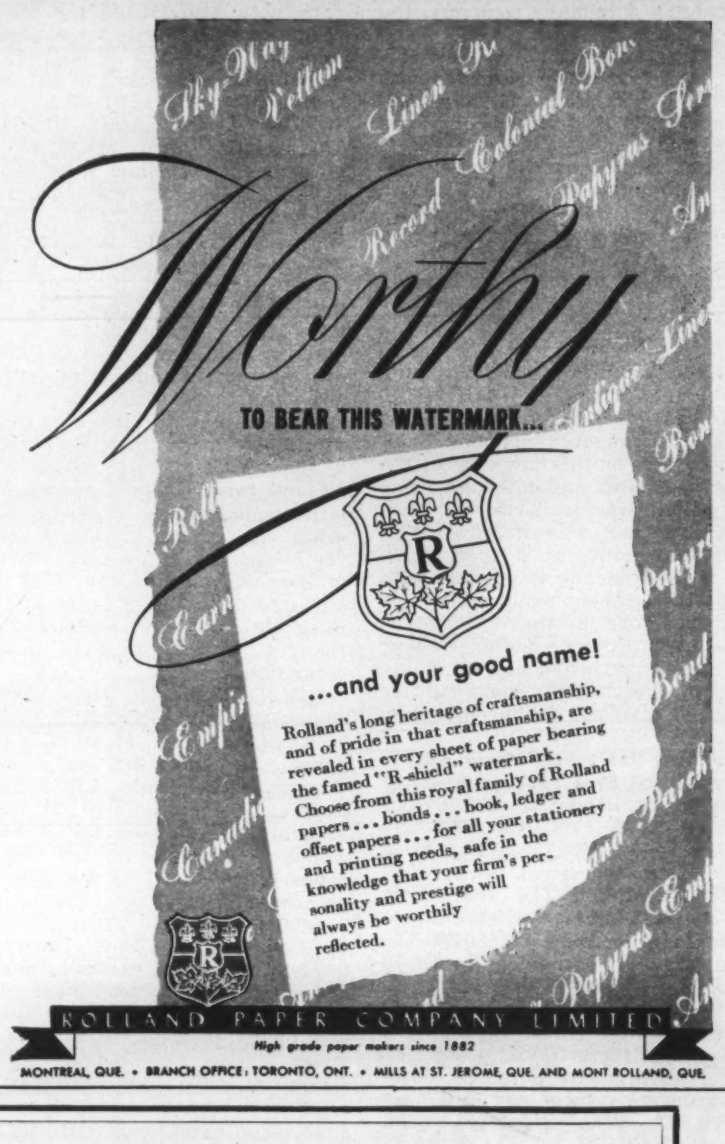
Reference was made to another hazard to industry which is seldom given consideration and not often understood — electrolysis. Some years ago it was undoubtedly the cause of what might have been a tragedy in Utica, N.Y. All business in the busiest section of the downtown area was suspended for more than forty-eight hours, telephone and gas service over a much larger area was interrupted, and several fires occurred in nearby buildings, following the ignition of gas escaping from a street main.

It was suggested that the gas might have been ignited by a workman's pick striking a stone while the repair of a water main was in progress. It was midwinter, and the temperature at the time was below zero. The leak in the water main was doubtless due to electrolysis or electric currents straying from their usual return path and using water or gas pipe instead. The break was near the street car tracks.

When it was dug up, the water pipe was found to have been eaten away for a distance of almost three feet, and the water had washed out a cavity extending fifteen or twenty feet square and about seven feet deep. The low pressure gas mains had been undermined by the removal of the supporting soil, and the six-inch main had broken from the strain. After the gas was ignited, the fire followed sewers and subways, blowing up manhole covers in three blocks, and followed electric conduits into adjoining buildings, causing explosions and resulting fires. More than 5,000 telephone wire connections in underground conduits, including police department lines, it is noted, were put out of service.

It is admitted that it was the quick action of the chief of the fire department, and the fine co-operation of all organizations, merchants and industrial companies, that averted what might have been a catastrophe. It must also be admitted that modern science has supplied equipment for testing to ascertain if there is any straying electric current, and that such tests should be made at frequent intervals.

Leakage of gasoline and fuel oil from buried tanks is another hazard referred to and which is in evidence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NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

A dividend of Two Dollars per share has been declared payable on the 15th day of January, 1946 to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 22nd of December, 1945.

G. H. ROGERS,
Secretary.

Montreal, November 28, 1945.

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n many localities. Explosions and fires due to the escape of these liquids have been caused either by mproper installation or from deteroration often accelerated by electrolysis or ordinary corrosion. As a preventive, underground tanks, prior o installation, should be protected gainst corrosion by the equivalent f at least two preliminary coatings of red lead, followed by a heavy coating of hot asphalt. Before being placed in service, every tank should also be subjected to a pressure test and thereafter any evidence of leakage should be promptly investigated.

• •

News of the Mines

(*Continued from Page* 51)

ada, which has optioned the unissued treasury shares of Laddie Gold Mines Limited, and taken charge of operations at the company's 10-claim property adjoining south of the Robin Red Lake ground in Balmer township, Red Lake area. Laddie Gold Mines was incorporated in October and is said to have geological formations similar to those of the producing mines in the district. The Campbell, Dickenson, Dexter and Lassie properties, are located a short distance to the Northwest. An immediate geophysical survey is planned by Mining Corporation in preparation for diamond drilling.

•

Annual report of Central Manitoba Mines for the year ending August 31, 1945, shows that $14,172.54 was spent on exploration work. On the group of claims acquired by staking and option three miles west of Rice Lake, Manitoba, six diamond drill holes were completed and intersected a number of small quartz veins none of which proved of much interest. A large block of claims is held by staking and option at Wallace Lake and although values so far are only marginal some further investigation is planned. The company is interested with others in the investigation of 79 claims in three blocks at Island Lake in Northeastern Manitoba, and diamond drilling there is planned this winter.

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Albany River Gold Mines, adjoining Pickle Crow Gold Mines on the east, and which it has controlled since 1938, is being purchased by the latter company. An increase in capital from 3,000,000 to 3,500,000 shares is proposed by Pickle Crow, whose directors consider it advisable to acquire the total assets of Albany River. One share of Pickle Crow for each ten shares of Albany River will be issued and it is pointed out the amalgamation of the two properties will not only permit Albany shareholders to participate in a producing mine and share in profits sooner than would be the case if dependent on production from their own property, but will also eliminate the necessity for a duplicate set of records and segregation of ore.

•

Of outstanding interest in development at O'Brien Gold Mines at Cadillac township, Quebec, in the year ending September 30, 1945, was the opening of the No. 14 vein at a depth of 2,000-foot level, but so far no estimate of the tonnage or grade in this area has been made, hence are not reflected in the ore reserve figures. Ore reserves at the end of the fiscal year were calculated at 199,142 tons, averaging $17.29 per ton. The grade indicated by car sampling over a length of 460 feet on the 2,000-foot horizon is stated to have been better than mine average. At a depth of 2,500 feet a drift is proceeding towards this area but still has some distance to go. Net profits for the fiscal year were equivalent to eight cents a share as compared with slightly over 6½ cents in the previous year. Working capital showed a substantial increase at $1,939,541 as compared with $1,784,287 at the end of September, 1944.

•

A net profit in terms of U.S. currency of $18,977,565 after all charges, depreciation, amortization, taxes, etc., equivalent after preferred dividend requirements, to $1.20 a share on the common stock, is shown by the International Nickel Company of Canada, Limited and subsidiaries, for the nine months ended September 30, 1945. This compares with a net profit of $20,022,058, equal to $1.27 a common share, in the corresponding period a year ago and $23,205,451, or $1.49 a share, in the first nine months of 1943. For the three months ended September 30, 1945, net profit was $5,449,971, equal to 34 cents a share on the common, compared with $6,184,448, or 39 cents a share in the preceding quarter, and $6,335,668, or 40 cents a share in the three months ended September 30, 1944. With a view to preventing a greater curtailment of operations later on International Nickel recently reduced blast furnaces in operation from three to two and reverberatories from six to five, with resultant cut in manpower.

•

The entire plant, equipment and buildings of Lapa Cadillac Gold Mines have been purchased by Louvicourt Goldfield Corporation, which has let a contract for sinking of a four-compartment shaft to be put down to 700 feet. Pierre Beauchemin, president, also informed shareholders at the recent annual meeting that barring unforeseen contingencies, the operaton of a 500-ton mill is expected to commence in the early fall of 1946. The nucleus of milling equipment required to install the initial 500-ton milling unit has been provided in the purchase from Lapa Cadillac. Diamond drilling has indicated an orebody, 2,000 feet long, which is estimated to contain 2,500 to 3,000 tons per vertical foot, with a grade of $6 to $6.50 per ton, depending upon the mining width employed.

•

Hon. L. M. Frost, Provincial Treasurer and Minister of Mines of Ontario, in a statement before he left to attend the Dominion-Provincial Conference at Ottawa, intimated that "new mines, new orebodies, and discoveries of gold in old and new mining areas of Ontario give definite assurance that this province will for a long time to come, maintain its position as the foremost producer of minerals in the Dominion." In reviewing some of the encouraging developments, Mr. Frost revealed that thousands of new jobs at excellent wages would be open for our returning men in a comparatively short period of time and that the Ontario government was taking the necessary steps to speed up absorption of released manpower by the mining industry. Plans were drawn up a few years ago for an overall mining road program to help revive gold mining, and some building contracts have already been let out, he said. Increased geological programs mapped out by the department are being delayed by the shortage of highly skilled men. Mr. Frost added that the department's technicians were doing a fine job under great difficulties.

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E. D. GOODERHAM, President — A. W. EASTMURE, Managing Director

AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE • TORONTO

STATEMENT AS AT 31st OCTOBER, 1945

ASSETS

Cash on hand and due from Banks and Bankers		$ 162,794,915.91
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks		36,251,999.71
Government and other Public Securities	Not exceeding market value	763,533,176.98
Other Bonds and Stocks	Not exceeding market value	21,003,156.19
Call and Short Loans (Security held of sufficient marketable value to cover)		38,891,353.50
Total Quick Assets (82.99% of Total Liabilities to the Public)		$1,022,474,602.29
Loans and Discounts (After full provision for bad and doubtful debts)		217,998,088.57
Acceptances and Letters of Credit for Customers (See below)		23,520,156.37
Bank Premises		15,528,572.66
Deposit in Circulation Fund, held by Dominion Government		350,000.00
Other Assets (including refundable portion of Dominion Government taxes amounting to $261,361.42)		4,449,364.51
Total Assets		$1,284,320,784.40

LIABILITIES

Notes in Circulation	$ 5,592,428.85
Deposits	1,202,981,315.74
Acceptances and Letters of Credit (See above)	23,520,156.37
Total Liabilities to the Public	$1,232,093,900.96
Capital Paid Up	30,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	20,000,000.00
Dividends declared and unpaid	468,541.21
Balance of Profit as per Profit and Loss Account	1,758,342.23
Total Liabilities	$1,284,320,784.40

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Year Ended 31st October, 1945

Profits for the year ended 31st October, 1945, before Dominion Government taxes but after appropriations to Contingent accounts, out of which full provision has been made for bad and doubtful debts, and contributions to the Staff Pension Fund		$4,461,062.30
Less:		
Provision for Dominion Government taxes	$1,531,537.49	
(of which $70,100.00 is refundable under the provisions of The Excess Profits Tax Act)		
Depreciation on Bank Premises	733,998.79	2,265,536.28
Net Profits after the foregoing deductions		$2,195,526.02
Dividends		1,800,000.00
Amount carried forward		$ 395,526.02
Balance Profit and Loss Account 31st October, 1944		1,362,816.21
Balance Profit and Loss Account 31st October, 1945		$1,758,342.23

A. E. ARSCOTT, *President* — S. M. WEDD, *General Manager*

Company Reports

Bank of Montreal

FURTHER substantial gains to new high levels in total assets and in deposits are shown by the Bank of Montreal, in its financial statement for the fiscal year ended October 31. Profits of the bank were moderately higher than for the preceding year being shown equal, after all charges and write-offs and exclusive of refundable portion of e.p. tax, to 81.5 cents a share on outstanding capital stock as compared with 74.8 cents a share.

Holdings of bonds and other securities also are shown at a new all-time record but call loans in Canada reveal a material expansion during year and commerical loans, both in Canada and elsewhere, show moderate increases.

Total assets at $1,715,934,320, increased during the year under review by nearly $190 million and liquid resources showed a gain of better than $185 million at $1,464,326,243. Deposits in Canada increased by over $151 million and totalled $1,395,656,175 at end of period, while deposits elsewhere were about $41.5 million higher at $217,722,530. Deposits represented accumulated funds of over a million customers of the bank.

Sherwin-Williams

NEW peaks in sales and in net operating profits for the Sherwin-Williams Co. of Canada, Ltd., are shown in the annual report for the fiscal year ended August 31, 1945. Net earnings after all charges show a healthy improvement as compared with previous year's figure, being equal, after preferred dividends, to $1.39 a share on outstanding common stock (exclusive of refundable portion of e.p. tax), as compared with 97 cents a share on common, on same basis for year to August 31st, 1944.

The balance sheet reveals a satisfactory improvement in the already strong working capital position, and a further gain is shown in cash and Dominion bond holdings.

Operating profits of the company for year under review amounted to $1,947,596 and showed an increase of $210,000 over figure for preceding year and total income, after addition of other income, was about $250,000 higher at $2,004,484. Reflecting acquisition during previous year of Lowe Bros. & Co., depreciation write-off increased by over $25,000 to $130,-338, while tax provision increased by over $130,000. Net earnings after all charges amounted to $555,834, and were up about $96,000 from previous year's figure.

Imperial Bank

Annual report of the Imperial Bank of Canada for fiscal year ended October 31, 1945, first of chartered bank reports to make its appearance, reveals substantial increases in deposits by the public, healthy gains in commercial loans, an over-all increase in assets to a new high in the bank's history, and a gain in profits as compared with preceding year.

Profits after taxes and contribution to staff-pension fund amounted to $915,420 as compared with $845,-336 for fiscal year to October 31, 1944. Dividends required $560,000 as formerly and amount written off bank premises is $213,976, compared with $150,000 in 1944. The balance, forward, $141,444, is up from $135,-336, bringing the surplus forward to $1,123,706.

Total assets are shown on balance sheet at $379,179,568, an increase of nearly $53,000,000 during year under review. Investment holdings total $205,448,417, an increase of nearly $18,000,000. Of these securities, over $131,000,000 are in Dominion Government bonds maturing in two years or less, an increase of $25,000,-000. There is a drop of $6,000,000 in longer-term Dominion government securities.

Peller Brewing Co.

A new industry for Hamilton and and a new brewery for Ontario are being established by the Peller Brewing Company Limited, which was incorporated in Ontario on March 9, 1945.

Construction of a $210,000 modern brewing building on Burlington Street East, Hamilton, adjacent to the east of Eastwood Park is planned. Brewing materials and equipment have already been purchased, paid for, and delivered, and the company has been assured in writing by the Controller of Material, that there will be a sufficient supply of malt available, Mr. Andrew Peller, President, stated.

The brewery is expected to be in production about May, 1946. When operating at full capacity it will produce about 100,000 barrels per annum, and is planned so that its capacity can be readily expanded.

Can. Bank of Commerce

NEW peaks in total assets, deposits and in security holdings as at October 31, 1945, are shown in the annual financial statement of Canadian Bank of Commerce for the fiscal year ended on that date. In common with other chartered banks which have reported, to date, for past year, net profits for period under review also show a satisfactory improvement over those of preceding year.

Total assets of the bank, which passed the billion dollar mark during the 1943 fiscal year, amounted to $1,284,320,784 as at October 31 last and showed an increase over figure of $1,178,647,423 reported at October 31, 1944.

Interest-bearing deposits by the public showed an increase during year of $93,469,000 to $626,605,142 and non-interest-bearing deposits increased $17,361,000 to $512,944,704. Dominion government deposits showed a decline of $7,578,850 to $18,109,826, while those of provincial governments rose $756,077 to $24,388,508.

Among the assets cash and bank balances amounted to $199,046,916 as against $191,597,962, the chief items showing increases being notes to the Bank of Canada, totalling $27,333,882, deposits with that bank at $98,008,747 and notes of and cheques on other banks outside Canada amounted to $33,252,000.

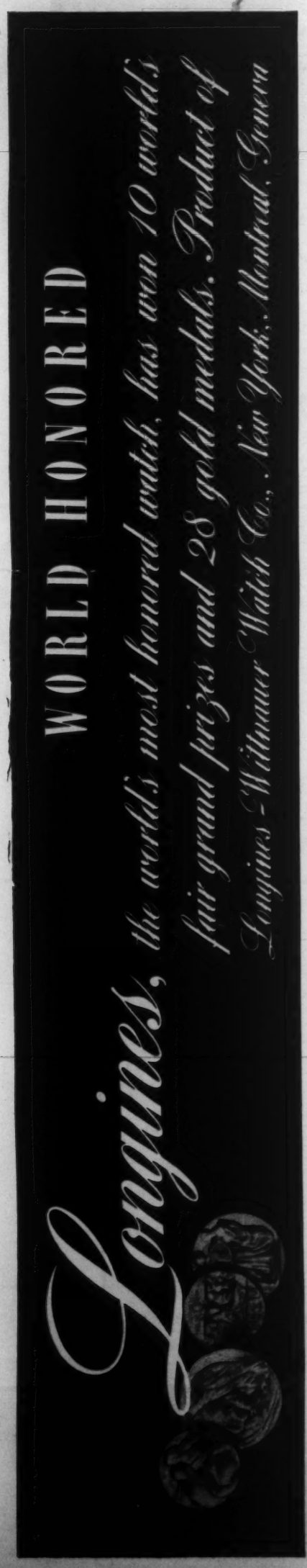
The bank's holdings of securities show an expansion of $105,458,880 to $784,536,333, the principal increase being in Dominion government bonds. Provincial government bonds at $38,625,662 showed a reduction of $976,317.

Toronto Iron Works

A new issue of 85,000 Class "A" no par value shares of the Toronto Iron Works, Limited, is being offered by McLeod, Young, Weir & Company Limited, at $11.00 a share.

The company was incorporated in 1912 to engage in the design, fabrication and erection of structural steel and plate products. It also fabricates special alloy metals such as stainless steel and clad steel plate. Heating boilers are manufactured by its wholly-owned subsidiary, Supreme Boiler & Engineering Company Limited.

The company's products are marketed in all nine provinces of the Dominion as well as in Newfoundland.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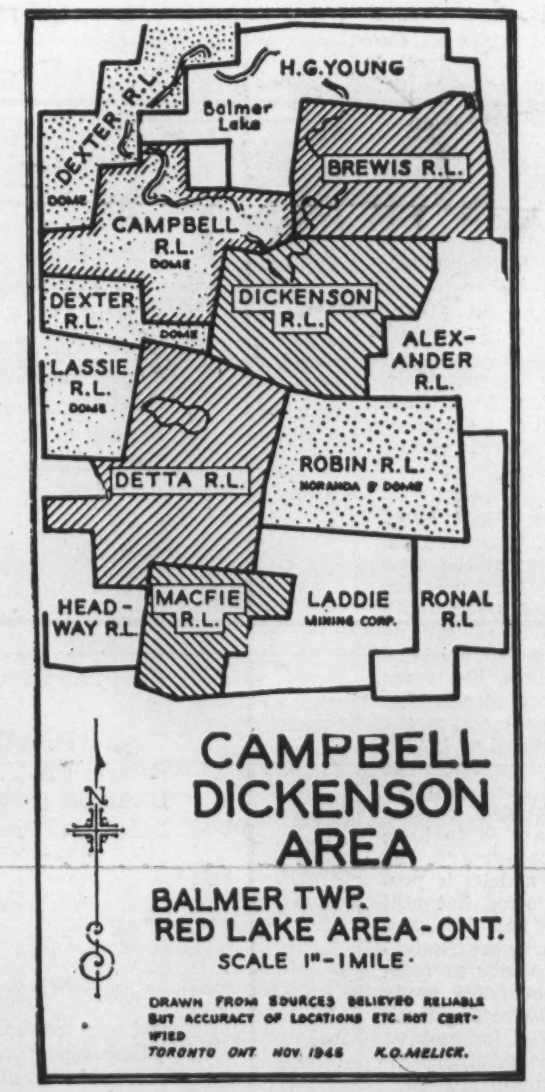

LEADERSHIP IN RED LAKE

The professional mining world is watching with intense expectation every step of progress in the area shown on this map.

We have, throughout our Risk Capital Series, discussed many phases of an investment field which rises to higher levels of importance as income from Security Capital drops to a point where money ceases to work profitably.

The study of risk capital is largely a matter of estimating a sequence of probabilities. For example we take the liberty of quoting from a recent article in a leading financial journal:

"If the Dickenson drilling extends the Dexter-Campbell zone to the east; if the drills show ore in the gap between Campbell and Dexter drilling; and if Dexter drilling to the west also proves productive, then it appears that the Campbell south zone may take its place as one of the great ore-bearing deposits not just of Red Lake but of all Canada."

A well-balanced risk capital opportunity is one in which the risk element, the probability of success and the market level of the company's stock all occur in proper proportion.

A striking example is Detta Red Lake and we draw attention to its exceptional setting in this compact area of skilled and dynamic activity. It is reasonable to expect that ore-bearing formations discovered on Dexter, or which may be discovered on Lassie, will pass through Detta. It is obvious, from their location that several important operators expect this to happen.

These great companies, flanking Detta on the east and west, on the line of strike, are among the best mining risk appraisers in the world. The presence of one would be interesting. The presence of three is highly significant.

Detta, itself, it set to commence drilling under the same management which conducted the early development of Campbell and has brought Dickenson to the shaft-sinking stage.

Detta is strongly financed, ably managed and eminently capable of taking swift advantage of any favourable development. It is an excellent, well-balanced risk capital opportunity, and we strongly recommend the immediate purchase of its shares.

BREWIS & WHITE

200 Bay Street, Toronto • Telephone *Elgin 7225

BREWIS & WHITE,
200 BAY STREET,
TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Please send me without obligation your NEW RED LAKE MAP and any information which might be of value to me.

NAME .....

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